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# Everybody's Magazine

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Everybody's Magazine

VOL. X. MAY, 1904. No. 5

# American Cities in Pencil

Drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey

## III. New York

GRANT'S TOMB.

Grant's Tomb, on Riverside Drive at 123rd Street, occupies a commanding site overlooking the Hudson. The corner-stone of the Tomb was laid by President Harrison in 1892, and in April, 1897, the monument was dedicated with imposing ceremonies. The view looking up the river from Claremont, the old family mansion standing north of the Tomb, now "Claremont Inn," is justly famous. A steel viaduct one-third of a mile in length, spanning Manhattan Valley, provides for a northern extension of the Drive to connect with the Harlem Speedway.

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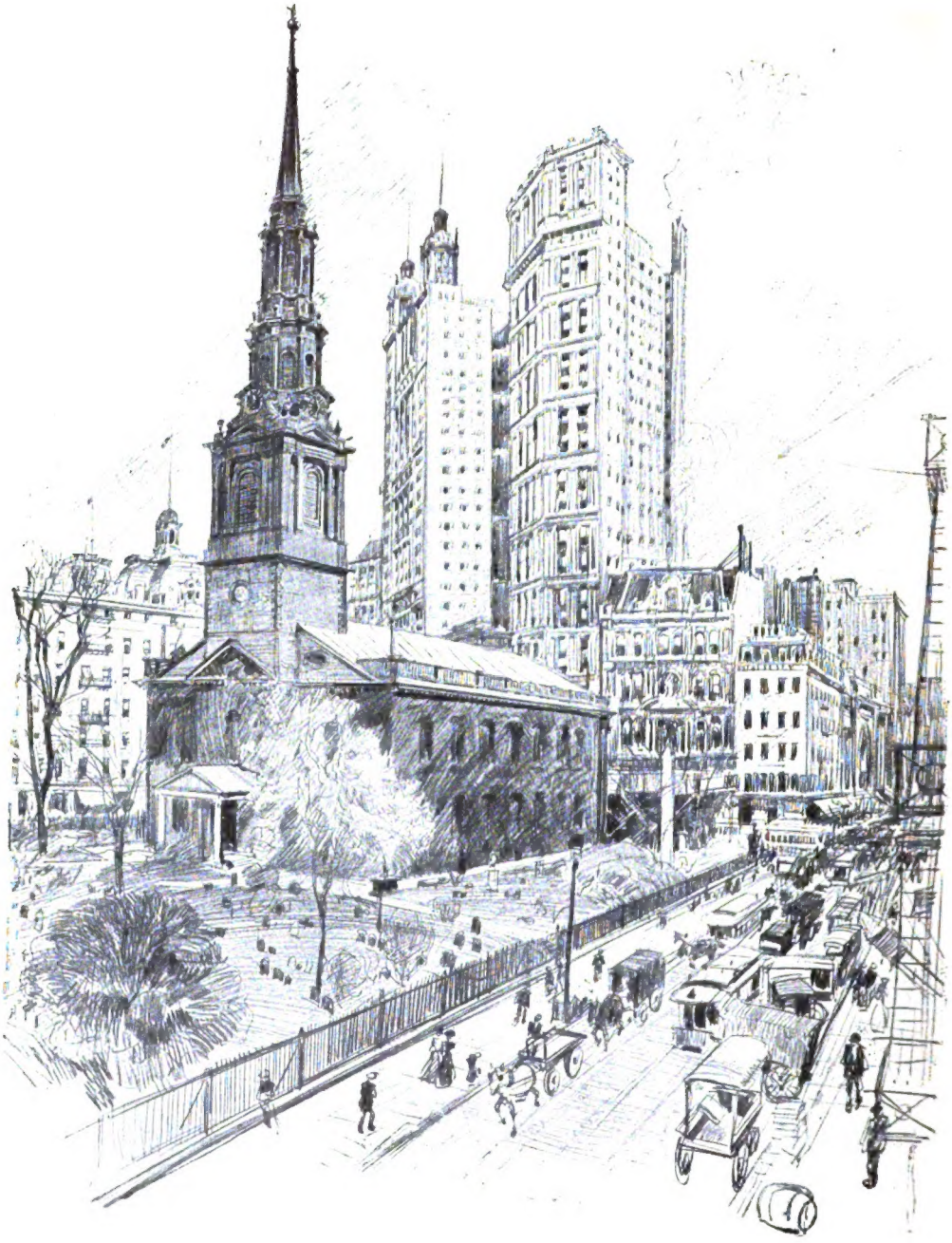

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL AND PARK ROW SKY-SCRAPERS.

St. Paul's Chapel on Broadway, between Vesey and Fulton Streets, is a cherished relic of Colonial days. Built in 1766 as the chapel of Trinity Parish, it is the only church edifice in New York which has been preserved from the pre-Revolutionary period. Towering behind the church are seen the Park Row and St. Paul Buildings, the former being the tallest building in the world. To the left is the Astor House, for fifty years Manhattan's most famous hotel. The front of St. Paul's faces towards the river, and in the old days the lawn sloped down to the water's edge, then on the line of Greenwich Street.

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FIFTH AVENUE, BROADWAY AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

The intersection of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, popularly called "The Flatiron Corner," is the best known corner in New York City. It is near the shopping district, and is singularly animated at all hours, particularly during the afternoon. On certain days it is discreetly avoided by those who object to the pranks of sudden gusts of wind. The accompanying view was made from the balcony of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, looking south on Fifth Avenue, Broadway being on the left, and Twenty-third Street crossing the foreground.

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THE PLAZA.

At Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth Streets is "The Plaza," an open square remarkable for its architectural and social surroundings. On the east are the great hotels, the Netherland and the Savoy. On the south is Cornelius Vanderbilt's house. On the west is the Plaza Hotel, and to the north lies Central Park. The principal entrance to Central Park is here; and the Metropolitan Club overlooks the square.



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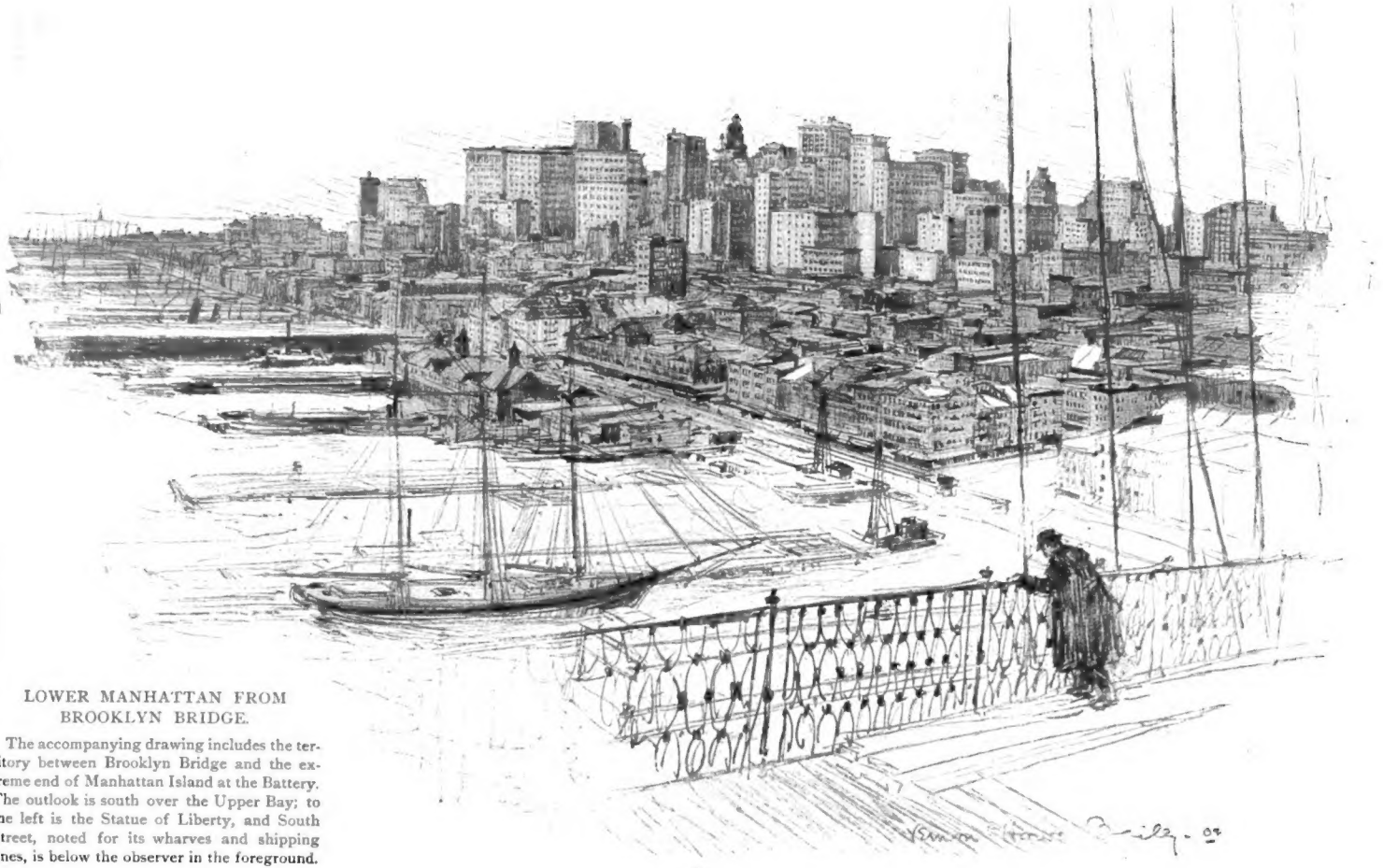

LOWER MANHATTAN FROM BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

The accompanying drawing includes the territory between Brooklyn Bridge and the extreme end of Manhattan Island at the Battery. The outlook is south over the Upper Bay; to the left is the Statue of Liberty, and South Street, noted for its wharves and shipping lines, is below the observer in the foreground.



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"OLD FIRST CHURCH."

Foreign critics who are in the habit of saying that New York possesses few architectual features of merit, invariably make an exception of The First Presbyterian Church, widely known as "Old First." Founded in 1716, it stood originally in Wall Street, near Broadway, but now occupies the block on Fifth Avenue, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. It is beyond doubt one of the most distinguished and distinctive edifices of its class in the country. Nine pastors have succeeded one another there, the present incumbent being Edward Duffield, D D.

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BROAD STREET AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

**This view** shows Broad Street looking north towards Wall Street, which is the financial centre of the country. An imposing succession of bank and office buildings are massed in this neighborhood. The sidewalks and street are crowded with alert, jostling throngs of bankers, brokers, lawyers, clerks, and messenger boys. On the left is the new building of the New York Stock Exchange. Across from the Stock Exchange, on the corner of Nassau Street, is the sixteen-story Gillender Building, and opposite is the United States Sub-Treasury, with its Doric portico, overlooking Wall Street.

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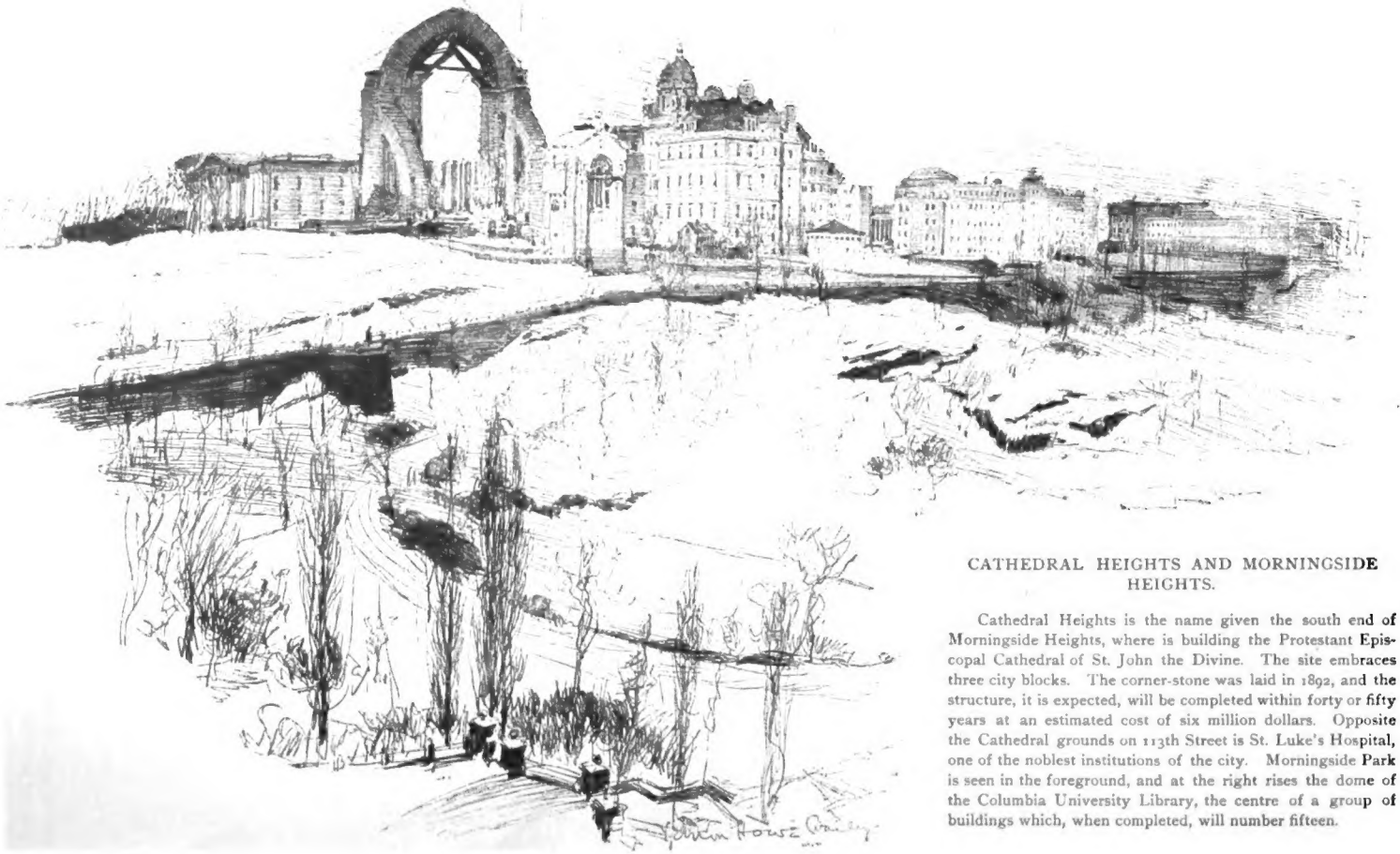

CATHEDRAL HEIGHTS AND MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS.

Cathedral Heights is the name given the south end of Morningside Heights, where is building the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The site embraces three city blocks. The corner-stone was laid in 1892, and the structure, it is expected, will be completed within forty or fifty years at an estimated cost of six million dollars. Opposite the Cathedral grounds on 113th Street is St. Luke's Hospital, one of the noblest institutions of the city. Morningside Park is seen in the foreground, and at the right rises the dome of the Columbia University Library, the centre of a group of buildings which, when completed, will number fifteen.



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# The Emancipation of Billy

By O. HENRY

Illustrated by Charlotte Weber

IN the old, old, square-porticoed mansion, with the wry window-shutters and the paint peeling off in discolored flakes, lived one of the last of the war governors.

The South has forgotten the enmity of the great conflict, but it refuses to abandon its old traditions and idols. In "Governor" Pemberton, as he was still fondly called, the inhabitants of Elmville saw the relic of their State's ancient greatness and glory. In his day he had been a man large in the eye of his country. His State had pressed upon him every honor within its gift. And now when he was old, and enjoying a richly merited repose outside the swift current of public affairs, his townsmen loved to do him reverence for the sake of the past.

The Governor's decaying "mansion" stood upon the main street of Elmville within a few feet of its rickety paling-fence. Every morning the Governor would descend the steps with extreme care and deliberation—on account of his rheumatism—and then the click of his gold-headed cane would be heard as he slowly proceeded up the rugged brick sidewalk. He was now nearly seventy-eight, but he had grown old gracefully and beautifully. His rather long, smooth hair and flowing, parted whiskers were snow-white. His full-skirted frock-coat was always buttoned snugly about his tall, spare figure. He wore a high, well-kept silk hat—known as a "plug" in Elmville—and nearly always gloves. His manners were punctilious, and somewhat overcharged with courtesy.

The Governor's walks up Lee Avenue, the principal street, developed in their course into a sort of memorial, triumphant procession. Everyone he met saluted him with profound respect. Many would remove their hats. Those who were honored with his personal friendship would pause to shake hands, and then you would see exemplified the genuine *beau ideal* Southern courtesy.

Upon reaching the corner of the second square from the mansion, the Governor would pause. Another street crossed the avenue there, and traffic, to the extent of several farmers' wagons and a pedlar's cart or two, would rage about the junction. Then the falcon eye of General Deffenbaugh would perceive the situation, and the General would hasten, with ponderous solicitude, from his office in the First National Bank building to the assistance of his old friend.

When the two exchanged greetings the decay of modern manners would become accusingly apparent. The General's bulky and commanding figure would bend lissomely at a point where you would have regarded its ability to do so with incredulity. The Governor's cherished rheumatism would be compelled, for the moment, to give way before a genuflexion brought down from the days of the cavaliers. The Governor would take the General's arm and be piloted safely between the hay-wagons and the sprinkling cart to the other side of the street. Proceeding to the post-office in the care of his friend, the esteemed statesman would there hold an informal levee among the citizens who were come for their morning mail. Here, gathering two or three prominent in law, politics, or family, the pageant would make a stately progress along the Avenue, stopping at the Palace Hotel, where, perhaps, would be found upon the register the name of some guest deemed worthy of an introduction to the State's venerable and illustrious son. If any such were found, an hour or two would be spent in recalling the faded glories of the Governor's long-vanished administration.

On the return march the General would invariably suggest that, His Excellency being no doubt fatigued, it would be wise to recuperate for a few minutes at the Drug Emporium of Mr. Appleby R. Fentress (an elegant gentleman, sir—one of the Chatham County Fentresses—so many of our best-blooded families have had to go into trade, sir, since the war).

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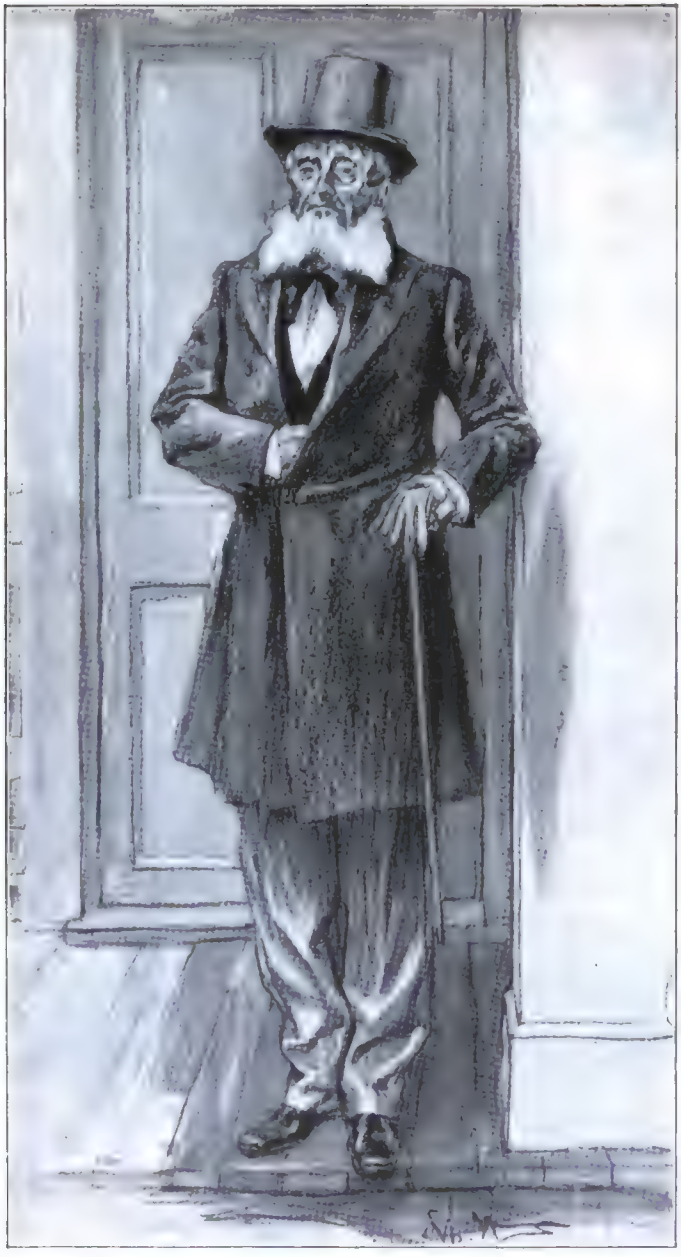

THE RELIC OF THEIR STATE'S ANCIENT GREATNESS AND GLORY.

Mr. Appleby R. Fentress was a *connoisseur* in fatigue. Indeed, if he had not been, his memory alone should have enabled him to prescribe, for the majestic invasion of his pharmacy was a casual happening that had surprised him almost daily for years. Mr. Fentress knew the formula of, and possessed the skill to compound, a certain potion antagonistic to fatigue, the salient ingredient of which he described (no doubt in pharmaceutical terms) as "genuine old hand-made Clover Leaf '59 Private Stock."

Nor did the ceremony of administering the potion ever vary. Mr. Fentress would first compound two of the celebrated mixtures —one for the Governor, and the other for the General to "sample." Then the Governor would make this little speech in his high, piping, quavering voice:

"No, sir—not one drop until you have prepared one for yourself and join us, Mr. Fentress. Your father, sir, was one of my most valued supporters and friends during My Administration, and any mark of esteem I can confer upon his son is not only a pleasure but a duty, sir."

Blushing with delight at the royal condescension, the druggist would obey, and all would drink to the General's toast: "The prosperity of our grand old State, gentlemen—the memory of her glorious past—the health of her Favorite Son."

Some one of the Old Guard was always at hand to escort the Governor home. Sometimes the General's business duties denied him the privilege, and then Judge Broomfield or Colonel Titus, or one of the Ashford County Slaughters would be on hand to perform the rite.

Such were the observances attendant upon the Governor's morning stroll to the post-office. How much more magnificent, impressive, and spectacular, then, was the scene at public functions when the General would lead forth the silver-haired relic of former

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"HAVE YOU DECIDED TO ACCEPT THIS APPOINTMENT, WILLIAM?"

greatness, like some rare and fragile waxwork figure, and trumpet his pristine eminence to his fellow-citizens!

General Deffenbaugh was the Voice of Elmville. Some said he was Elmville. At any rate, he had no competitor as the Mouthpiece. He owned enough stock in the *Daily Banner* to dictate its utterance, enough shares in the First National Bank to be the referee of its loans, and a war record that left him without a rival for first place at barbecues, school commencements, and decoration days. Besides these acquirements he was possessed with endowments. His personality was inspiring and triumphant. Undisputed sway had moulded him to the likeness of a fatted Roman emperor. The tones of his voice were not otherwise than clarion. To say that the General was public-spirited would fall short of doing him justice. He had spirit enough for a dozen publics. And as a sure foundation for it all, he had a heart that was big and stanch. Yes; General Deffenbaugh was Elmville.

One little incident that usually occurred during the Governor's morning walk has had its chronicling delayed by more important matters. The procession was accustomed to halt before a small brick office on the Avenue, fronted by a short flight of steep wooden steps. A modest tin sign over the door bore the words: "Wm. B. Pemberton: Attorney-at-Law."

Looking inside, the General would roar: "Hello, Billy, my boy." The less distinguished members of the escort would call: "Morning, Billy." The Governor would pipe: "Good-morning, William."

Then a patient-looking little man with hair turning gray along the temples would come down the steps and shake hands with each one of the party. All Elmville shook hands when it met.

The formalities concluded, the little man would go back to his table, heaped with law books and papers, while the procession would proceed.

Billy Pemberton was, as his sign declared, a lawyer by profession. By occupation and common consent he was the Son of his Father. This was the shadow in which Billy lived, the pit out of which he had unsuccess-

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fully striven for years to climb, and, he had come to believe, the grave in which his ambitions were destined to be buried. Filial respect and duty he paid beyond the habit of most sons, but he aspired to be known and appraised by his own deeds and worth.

After many years of tireless labor he had become known in certain quarters far from Elmville as a master of the principles of the the law. Twice he had gone to Washington and argued cases before the highest tribunal with such acute logic and learning that the silken gowns on the bench had rustled from the force of it. His income from his practice had grown until he was able to support his father, in the old family mansion (which neither of them would have thought of abandoning, rickety as it was) in the comfort and almost the luxury of the old extravagant days. Yet, he remained to Elmville as only "Billy" Pemberton, the son of our distinguished and honored fellow-townsman, "ex-Governor Pemberton." Thus was he introduced at public gatherings where he sometimes spoke, haltingly and prosily, for his talents were too serious and deep for extempore brilliancy; thus was he presented to strangers and to the lawyers who made the circuit of the courts; and so the *Daily Banner* referred to him in print. To be "the son of" was his doom. Whatever he should accomplish would have to be sacrificed upon the altar of this magnificent but fatal parental precedence.

The peculiarity and the saddest thing about Billy's ambition was that the only world he thirsted to conquer was Elmville. His nature was diffident and unassuming. National or State honors might have oppressed him. But, above all things, he hungered for the appreciation of the friends among whom he had been born and raised. He would not have plucked one leaf from the garlands that were so lavishly bestowed upon his father, he merely rebelled against having his own wreaths woven from those dried and self-same branches. But Elmville "Billied" and "sonned" him to his concealed but lasting chagrin, until at length he grew more reserved and formal and studious than ever.

There came a morning when Billy found among his mail a letter from a very high source, tendering him the appointment to an important judicial position in the new island possessions of our country. The honor was a distinguished one, for the entire nation had discussed the probable recipients of these positions, and had agreed that the situation demanded only men of the highest character, ripe learning, and evenly balanced mind.

Billy could not subdue a certain exultation at this token of the success of his long and arduous labors, but, at the same time, a whimsical smile lingered around his mouth, for he foresaw in which column Elmville would place the credit. "We congratulate Governor Pemberton upon the mark of appreciation conferred upon his son"—"Elmville rejoices with our honored citizen, Governor Pemberton, at his son's success"—"Put her there, Billy!"—"Judge Billy Pemberton, sir; son of our State's war hero and the people's pride!"—these were the phrases, printed and oral, conjured up by Billy's prophetic fancy. Grandson of his State, and step-child to Elmville—thus had fate fixed his kinship to the body politic.

Billy lived with his father in the old mansion. The two and an elderly lady—a distant relative—comprised the family. Perhaps, though, old Jeff, the Governor's ancient colored body-servant, should be included. Without doubt, he would have claimed the honor. There were other servants, but Thomas Jefferson Pemberton, sah, was a member of "de fambly."

Jeff was the one Elmvillian who gave to Billy the gold of approval unmixed with the alloy of paternalism. To him "Mars William" was the greatest man in Talbot County. Beaten upon though he was by the shining light that emanates from an ex-war governor, and loyal as he remained to the old *régime*, his faith and admiration were Billy's. As valet to a hero, and a member of the family, he may have had superior opportunities for judging.

Jeff was the first one to whom Billy revealed the news. When he reached home for supper Jeff took his "plug" hat and smoothed it before hanging it upon the hall-rack.

"Dar now!" said the old man: "I knowed it was er comin'. I knowed it was gwine ter happen. Er judge, you says, Mars William? Dem Yankees done made you er judge? It's high time, sah, dey was doin' somep'n to make up for dey rascality endurin' de war. I boun' dey holds a confab and says: 'Le's make Mars William Pemberton er judge, and dat'll settle it.' Does you have to go way down to dem Fillypines, Mars William, or kin you judge 'em from here?"

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"I'd have to live there most of the time, of course," said Billy.

"I wonder what de Gubnor gwine say 'bout dat," speculated Jeff.

ing, without making any comment. Billy reclined in his favorite rocker, waiting, perhaps still flushed with satisfaction over the tender that had come to him, unsolicited, in

THE PROCESSION WAS ACCUSTOMED TO HALT BEFORE A SMALL BRICK OFFICE.

Billy wondered too.

After supper, when the two sat in the library, according to their habit, the Governor smoking his clay pipe and Billy his cigar, the son dutifully confessed to having been tendered the appointment.

For a long time the Governor sat smok-

his dingy little office, above the heads of the intriguing, time-serving, clamorous multitude.

At last the Governor spoke; and, though his words were seemingly irrelevant, they were to the point. His voice had a note of martyrdom running through its senile quaver.

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"MR. PRESIDENT, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT TO YOU——"

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"My rheumatism has been growing steadily worse these past months, William."

"I am sorry, father," said Billy, gently.

"And I am nearly seventy-eight. I am getting to be an old man. I can recall the names of but two or three who were in public life during My Administration. What did you say is the nature of this position that is offered you, William?"

"A Federal judgeship, father. I believe it is considered to be a somewhat flattering tender. It is outside of politics and wire-pulling, you know."

"No doubt, no doubt. Few of the Pembertons have engaged in professional life for nearly a century. None of them have ever held Federal positions. They have been landholders, slave-owners, and planters on a large scale. One or two of the Derwents—your mother's family—were in the law. Judge Preston Derwent, have you decided to accept this appointment, William?"

"I am thinking it over," said Billy, slowly, regarding the ash of his cigar.

"You have been a good son to me," continued the Governor, stirring his pipe with the handle of a penholder.

"I've been your son all my life," said Billy, darkly.

"I am often gratified," piped the Governor, betraying a touch of complacency, "by being congratulated upon having a son with such sound and sterling qualities. Especially in this, our native town, is your name linked with mine in the talk of our citizens."

"I never knew anyone to forget the vinculum," murmured Billy, unintelligibly.

"Whatever prestige," pursued the parent, "I may be possessed of, by virtue of my name and services to the State, has been yours to draw upon freely. I have not hesitated to exert it in your behalf whenever opportunity offered. And you have deserved it, William. You've been the best of sons. And now this appointment comes to take you away from me. I have but a few years left to live. I am almost dependent upon others now, even in walking and dressing. What would I do without you my son?"

The Governor's pipe dropped to the floor. A tear trickled from his eye. His voice had risen, and crumbled to a weakling falsetto, and ceased. He was an old, old man about to be bereft of the son that cherished him.

Billy rose, and laid his hand upon the Governor's shoulder.

"Don't worry, father," he said, cheerfully. "I'm not going to accept. Elmville is good enough for me. I'll write to-night and decline it."

At the next interchange of devoirs between the Governor and General Deffenbaugh on Lee Avenue, His Excellency, with a comfortable air of self-satisfaction spoke of the appointment that had been tendered to Billy.

The General whistled.

"That's a plum for Billy," he shouted. "Who'd have thought that Billy—but, confound it, it's been in him all the time. It's a boost for Elmville. It'll send real estate up. It's an honor to our State. It's a compliment to the South. We've all been blind about Billy. When does he leave? We must have a reception. Great Gatlings! that job's eight thousand a year! There's been a car-load of lead-pencils worn to stubs, figuring on those appointments. Think of it! Our little, wood-sawing, mealy-mouthed Billy! Angel unawares doesn't begin to express it. Elmville is disgraced forever unless she lines up in a hurry for ratification and apology."

The venerable Moloch smiled fatuously. He carried the fire with which to consume all these tributes to Billy, the smoke of which would ascend as an incense to himself.

"William," said the Governor, with modest pride, "has declined the appointment. He refuses to leave me in my old age. He is a good son."

The General swung round, and laid a large forefinger upon the bosom of his friend. Much of the General's success had been due to his dexterity in establishing swift lines of communication between cause and effect.

"Governor," he said, with a keen look in his big, ox-like eyes, "you've been complaining to Billy about your rheumatism."

"My dear General," replied the Governor, stiffly, "my son is forty-two. He is quite capable of deciding such questions for himself. And I, as his parent, feel it my duty to state that your remark about—er—rheumatism is a mighty poor shot from a very small bore, sir, aimed at a purely personal and private affliction."

"If you will allow me," retorted the General, "you've afflicted the public with it for some time; and 'twas no small bore, at that."

This first tiff between the two old comrades might have grown into something more serious, but for the fortunate interruption caused by the ostentatious approach of Colonel Titus and another one of the court

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retinue from the right county, to whom the General confided the coddled statesman and went his way.

After Billy had so effectually entombed his ambitions, and taken the veil, so to speak, in a sonnery, he was surprised to discover how much lighter of heart and happier he felt. He realized what a long, restless struggle he had maintained, and how much he had lost by failing to cull the simple but wholesome pleasures by the way. His heart warmed now to Elmville and the friends who had refused to set him upon a pedestal. It was better, he began to think, to be "Billy" and his father's son, and to be hailed familiarly by cheery neighbors and grown-up playmates, than to be "Your Honor," and sit among strangers, hearing, maybe, through the arguments of learned counsel, that old man's feeble voice crying: "What would I do without you, my son?"

Billy began to surprise his acquaintances by whistling as he walked up the street; others he astounded by slapping them disrespectfully upon their backs and raking up old anecdotes he had not had the time to recollect for years. Though he hammered away at his law cases as thoroughly as ever, he found more time for relaxation and the company of his friends. Some of the younger set were actually after him to join the golf club. A striking proof of his abandonment to obscurity was his adoption of a most undignified, rakish, little soft hat, reserving the "plug" for Sundays and state occasions. Billy was beginning to enjoy Elmville, though that irreverent burgh had neglected to crown him with bay and myrtle.

All the while uneventful peace pervaded Elmville. The Governor continued to make his triumphal parades to the post-office with the General as chief marshal, for the slight squall that had rippled their friendship had, to all indications, been forgotten by both.

But one day Elmville woke to sudden excitement. The news had come that the presidential party would honor Elmville by a twenty-minute stop. The Executive had promised a five-minute address from the balcony of the Palace Hotel.

Elmville arose as one man—that man being, of course, General Deffenbaugh—to becomingly receive the chieftain of all the clans. The train with the tiny Stars and Stripes fluttering from the engine pilot arrived. Elmville had done her best. There were bands, flowers, carriages, uniforms, banners, and committees without end. High-school girls in white frocks impeded the steps of the party with roses strewn nervously in bunches. The chieftain had seen it all before—scores of times. He could have pictured it exactly in advance, from the Blue-and-Gray speech down to the smallest rosebud. Yet his kindly smile of interest greeted Elmville's display as if it had been the only and original.

In the upper rotunda of the Palace Hotel the town's most illustrious were assembled for the honor of being presented to the distinguished guests previous to the expected address. Outside, Elmville's inglorious but patriotic masses filled the streets.

It was here, in the hotel, that General Deffenbaugh was holding in reserve Elmville's trump card. Elmville knew; for the trump was a fixed one, and its lead consecrated by archaic custom.

At the proper moment Governor Pemberton, beautifully venerable, magnificently antique, tall, paramount, stepped forward upon the arm of the General.

Elmville watched and harked with bated breath. Never until now—when a Northern President of the United States should clasp hands with ex-war Governor Pemberton would the breach be entirely closed—would the country be made one and indivisible—no North, not much South, very little East, and no West to speak of. So Elmville excitedly scraped kalsomine from the walls of the Palace Hotel with its Sunday best, and waited for the Voice to speak.

And Billy! We had nearly forgotten Billy. He was cast for Son, and he waited patiently for his cue. He carried his "plug" in his hand, and felt serene. He admired his father's striking air and pose. After all, it was a great deal to be son of a man who could so gallantly hold the position of a cynosure for three generations.

General Deffenbaugh cleared his throat. Elmville opened its mouth, and squirmed. The chieftain with the kindly, fateful face was holding out his hand, smiling. Ex-war Governor Pemberton extended his own across the chasm. But what was this the General was saying?

"Mr. President, allow me to present to you one who has the honor to be the father of our foremost, distinguished citizen, learned and honored jurist, beloved townsman, and model Southern gentleman—the Honorable William B. Pemberton."

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# The Passing of Finland

By GILSON WILLETS

## Russian Oppression Drives Two Hundred Thousand Finns into the United States

ON the ground floor of the Battery Park Building, New York, is a great bare room. Along the wall are ranged a number of wooden settees, the floor-space is divided into passages by long rows of standing desks. Through the closed windows come the steady whirr of the electric cars, the heavy rumble of drays, the piercing cries of newsboys and street vendors—all the hundred noises which go to make up the roar of the city. As far as appointments and surroundings go, there is nothing unusual about this bare room; nothing to differentiate it from thousands of other down-town offices. But take a look at its occupants; watch them for a short time. At the desks are tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed young men, large of bone, huge of muscle, absolutely un-American in type. In the open space at the front of the office, near the windows, are shifting groups of similar Vikings, and of tall, fair, gentle-faced women. They approach each other ceremoniously, the men bowing, continental fashion, the heels together. "Good-day," says one, and "God grant it!" is the answer; then they fall to talking, quickly, nervously, in low voices, and in an incomprehensible tongue. The door opens and a number of men and women enter, who look weary and bear on them unmistakable evidences of recent travel. At sight of them there is a cry of welcome; the desks are deserted, everybody in the room crowds forward. Hats are doffed, hands shaken solemnly; there are excited questions and hurried answers. Then someone among the newcomers begins what is unmistakably a narrative. He tells it quietly, without gesticulation, but as he proceeds faces darken, and there are muttered exclamations of anger and of grief. At the close of the story, hats are thrown in the air, and there is a shout of "America E la koon; America E la koon" ("America be praised"). In this common-place New York office there is an atmosphere that can be felt of fiery emotion, of intense enthusiasm, of suppressed despair—and well there may be, for it is the office of Axel Hornborg, Agent for the Finland Steam Navigation Company, and the headquarters of the "Finnish Exiles' Club." Here, owing to the kindness of Mr. Hornborg, who carries

MONUMENT OF ALEXANDER II., HELSINGFORS.

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TSAR NICHOLAS II. SIGNING AWAY THE LIBERTIES OF FINLAND, FEB 15, 1899.

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UNVEILING THE STATUE OF ALEXANDER II., IN THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE, HELSINGFORS.

on all his work in a little den at the back of the main room, is the daily meeting-place of the men whom the tyranny of Russia is driving from their beloved country.

Tsar Nicholas II. issued his initial decree depriving the people of Finland of their constitutional liberty in 1899. This action was the result of severe pressure brought to bear on him by his government officials. Finland was the single Russian province having a constitution and its own local government, independent of Russian bureaucracy. Finland was progressive, prosperous—much more so than any other section of the Russian Empire; therefore Finland was, in the eyes of the Russian administration, a bad example for all other sections of the Tsar's dominions. Its prosperity roused discontent and set the people elsewhere yearning for similar constitutional privileges.

The Tsar's decree gave the Russian administration the powers it had long sought. A systematic plan of oppression was at once inaugurated in Finland, and the Finns began to leave the country in hordes. In 1898 the number of Finn immigrants to America was less than three thousand. In 1899, when the Tsar issued the fatal decree, the number increased to 12,000; in 1900 to 25,000; and in 1903, to half a hundred thousand. Since 1898 more than one hundred and fifty thousand Finns have come to the United States, and there are now over two hundred thousand Finns under the American flag. In 1898 Finland's population was 2,000,000, so that ten per cent. of all Finland's inhabitants in the year previous to the Tsar's decree are in the United States to-day. Amazing these figures become when compared with those for Italy, which is the country that at present is sending the largest number of immigrants to this country. Italy's population is 32,000,000. The Italians in the United States number 500,000, or only one-sixty-fourth of all Italy's inhabitants, as compared with the fact that one-tenth of Finland's population in 1898 is now in America. A further startling fact is that since the Russian oppression the population of Finland has actually decreased from 2,000,000 to 1,700,000, showing that, in addition to the 150,000 who have come to America, another 150,000 have sought freedom in other countries. How long, at this rate, before Finland will

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DIET HOUSE AT HELSINGFORS.

be depopulated? This is the query which the exiles at the New York headquarters anxiously put to one another, following their eternal questions: "What next?" and "Who next?" To meet these men face to face, to hear them discuss the situation, is to realize that the world is witnessing a great human tragedy: the denationalizing of a people, the utter elimination from the map of a country with a civilization and culture superior to that of Russia which is absorbing it, and equal to that of any country in Europe; with a distinct literature and an art of its own; with a thorough educational system, and an industrial development that made it a factor of importance among commercial nations.

Of the Finns who have come to America, thousands are not mere immigrants, but exiles and refugees, the flower of the nation. "Almost all who enter here nowadays," said Axel Hornborg to me recently at the "Exiles' Club" (since my return from a visit to Finland, during which I traversed that country of greatest sorrows from end to end and from side to side, I have made many visits to the bare room in the Battery Park Building), "have a place on what we call 'the roll of honor'—that is, are patriots whom the Tsar has honored by including them in the lists of Finlanders ordered out of the country. Look," Mr. Hornborg went on, "those are two typical cases over there," and he pointed to two men who were engaged in animated conversation. "The man to the right is now my office manager, and is one of the three Brofelt brothers who were all banished from Finland on the same day, with confiscation of such properties as they could not carry out of the country. All three Brofelts are authors. They are, in truth, acknowledged as the foremost Finnish writers."

Has the reader ever seen the Beau Brummel of the Roosevelt administration, Secretary of State Hay? Imagine the polished Mr. Hay in shabby clothing, and you have a proper conception of the appearance and manner of the Mr. Brofelt who is the manager of Hornborg's office.

"My Mr. Brofelt," continued Mr. Hornborg, "was not only a writer of distinction, but the president of the college in Kuopio. He was given four days in which to leave the Empire, and when he asked the reason of his banishment, the Russian police officials laughed in his face, saying, 'We don't give reasons for driving out disturbers of public tranquillity.' He was not at home when the order of expulsion was served, so the police forced their way through his house, breaking open doors and drawers in search for incriminating papers."

Brofelt was of a party of six representa-

DEPARTURE OF THE EXILED PATRIOTS.

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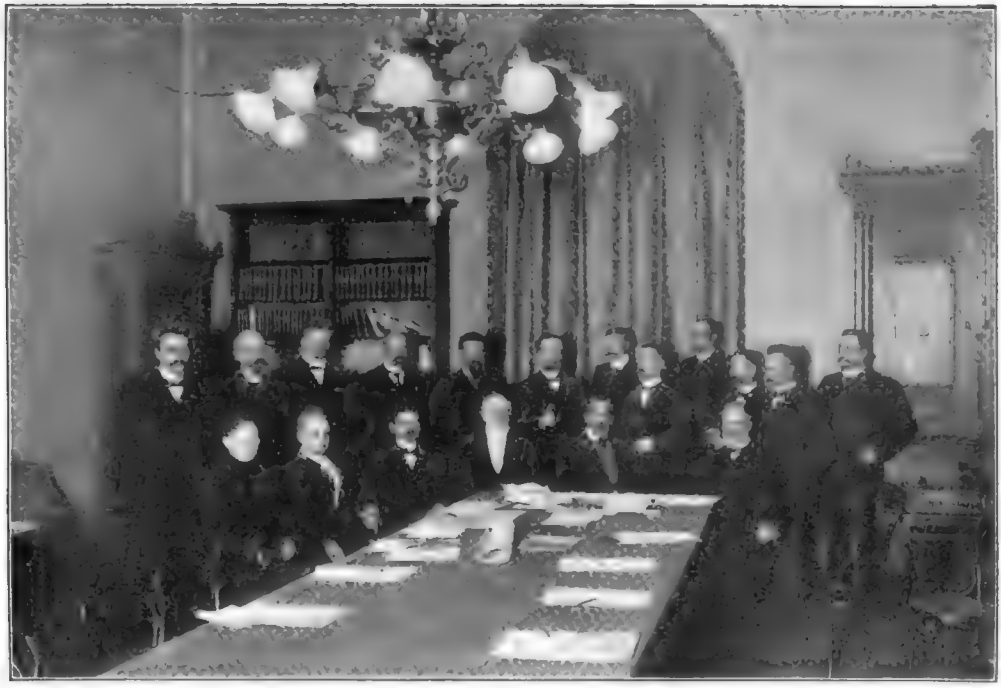

DR. SALZMAN, THE AUTHOR, AND SOME OF THE PATRIOTS (NOW IN EXILE) WHO WERE PRESENT AT THE SECRET DINNER AT DR. SALZMAN'S HOUSE.

tive Finns of the highest standing, the first persons ever exiled from that part of the Tsar's domain. The departure of the party from Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, was the occasion of a public demonstration of surpassing solemnity. Thousands gathered at the railway station at midnight to say farewell, and the scene was one suggestive of profound reflection and of the utmost gravity. The crowd watched the leave-taking in absolute silence, producing an extraordinarily impressive effect. For half a mile along the railroad track the people had assembled, and as the train slowly passed, heads were uncovered and bowed in silence. The ten thousand voices began chanting the national anthem. This scene was repeated at every station all the way to Abo, where they took ship for America.

"The other man," continued Mr. Hornborg, pointing to a young fellow of pleasing appearance, "may be seen here any day poring over the newspaper advertisements headed 'Help Wanted.' His name is John Repo. 'I was a school-teacher, and the president of my home village,' he said to me during one of our talks. 'The Russians drove me out of both school and office, and when I dared to appeal to St. Petersburg for redress, I was driven out of the country. I am simply one of the many who have been exiled for no other reason than the personal spite of some local official under the Tsar.'

"We are daily expecting the arrival of the most distinguished of Finnish patriots," added Mr. Hornborg. "I mean Regual Wolff, the Pierpont Morgan of our country. He was the chairman of the Board of Directors of the steamship company which I represent. He was one of its founders indeed, and it was while attending a directors' meeting to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the line that he was served with an order of expulsion from the Russian Empire. With interests in a score of enterprises, he was allowed only forty-eight hours, instead of the usual four days, to settle his varied affairs and leave the land of his birth, perhaps forever."

Among other exiles whom I frequently meet at Hornborg's are three who were of a secret dinner-party in Helsingfors, at which I was present, the scene on that occasion being the most interesting in which I was permitted to play a part in Finland. The three exiles referred to are Messrs. Erro

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K. BROFELT. AXEL HORNBORG. GABRIEL CARLSON.

Erkko, and A. Fabritius, and Count Amminoff. These three Finns were men of distinction in their country, citizens of wealth, position, and influence. What a contrast to meet them only a few months later at Hornborg's, as exiles, impoverished and without a country!

The dinner alluded to, at which I first met these three gentlemen, was given at his home last March by Dr. Salzman, the leader of the Finnish National Party, a man of wide reputation as an economist and philanthropist. I was a stranger at that dinner, amid senators, the mayor of the city, professors from the Helsingfors University, editors of the leading newspapers, a Lutheran clergyman, the architect of the city's finest buildings, and so on, twenty men in all, representative of the culture and commerce of Finland.

When I arrived in my drosky-sled at Dr. Salzman's door, two men stepped forward and one said: "Have you a match?"

"Twenty," I replied. Whereupon my interlocutor drummed a peculiar rat-tat-tat on my host's front door, which was opened from within. A servant relieved me of furs and overshoes, and then ushered me into a lofty room, where were gathered the twenty guests. Each in turn shook my hand and bowed,

LAST PARADE OF FINNISH TROOPS BEFORE THE ARMY WAS ABOLISHED.



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ERRO ERKKO. COUNT CARL MANNERHEIM. PASTOR EWERT BLOMBERG.

without uttering a word. Then Dr. Salzman said: "Did you have any trouble with our men outside?"

"When they asked for matches," I replied, "I simply gave the password, 'Twenty,' as you directed yesterday in your verbal invitation."

"You may think it strange," said the doctor, "that in a civilized land not in a state of warfare we have to meet thus secretly. But the conditions that surround us are such that secrecy is necessary. Gatherings such as you see here now are prohibited by the police. Not more than three persons of different families are permitted to assemble without first supplicating permission from the Russian Dictator, General Bobrikoff."

"And such permission," I interposed, "would have been denied you?"

"Exactly!" answered Dr. Salzman. "So here we are without permission, with the doors barred and sentries stationed outside as a precaution against surprise."

All this time the others in the room were conversing in undertones. There were neither smiles nor laughter. Nor was there less of gloom when we gathered at the dinner-table. Throughout the entire evening the hush resembled that peculiar suppression of tone used by persons in a church.

VIEW OF HELSINGFORS, THE CAPITAL OF FINLAND, FROM THE LAND SIDE.

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H. MONTAGUE DONNER. COUNT GUSTAF AMMINOFF. EDWARD ANTELL.

In each interval between the courses someone knocked gently on his wine-glass to draw attention, and then, without rising, made a "two-minute speech." Each speaker dwelt upon some new form of Russian oppression.

Ten out of the twenty men gathered round the board that evening were banished during the two following months (April and May). That very evening each of those ten patriots knew that he was on the "secret list"; that is, booked for deportation or exile. They instinctively felt that they were to be the "first to go," and the real purpose of the dinner was to discuss the situation.

"But why not go while there is time to go voluntarily?" I asked, for it must be stated that not all of these men were merely exiled from the Empire, but that some were taken

HEADQUARTERS OF THE FINNISH EXILES IN NEW YORK.



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to Siberia as political prisoners, a fate far worse than that of simple banishment.

"It is the duty of the educated men and those of position in any country," was the reply, "to stick to that country to the last, same as the captain of a ship. We will stay and take our chances for the sake of the example to the peasants, who are even now emigrating in ruinously large numbers to the United States."

All this took place, it should be remembered, in March, at the beginning of the Reign of Terror, which reached its culmination within forty days, when ten of the party, surely enough, were "the first to go." Three of the ten, as already stated, are now in this country beginning life anew amid a strange people as best they can.

On his arrival in the United States, Mr. Erkko, the editor of the principal newspaper of Helsingfors, which was suppressed by the Russian Government, immediately became the leader of the exiles and refugees here. "I have just completed a lecturing tour embracing hundreds of towns between New York and San Francisco," he told me, "and am now planning the publication of a newspaper in the Finnish language in New York." He then related some of the details of his banishment.

"At daylight on the fifth of May," he said, "I was served with the order of expulsion. Absent from home at the time, I was told upon my return that I must leave the country within four days from the date of the order, which was that very day. The detachment of soldiers sent to search my house dragged all my books from the shelves and destroyed them, and otherwise wrought damage to my property amounting to thousands of Finnish marks."

Some days later I was at Hornborg's when there entered a man exceedingly refined of face and exceedingly threadbare as to clothing. It was a cold day, but he wore no overcoat, obviously because he possessed no such garment. Could this be the elegant Count Amminoff whom I had last seen at the dinner at Dr. Salzman's in evening dress, everything about his attire so fastidiously *point de vice?* Could the bent-shouldered man who now entered Hornborg's be the nobleman who had presented such an impressive presence at the Salzman house?

"I've just come down from Hartford," said he, after the first greetings, "where I am engaged in preparing for the examination which I must pass before being allowed to practise at the Connecticut bar. You see," he added, "as the Burgomaster of Kasco, I declined to execute the illegal orders of the police, and resigned. I then joined a leading law firm, but immediately the firm was notified that I would not be allowed to practise my profession. I ignored this tyrannous notice, and three days later was told to 'get out' at once. All my real property was confiscated, and here I am a poor man with no asset but youth. And now I want to tell you something I have just learned. The Russians are not content with having the exiles shadowed by detectives until they leave the Empire; it seems that we are all still watched, even here in these free United States, by secret agents of the Russian Government. We are aware that they are dogging our footsteps, presumably with the idea of frustrating any attempt on our part to return secretly to the Tsar's Empire."

In proceeding to show what becomes of the Finns in America, what they do and what kind of citizens they make, I should first state that, in addition to those here classed as exiles, there are also those who were not thrust out, but fled from, Russian oppression. These I have called refugees. While the exiles number only hundreds, the refugees number thousands. They may be divided into two classes: first those who fled to escape the general persecution that is impoverishing the citizens of all ranks; second, those who fled to evade illegal military service. Two of the first class and one of the second are employed as clerks in New York. The two who fled from persecution held positions in the Northern Bank of Helsingfors, but with the expulsion of the managing director, Count Mannerheim, the young men lost their places and soon after came to America to escape further persecution. One of them told me the story of their flight.

One evening they were the guests of Count Mannerheim, at a charity concert at his house. The Count had incurred the displeasure of the Russian officials through his opposition to their methods of Russification. On the night of the concert the doors were suddenly burst open, the Governor of the province, Kagairodoff, appeared, and ordered the audience to disperse. The Count pointed out to the Governor that, not having been invited to the concert, he had no right to be present. It was not long afterward that the Count was ordered to leave the Empire, and the

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young fellows, simply because they were present at the concert, were so persecuted by order of the Governor that, in sheer desperation, they fled."

The third refugee—a clerk now in New York—left for the United States as a stowaway in one of the ships of the Finland Steam Navigation Company—for one must have a passport to leave the Russian Empire, as well as to enter it. "Had I made application for a passport," said he, "it would have been denied me on the ground that I was of military age and subject to conscription. I took French leave, therefore, to escape the army levy by which I would have been compelled to serve five years instead of the legal three of Finland, and in a Russian regiment, moreover, stationed not in Finland, but in Siberia. It is the army levy, indeed, more than anything else, that is driving especially the young men from Finland."

Working in the Chicago stock-yards at present is a member of the peasant-farmer class though a man of rare intelligence, who was literally forced into the Russian army at the point of the bayonet. On the first favorable opportunity, however, he deserted, escaping in an open boat to Stockholm. Thence he worked his way to America. "In my town at the time of this year's army levy," he said, when I met him upon his arrival here and induced him to tell his tale, "not a man appeared, though several hundred had been drafted by name. Of these I was one. The gendarmes came to my farm, put me in irons, drove me afoot to the town where the levy was being held, and there walked me up and down the streets in my shackles, as an example to others. Then I was forcibly clothed in the uniform of a Russian soldier. But they will never keep a Finn in the Russian army."

Of the army levy in his country, still another refugee said: "Imagine the extent of the failure of the levy when I tell you that out of 26,000 men called for last year, the Tsar got only 126. Every Finn has a loaded gun in his house, and it is all we can do to keep the men in check. To fight would mean our extinction, but the young men would rather at once exchange shots with the Russians and have the thing over."

As to the distribution of the Finns in this country, the figures show that of the 50,000 who arrived in 1903, 16,000 went to Michigan; 10,000 to Massachusetts; 3,200 to Ohio; 2,400 to Pennsylvania; 1,600 to Wisconsin; 1,000 to Washington; while 7,000 stayed in New York State and the remainder went West. In the States specifically mentioned are found the largest Finnish colonies, Michigan having far the greatest number. In that State, where they labor in the iron and copper mines, half the population of such towns as Calumet and Hancock is composed of Finns, their number giving them great local influence. As the peasant from Finland learns a foreign language slowly, Americans in the localities dominated by the Finns are finding it to their advantage to learn Finnish. It should be stated here, however, that only Finns of the peasant class speak Finnish, those of the upper class using the Swedish tongue entirely, though they also understand Finnish. Rarely have I met an educated Finn who was versed in less than five languages—Finnish, Swedish, German, French, and English. Many also speak Russian when necessity compels the use of that tongue.

The localization of Finns in America by towns includes also Allentown and Bessemer, Pennsylvania; Crystal Falls, Covington, and Kearsage, Michigan; Carbonado, Washington; Mountain Iron and Sandstone, Minnesota; Red Lodge, Montana; Smuggler, Colorado; Lead City, South Dakota; Point Arena, California; and Douglass City, Alaska. Among the largest colonies in towns, outside of Michigan, are those at Worcester, Fitchburg, and Gardner, Massachusetts.

In respect to the occupations of the Finns of the peasant class, the largest number are, of course, unskilled laborers. Nevertheless, thousands of skilled workmen arrived last year. Many Finnish seamen are employed on American yachts, and a still larger number, who arrive here as sailors, forsake the sea to engage in the more lucrative occupation of "bridgemen," working in mid-air on the steel frames of up-going sky-scrapers. To farming, however, the Finns in the United States are turning more and more, especially those in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the Dakotas. There are many Finnish farmers conducting successfully their own farms in the Middle West, and also Finnish farming communities of no small size in the Eastern States.

In New York, Jersey City, Hoboken, Brooklyn, and Newark there are fully fifteen thousand Finns. Of these, nearly all the women, of the peasant class of course, are in domestic service, while the majority of the men are carpenters, iron-workers, and bridge

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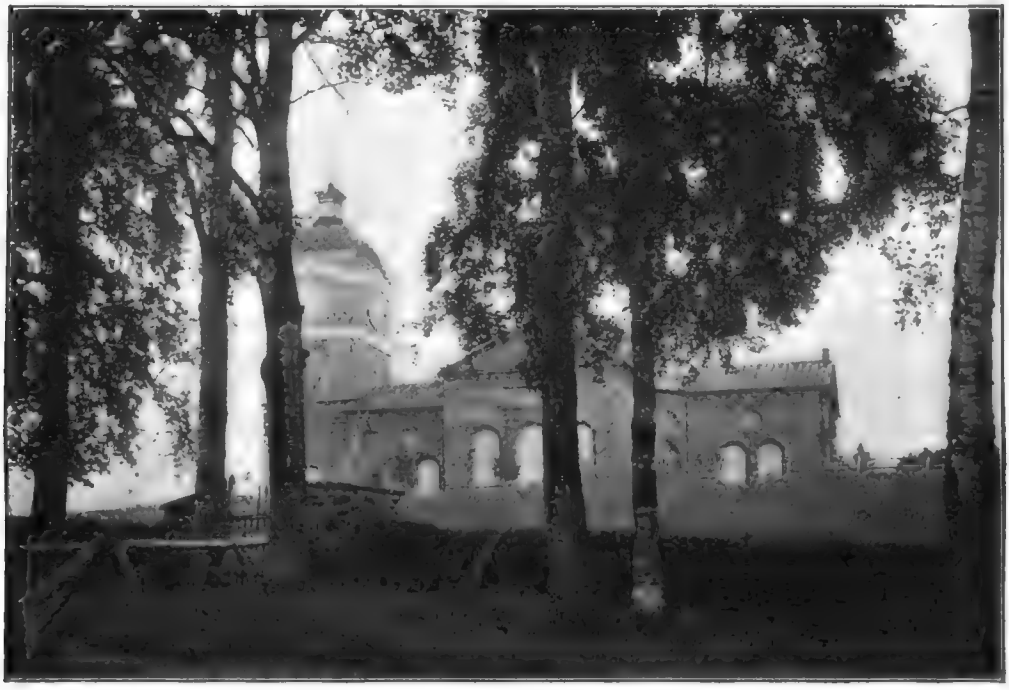
and house builders. At Tiffany's some of the highest-skilled goldsmiths and silversmiths there employed are Finnish refugees or exiles.

The peasant Finn is a tremendous worker. He has the brawn for heavy tasks. Wherever work is hardest and best paid, there the Finn looks for employment. You find



CHURCH AT JAAKIMA WHERE THE PEOPLE PROTESTED AGAINST THE TSAR'S UKASE CONCERNING CONSCRIPTION.

him among the dock-builders, or performing the hardest work in the lumber camps of the Western and Southern States. In his hands, almost entirely, are the salmon and other fishing industries in certain localities in Oregon and Washington, where he does not work for others, but has traps of his own. More than a thousand Finnish fishermen and miners have settled in Alaska.

In regard to the occupation of Finns of the educated class, a large number engaged in professional pursuits in Finland are now in the United States, most of them having arrived last year, including physicians, lawyers, architects, clergymen, decorators, and engineers.

There are also a number of Finnish journalists engaged as editors of the Finnish newspapers, of which there are eight, the circulation of three of these exceeding ten thousand. The only daily is *The Paivalehti*, with Messrs. Jalkanen and Hendrikson as editors, published at Calumet, Mich., where two weeklies are also issued. A semi-weekly is published at Koleva, Mich., and a weekly each at New York Mills, Minn., and Astoria, Ore. There is also the influential *Finnish American*, published in Brooklyn by Mr. Edward Antell, a son-in-law of Mr. Hornborg's, and still another weekly at Ashtabula, O., by Mr. August Edwards.

Until recently there were few educated women here from "Suomi," the Land of Lakes, as Finland is called, the few including chiefly the wives and daughters of some of the Finnish professional men already mentioned. So short is the time allowed the exiles to leave the Empire that in most cases an unfortunate is obliged to sail without his family, depending upon the members of his home circle to follow as best they can. Hence the number of educated Finnish women in America will steadily increase with the arrival of the families of the exiles and refugees. Notable among the women already established here are two women

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physicians, Doctors Eskelin and Ahlqvist. One is now preparing for the Regents' examination in Boston, with a view to practising in Massachusetts; the other is similarly engaged with the same end in view in Michigan. Both are daughters of patriots, both have been bereaved by the exiling of loved ones.

Among the patriots of the fair sex to whom I was introduced at Agent Hornborg's office was Miss Reuter, an exceedingly beautiful young girl, whose father, a lumber merchant, was ruined by Russian taxation. Said she: "I accompanied my poor father—but I must tell you that I might have been here, anyway, if the Russians had caught me in the performance of my duties in Finland. Patriotism in my country, as you may know, is not confined to the men. Daughters, wives, and mothers are active in the cause of liberty. For example, nearly all the secret agents of the National Party are young women of the best families, and it is they who outwit the Russian censors and assume the risk of distributing forbidden literature. The prohibited writings are printed in Stockholm and London, and the women go after the papers, bring them into Finland in their trunks at great hazard, and distribute them throughout the country. Wait a moment," she added, moving toward Hornborg's private office, "and I'll show you some of our literature."

She returned with a number of pamphlets which she handed to me, saying: "I myself helped to distribute thousands of these in Helsingfors. Other girls did the same in other towns. A glance will show you the dangerous nature of this revolutionary literature, which nevertheless our girls are only too proud to handle. Yet to be discovered in this work would mean deportation to Siberia with the hundreds of other women thus banished for less cause."

From the revolutionary propaganda which that pretty Finnish maiden handed me here are a few extracts: "The Russian authorities have had their eyes opened to the dangers of the revolutionary spirit, which may give rise to grave results for the existing system of government. The Revolutionary Party in Russia grows day by day more powerful. Between the people and their rulers there stands the army, and for the present the army obeys the rulers. But will it long continue to do so? That is the question on which much hangs for the Russian Government. . . . The gulf that divides the people of Russia from the Government of Russia grows perceptibly wider, and the ministers do not hesitate to fling the Jews to the people to distract them from the growing discontent with their rulers. This discontent applies chiefly to Finland, where a field of western culture has been devastated. Sooner or later the price for this devastation will be exacted and will be paid. . . . A revolution in Russia there is bound to be, the sooner the better. It all depends upon how soon Finland breaks loose, for that will be the signal for a general uprising. The drain of taxation in the provinces is making the poor peasants poorer year by year. With the people squeezed dry, and foreign credit gone, there will soon be no money to pay the immense army. And the minute the soldiers are not paid, the streets of St. Petersburg will run with blood, one hundred million peasants will rise as one man, and there will be a revolution more bloody than any the world has ever seen. The first shot in the forthcoming revolution will be fired in Finland. Meantime, with the heavy emigration to America and the presence there of so many exiles and refugees, it is safe to say that most of the propaganda preceding the revolution will be prepared in the United States, and that the course of events in Finland will be guided by those in that land which once accomplished what Finland hopes to do now."

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**Illustrated by G. W. Peters**

EVELYN BRENNON looked about the room with timid eyes. From babyhood she had been afraid of something within and without herself while in this room. She did not analyze her fear; she knew neither the word analyze nor its meaning, nor did she give much thought to her feelings in the matter. The room was not an unusual one; every house for miles around had its "Parlor," a room pretty much like the one where Evelyn stood. An ingrain carpet of red and green blocks was on the floor, protected from the boards by a thick interlayer of straw that crunched under each footstep. Six cane-seated chairs stood primly against the walls. The family Bible of imitation morocco and much gilt lettering, outlined by a tidy of insistent white, lay on a highly varnished centre-table that stood to a hair's-breadth exactly in the middle of the room. Life-size "crayon" portraits in cheap gilt frames hung on the walls—walls covered with paper design of huge red roses and many green vines against a yellow background.

One other frame held a wreath, its leaves and flowers made of hair cut from the head of each dead relative on both sides of the family. Evelyn knew from whose head each little strand of hair had come, and its story of life and of death. She looked at it undisturbed; it was to her neither grotesque nor tragic—just a hair wreath that filled a space between two windows.

She pulled down the shades, smoothed the tidy on the table a bit, and went into the sitting-room with a relieved feeling that the parlor was cleaned and done with for another two weeks. The homeliness of the sitting-room with its bright rag-carpet, its worn chairs, its sewing-machine, its work-basket, and everywhere the reflected touch of human contact, brought a reactive glow to her heart. She breathed joyfully, and went into the clean, shining kitchen with a little humming rhythm on her lips.

Tall and straight, she had the firm flesh and beauteous glow of health. Her blue eyes had sparkle, her lips redness. She was young, and the blood went through her veins with the bound of youth.

"Evie," her father's voice broke in on her humming song, "I'm goin' to town this afternoon, and you'd best knock up a quick dinner."

"Yes, pa," she said simply.

He stood a moment as though in hesitation, then turned to the wash-basin and began to wash his hands. He was a man of sixty-five, short and stout, his whiskers and hair of a yellowish gray, his eyes yet blue in color, with a knowing shrewdness and humor. In religion a Baptist, but Jonas Brennon in or out of it; "honest," his neighbors called him, "but close, very close."

Evelyn had dinner on the table before he came downstairs. She wondered a little at the length of time it took him "to clean himself up a bit," and wondered more at his going to town on other than "market-day." Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday were "market-days"; on those days the covered wagon

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was filled with produce from the farm and taken to town, where with the other market-wagons, it was backed up to the curbing of Dayton's public square, its contents displayed on an improvised table of boards set on the sidewalk. Evelyn's great days were those on which she went with her father to market. She enjoyed the five-mile drive to town in the early morning hours, the meeting the other market-men on the way, the friendly greetings interchanged. The taking from the wagon the boards and legs of which the table was made, the placing thereon of crisp vegetables, pats of butter, baskets of eggs, dressed poultry, jars of jam and marmalade—all this was a joy. But the great joy was in being a part of the crowd; the people who bought and the people who sold were the moving creatures of a great drama, and she was one of them!

Her fresh young face in its plain gingham bonnet, smiling in joyous content, was a picture that caught many a buyer. When some of the market-women, crabbed and assertive, told of the mean traits of their customers, Evelyn always wondered why it was that her buyers were all so pleasant and so easily pleased.

As she waited dinner she thought regretfully that her days of going to market were over; she was now the woman of the house, and was needed at home more than at the market-stand. Her revery was broken by the entrance of her father. Her eyes opened wide as they fell upon him; he had put on his boiled shirt and best black suit, clothes that he wore only at weddings and funerals—even for church on Sundays they were deemed too precious.

He ate his dinner in silence, and in silence Evelyn waited upon him. She watched him climb into his new buggy and take up the lines, watched him eagerly, but said no word—she had been taught not to speak to her elders till she was spoken to.

He tucked the linen duster about him, fidgetted a little, looked her in the eye, then away again quickly, and said:

"I'm goin' to bring someone out with me; you'd better have fried chicken and short-cake for supper. We've been pretty lonesome here, Evie. We need someone in your ma's place. I'm goin' to be married to-day an' things'll be cheerier now."

He had reached the road and was out of sight before she moved. Like a thing stricken she made her way into the house. Someone in mother's place, and mother dead but three months! She dropped into a chair and stretched her strong young arms across the table and stared dumbly ahead.

The plain, hard mother with her economy and thrift, her exactions of obedience, her meagrely shown affections, had in life been feared as much as loved. They had been mother and child, never comrades. The distance that dogma and tradition prescribed between parent and child had never been lessened by the narrow, rigid mother. She had given as she could and as she knew, and the girl's stunted sense of love had hungered for no more. Through death she had become nearer to Evelyn than in life; the girl then realized fully how much her mother had meant to her, and dimly, how much she might have meant had they understood something she could not name nor grasp, but that stirred uneasily within her.

It was that "something" which cried out loudly now. The brutality shown toward herself in this early remarriage did not present itself; she thought only of her mother, suffered for her, bled for her. Mother—and treated in such manner! Faithful wife—and replaced so soon!

"So soon" was the shaft which so sorely wounded her. She had expected her father to marry again, and had he waited a year—the circumspect length of time in that community—she might even have welcomed a woman's presence in the house. Now, she could only accept it; and in such bitterness of spirit as she had never known before. Her grief over her mother's death had been tempered by submission to a higher will. In this new grief were humiliation, disgust, outraged womanhood.

Straight and tense she stood in the doorway as her father drove in with the woman who was to take her mother's place. She watched with hard, dry eyes as Jonas, chuckling and beaming, lifted out the new wife and led her struttingly to where his daughter stood.

"Here's your new ma, Evie," said he. "Jennie, this is Evelyn, an' she's a good girl, too. You'n' her'll get along spankin'."

"Supper'll be ready by the time you get your things off," was Evelyn's greeting, and turning abruptly, she went into the house.

The fried chicken and short-cake were all they should be, but only Jonas did justice to their merits; the women ate but little. Jonas was not easily upset. He ate with the relish

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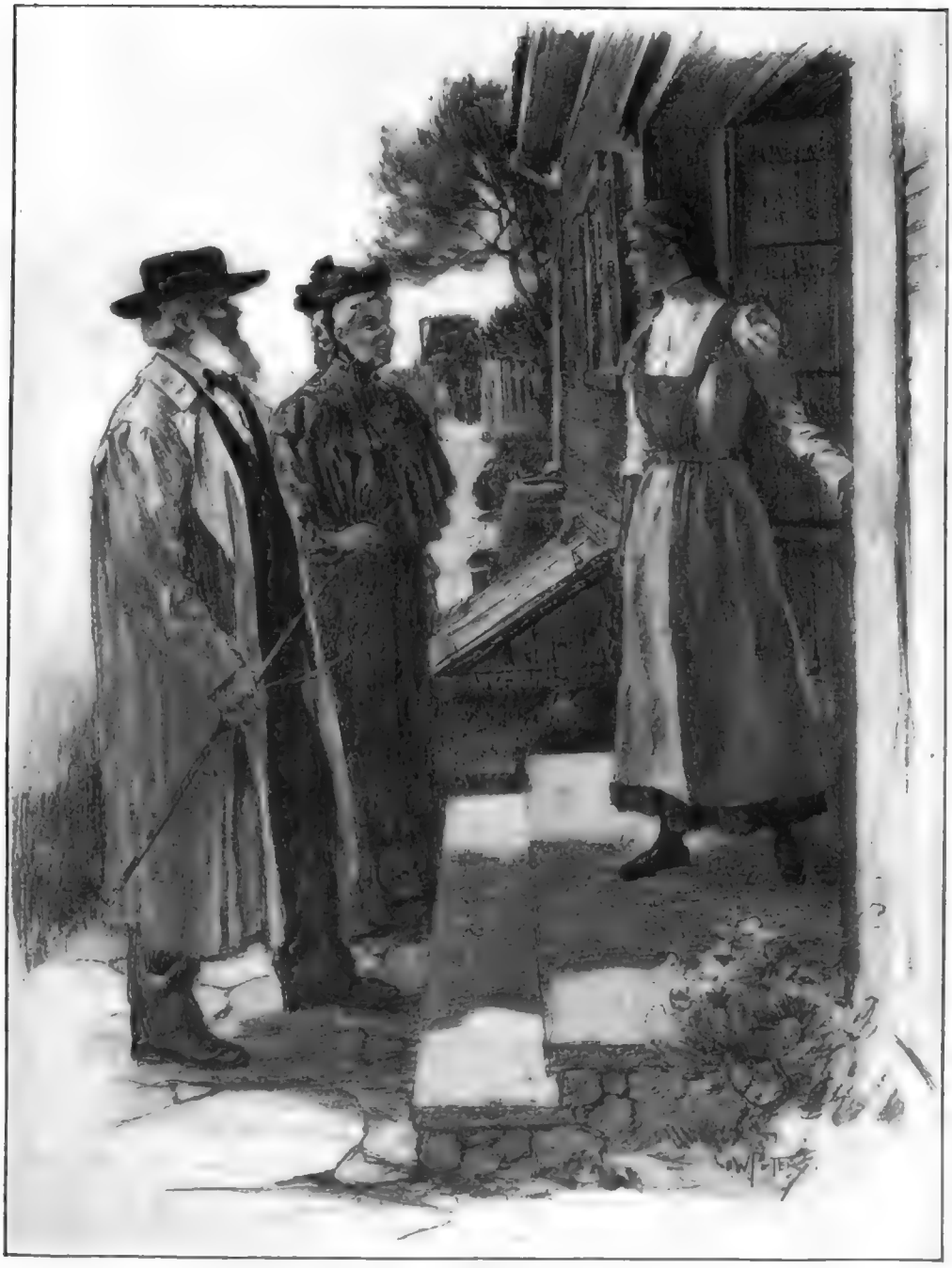

"HERE'S YOUR NEW MA, EVIE."

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of robust hunger, looking with boastful pride at both his wife and his daughter. The good looks of his women folks tickled his vanity. That he had cause for pride was proven by the fact that each woman was silently acknowledging the good looks of the other. The older woman with passive regret for her own lost youth, the younger with increased bitterness against the woman who sat in her mother's place and dared to be fairer than that mother had been.

The second Mrs. Brennon was a woman of sixty, with abundant gray hair, waved and becomingly coiled. Her eyes were brown, soft, and bright, and her cheeks were plump and ruddy. Her body was plump, too; and while her shoulders rounded a little, she carried her head proudly alert. Her clothes became her, but they were dressier than Evelyn thought a woman of her age should wear. Still, she was far different from what Evelyn expected her to be, and in the three days following her bitterness lost itself somewhat in wonder. She could not see how it was that such a woman could marry a man whose wife was but three months dead.

On the fourth day after dinner as Jonas was leaving the kitchen Mrs. Brennon said:

"I want to go to town this afternoon, Mr. Brennon, to do some shopping. You had better give me the money before you go, and hitch the horse and tie it to the post; we won't disturb you then at your work. Evelyn will go with me. I want her to help select the things."

"Money, eh?" he said, smiling benignantly, and handed her a two-dollar bill.

She looked at it a moment, then at him. "You misunderstood me, I guess," she said, laughing. "This shopping is to buy things to fix the house. You remember we talked this over before we were married. I will need two hundred dollars."

Evelyn went swiftly into the sitting-room and closed the door behind her. With a gasp she covered her face with her hands. Once on a market-day she had watched a man walk the slack-wire, watched him with dilating eyes till he reached the middle of the wire, then a sudden fear had seized her, and, covering her eyes, she had waited in terrorized agony for the shouts of the crowd to tell her it was over. She was waiting now till it was over. Two hundred dollars! Little creepy shivers chased up and down her back. For the time being, bitterness and wonder were merged in pity: pity for the woman's disappointment, not only now but always; pity for her father. Would he know what to say, what to do? Would he not think he had lost his senses, or the woman had lost hers, or—or something wild and calamitous? She shivered again and waited. Mrs. Brennon's voice, speaking calmly, aroused her.

"If you will show me where the things go, Evelyn, I'll clear the table and help with the dishes; from now on I'll take the brunt of things. Your pa's right, there's too much work here for your young shoulders. I wanted first to see the farm. Hereafter when he talks about this or that lot I'll know what he means."

Evelyn turned slowly and looked with dazed eyes at the woman's cheery face. She was in a maze as she washed the dishes, and all the way to town her big blue eyes looked out from under her little straw hat with its blue ribbons plastered down primly, with bewildered appeal.

As purchase after purchase was made it dawned upon her that the new wife had not only had the temerity to ask for the two hundred dollars, but—had obtained it! She no longer tried to think things out—it had passed beyond her powers of reasoning. Besides, the purchases were absorbing her attention: wall-paper, carpets, pictures, easy-chairs, a bookcase, a dining-table, and so on, till her mind was benumbed under successive shocks.

As they drove home the woman did the talking.

"It's good to be in the country again," she said, heartily. "When one's been born and raised in the country and lived there for fifty years it ain't living, somehow, to be cooped up in a little 35-by-100-foot lot, with no garden and hardly room to hang out a washing decent. I've lived in Dayton now ten years, ever since Mr. Beardsley died, and to save my life I can't get used to buying little dabs of vegetables and drinking thin milk."

Evelyn's eyes opened wide, a little gleam of sympathy crept in; she had not dreamed that her stepmother was a countrywoman.

"We'll be pretty busy now, for a few weeks, getting things fixed up," Mrs. Brennon continued. "I'm going to have a porch built on the east side of the house, right off the front room, so's we'll have a shady place to sit afternoons. I never stay indoors a minute if I can be out. After some of the trees are cut down on that side it'll give us a a good view of the road and the railroad tracks. We'll get your pa right away at

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fixing up things outside, and we'll fix inside."

The girl's heart thumped with joy: to have the trees cut so that she could see the road! To have a porch to sit on afternoons and watch the teams go by! Suddenly her joy died out, her lips set in a hard, straight line. Yes; it would be done for this woman. Her own mother had sat on the back porch and when she wanted to see the road or the railroad tracks she had had to walk the full length of the yard and hang over the bars of the fence!

"Your pa thinks too much of earning money and not enough of enjoying it. We'll have to show him that there's more profit in spending money the right way than in saving it the wrong way. Men mostly are close, though. Mr. Beardsley used to grumble a heap at what he called my high-falutin notions. He liked it, though. They always do." Her smile was knowing. "Have you many beaux, dear?" she asked, with natural interest.

Evelyn reddened. "I haven't any," she answered, stiffly. "I don't want any."

The woman laughed pleasantly.

"You think you don't, dear, but you wouldn't be a natural girl if you didn't. I wouldn't have missed the beaux out of my life for a good deal. There's nothing else in the world just like it. Nature knows pretty much what she's about. A man who doesn't like a woman ain't very much of a man to my notion, and an old maid is, I verily believe, an abomination to the Lord. I think Paul was disappointed in love and it soured him on marriage, or else he wouldn't have written what he did against it. For two people who love each other living together is just the fulfilment of heaven. You must have a beau, Evelyn; it goes against the grain with me to see a pretty young woman who hasn't a man to love her. There's just no joy can beat the little fluttering and fixing for him, and the waiting to hear his voice. A woman who hasn't had that has missed a heap, I can tell you."

"I'LL BE GOOD TO YOU, EVIE."

Evelyn did not answer, but her face slowly brightened. As they drove through their gateway it broke in upon her that she had

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listened so intently to this woman's talk that she had forgotten where she was. She hated herself for her interest. Her bright look faded, her red lips took on a hard expression.

During the next four weeks the dreary parlor was transformed into a cheery sitting-room, and the one-time sitting-room was turned into a dining-room. And Jonas, who had at first stoutly declared that the kitchen was good enough for anyone to eat in, was as pleased with the new order of things as a boy with his first bag of marbles. Grumbling, but secretly chuckling, he changed his sweaty shirt in the evenings for a clean one, and at meals put on the alpaca coat Mrs. Brennon had bought for the purpose. His whole talk, at market, at church, or wherever he could find a listener, was to brag of the "old lady" and her "doin's." His hearers laughed and said, "No fool like an old fool," but Evelyn knew that he had good cause for his happiness. The new wife had brought new life into the place. Then she was so cheerful; and while she could pitch in and work with the best of them, she always managed things so that she had plenty of time to take things easy and to go to places.

And she always took Evelyn! Yet there could be no real good, the girl reasoned stubbornly, in a woman who set her mother's memory at naught; who came into her home and took away every mark of the patient, plodding wife and mother. She didn't care if this woman did fix things up and make things lively, she had no business to be there, she had no right to make her father happier than her own mother had made him. Well, he could like her if he wanted to, but she would not. No—no, she would, *would* not.

And Mrs. Brennon, with her ready hands and pleasant way, went steadily ahead fixing up the house and the grounds unconscious of Evelyn's resentment. Despite herself the girl was secretly overjoyed. When her own room was changed from a place to sleep in, with hideously papered wall and bequilted bed, to a room made actually beautiful with a few bolts of wall-paper, a few yards of white swiss, and some cans of white paint, Evelyn's eyes opened wide in astonishment, and a sudden compunction swept over her.

She undressed herself that night with hurried, trembling fingers, not once looking around at the dainty, pretty fixings, but keeping her eyes fixed firmly on the stern young face that looked back at her solemnly from the little swiss-draped mirror. Her stepmother's comfortable voice, her father's happy chuckle, came distinctly to her ears as they passed her room.

"No, Jonas," said Mrs. Brennon, in argumentative voice, "I'm not through yet; I want some new clothes for Evelyn. She'll only be young once. She's too quiet and moping-like for a young girl."

Evelyn blew out the light quickly and jnmped into bed. "New clothes for Evelyn!" Her heart was all of a flutter. "Too quiet and moping-like." Her teeth came together with a clinch. If it were not for her she would be lively enough. Did her step-mother think she was always like this? Before this woman came she had been happy and light-hearted. If she had not come—the girl sprang up and stood by the side of her bed. The moonlight streamed in and made the room almost as light as by day. She crept softly to the bureau and rubbed her fingers caressingly over its newly painted surface, touched lingeringly the swiss scarf and beruffled pin-cushion, fingered lovingly the soft muslin curtains and fresh white shades. She knelt by the window and looked out at the roof of the new porch, at the sweep of cleared ground that gave a view—oh, joyous sight!—of the road and railroad tracks. In strange panting fright, she clasped her hands tightly over her heart. What—what if she had *not* come?

She crawled into bed again and lay there shaking from head to foot with an awful fear. It was no use pretending any longer. She was *glad* this woman had come. She liked her—liked her—liked her! No. No. She *loved* her, loved her better than she had ever loved her own mother. It was out—the terrible, guilty truth. She drew the covers over her face, held them tightly in her clenched, trembling fingers. Could even God forgive such wickedness? She tried to pray. The words would not come. Never in all her life had she been so desperately wicked. What if God should visit His wrath upon her? He had said thou shalt have no other gods before Me. Would He—could He, that jealous God, understand her love for this woman who was no kin to her, whom she had never seen till eight weeks before?

Her tongue lay dry to the roof of her mouth, her shaking limbs grew heavy with fear. Yet—yet—yet—she was glad—*glad* this woman had come. The tense fingers relaxed, slowly; fearfully she peeped out over the covers at the daintily draped windows,

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the dressed-up furniture, the little pink roses that scrambled over each other on the creamy ground of the wall-paper.

And as quickly she closed her eyes against them. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," thundered in her ears.

The days that followed alternated with joy and fear. Tradition and the natural emotions of her heart battled fiercely. Even a new pale-blue lawn dress and a pretty girlish hat did not lighten her trouble. The girl's listless figure, the dull eyes, the pale, tightly drawn lips worried Mrs. Brennon considerably. She dosed her with blood medicine and blue mass pills, and insisted on Jonas taking the girl to market with him. At these times it was all Evelyn could do to keep from throwing her arms around her step-mother's neck and crying out how much she loved her.

But tradition is strong, and Evelyn was of the fibre that martyrs are made of. She went resolutely every day to her mother's grave over in the back orchard, and laid a bunch of flowers there. And this nearness to the stern, narrow woman who had borne her kept Evelyn in the shadow of the rigid, hard discipline she had been raised under. She had no way of knowing that the poor mother had been narrow, and cramped, and stern in her dull years of life because tradition had laid its bane on her, too. The cold, dead lips could not cry out to the flesh of her flesh, and bone of her bone, that she had existed only because she did not know how to live, that her poor, cramped soul had shrivelled up because it had not known how to expand.

Wearily the girl dragged herself away from the dull, shadowed spot back to the bright, cheerful farm-house with its neatly kept grounds and new air of homeliness, filled with emotions that she, poor child! could not understand. And there was no one to tell her, no one to lift the burden of guilt from the young bleeding heart, no one to scatter the mists from the girlish mind, no one to whisper that joy needs no excuse for being.

Her step-mother, busy, complacent, had no experience of her own to help her understand what ailed the girl. That she was moping she saw at once, and tried in every way to brighten her up. She made Jonas let her use the new buggy, and coaxed and bullied him into getting her all sorts of girlish gewgaws: a string of beads, side-combs set with brilliants, a pair of open-work silk mits, a fan with spangles pasted on gauze, a white silk parasol!

Evelyn's delight over these things was unbounded. It made Mrs. Brennon feel good all over just to watch the dimpling face and the bubbling joy of her, as she opened the bundles and saw the precious things.

But still she moped.

"Evie must have a beau." It was in determined voice that Mrs. Brennon made this announcement to Jonas as they sat one evening alone on the new porch.

Jonas took a fresh chew and crossed the other leg.

"George Black used to hang round here, but Liddy an' Jane Black didn't jest gee. Jane's a spankin' good cook an' Liddy an' her had a fallin' out over some cakes they showed at the Fair. Evie held up for Liddy, an' George stuck by his ma, of course, an' him an' Evie ain't see each other to speak to sence, as I know on. I ain't never tasted sech pumpkin pies as Jane Black's. Liddy wouldn't ask her for the receipt. Liddy was awful sot in some things."

Next morning Mrs. Brennon hitched the horse to the new buggy and drove over to Jane Black's, three miles farther up the pike. She settled herself comfortably on Jane's side porch.

"There ain't much need of an introduction," she said with hearty pleasantry. "I've been trying to get over here before, but I've been so busy fixing things that I've not had time to return visits, let alone make 'em. And I ain't come visiting this time. I'm a fair cook myself, but Jonas has talked so much about your pumpkin pies, I've decided I've got a few things to learn yet. I'd like your receipt, if it ain't asking too much."

Mrs. Black's wrinkled, weather-beaten face relaxed into lines almost soft and youthful.

"Askin' too much! Why, Mrs. Brennon, you're welcome to it, an' anything I have. I know, though, it ain't any better'n yourn. Men jest get notions 'bout things. Jonas always did talk a heap about my pumpkin pies. Too much," she added, significantly.

Mrs. Brennon nodded her understanding. She had no intention of discussing the first Mrs. Brennon. She had not come for that. Just then George came in from the field: perhaps he thought the dinner-gong had sounded, perhaps he saw the Brennon rig drive in the gateway, perhaps he expected to find someone else beside the pleasant-

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faced matron on the porch. The latter was the reason Mrs. Brennon gave as she saw him look slyly about and his face suddenly fall.

A big, fine-looking young fellow, with good, alert face and merry eyes, he won Mrs. Brennon's heart at once. She greeted him heartily. They talked about the crops and the weather and the pests that plague a farmer almost to death, but both were thinking as hard as could be about "Evie," and somehow each divined what was in the other's mind. By the time Mrs. Black came out with the receipt, George knew the second Mrs. Brennon better than he had ever known the first one.

He gave her a waggish twinkle over his mother's head as she renewed the discussion of the merits of Jane's pies, and a grateful smile as she insisted on their coming over to supper the very next evening.

Jonas smiled, too, then gave a low chuckle as Mrs. Brennon, at dinner, told about her visit and the arrangements made for the following day. Evelyn's face went red then white, and all that day and the next she was very quiet; quiet but not moping, her step-mother noted with keen satisfaction. She herself helped her into the new blue lawn dress, tied the long ribbon sash, and arranged the soft hair so as best to show off the new side-combs. And very sweet and winsome she looked as she stood shyly behind her step-mother and greeted their visitors.

The supper of fried chicken, hot biscuits, crisp cucumbers and tomatoes, plump peas and flaky mashed potatoes, golden-brown coffee, and pumpkin pies made from the famous receipt, was one that, to use Jane Black's own words, "couldn't be beat." Jonas sat at the end of the table, twinkling and bristling with good-humor, and George Black laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks at Jonas's jokes and yarns. The women laughed, too, and got in occasional jokes of their own that like Jonas's had stood them in good stead many a time before. Evelyn was the only quiet one; like a shy, trembling little bird she sat, content with the wonderful lays that came from her joyous, fast-beating heart.

But after supper she was strangely afraid, and hovered near her step-mother all the while. Mrs. Brennon looked unseeingly at the man's rueful face, and not till nearly time for their visitors to go did she lend him a hand. They were sitting on the new porch, looking off down the road that showed clear and white in the moonlight, Evelyn sitting silent between her step-mother and Jane, and George listening dumbly to Jonas's calculations on the winter price of hay.

"I declare if I ain't left my Paisley shawl down on the corn-bin in the barn!" exclaimed Mrs. Brennon, in a sharp, annoyed voice. "I am that careless! Evie, dear, just run down and get it this very minute—I set a heap by that shawl. It was mother's," and she plunged into a recital of the numerous accidents that had befallen the priceless heirloom.

Evelyn went almost on a run, and they were nearly to the barn before George had said a word; then he caught her in his big, strong arms and kissed determinedly the soft, flushed face and childishly quivering lips.

"Next to you, Evie, she's the best woman in the world," was what he said.

"Wasn't it funny how she knew?" she breathed, rapturously.

"Knew what, Evie?" he whispered in teasing, happy voice.

"That I love you," she answered, oh so softly and innocently. Her lover bowed his head humbly against the sweet upturned face.

"I'll be good to you, Evie," he said huskily. "I swear it, sweetheart."

She smiled joyously, and understood not at all the humility of the man before her purity and childish trust.

Mrs. Black had her bonnet on ready to start long before they came back, and, for all the thought they had given it, the precious Paisley shawl might still have been on the corn-bin, had it not lain safely all the while on its own shelf in Mrs. Brennon's clothes-closet.

Side by side, step-mother and daughter watched their company drive away, watched till the buggy was lost to view in the shadows in the distance. Then the older woman turned slowly.

"He's a fine young man," she said, more to herself than to the girl.

With a tempestuous, breathless little cry, Evelyn threw her arms around her step-mother's neck, kissed her, clung to her.

"I—I hated you at first," she cried, in a sharp, sobbing voice.

The woman patted the soft cheek, her eyes moist and very, very loving.

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# Consumption, the Great White Plague

## Catching; Preventable; Curable

By EUGENE WOOD

## Article I

We have had these articles prepared with the utmost care. They are purposely not technical. Told simply and plainly. Mr. Wood attended the International Convention of Tuberculosis Specialists recently held at Baltimore. He has heard the final word to date on the subject. His articles have been reviewed by physicians who make a specialty of tuberculosis.

At our request Mr. Wood has used plain language. We believe that reading the articles will instruct you in every phase of the subject. You will learn from them how to know if you have consumption. You will learn how to cure it if you have it, and you will learn how to prevent giving it to your fellows. We earnestly hope that you will read the articles for the sake of your fellows if not for your own. We might have addressed the health officers in the various municipalities. You make the health officers. You are the court of last appeal. You have it in your power to help to save 160,000 of the very flower of the land every year.

The interest that everyone must feel in the subject of consumption is not a morbid interest, but one radiant with hope. Modern science has demonstrated that it is in the power of man to cause it to disappear from the earth. One-third of all the men who die between the ages of twenty and thirty die of a disease that is entirely preventable, by very simple precautions. If everybody knew what these precautions were and did his plain, life-saving duty, it would add two years of life to the expectation. Two years added to the average of life in this country. Stop and think what that means. At the last presidential election nearly fourteen million men voted. Taking laborer with capitalist their annual wage ought to be at least $500 a year apiece, $1,000 for the two added years. That means additional wealth of nearly fourteen billion dollars. About twenty times as much as the United States Government's gross receipts from all sources for the year 1903. Such an addition to the income of the wage-worker means something. The economic importance of consumption as a preventable disease is tremendous.—*The Editor.*

WHEREVER you see ten people together, ten average people of all ages, you may say: One of those ten will die of consumption. In the long run you will be more than justified in your prophecy. It will be nearer one out of every nine born into the world. We are horribly afraid of cholera and all bowel diseases, of diphtheria, and of scarlet fever. Add to these the annual deaths from measles (measles is far from being harmless) and the sum total is not half of what the Great White Plague claims. Only pneumonia approaches it as a slayer of men.

Does that startle you? It doesn't begin to tell the story. These other frightening diseases do not strike so directly at the heart of society. Consumption does. Let me bring it home to you who read these words, not that I may play upon your sympathies and harrow up your feelings, but that I may rouse you to do something to save your country, something to stop this terrible mortality. It can be stopped.

More than one in four of all the deaths of persons between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four are caused by consumption, to speak by percentages, 28.7 in every hundred deaths. I will not say to you: Suppose it is you that must die so young, that must quit the world upon which you are just entering. I will appeal to a sentiment far profounder, the love a father or a mother bears toward a son or a daughter. In that son you live again your own life. It is for him you plan all that you could not accomplish. It is to him that you have given every advantage you could compass, at what a cost you dare not own, that he may not lack as you have lacked. You have brought him safely through the perils of his boyhood. As you look on other young men about, you do not see any so noble in character as he, so manly, so intelligent. He has gone through school, through the academy; he has been graduated from his university with high honors. He is all equipped for life, which flowers before him gorgeously in promise of abundant fruitage. It is no weary world to him. It is a place wherein to do, and to be. And then—he fades before your eyes.

Is there no other counsel than that which bids you bear it all with patient resignation?

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IT IS IN HALLS LIKE THESE THAT THE GERMS CAN LIVE TWO YEARS OR LONGER.

Is there no other lesson to be learned from the consumptive than the lesson of How to Die?

Patient resignation! Patient resignation is but the hag Despair tricked out in a white robe, and rouged and powdered. The lesson of How to Die! We shall all manage that one day without much skill. Cannot we learn from the consumptive the lesson of How to Live?

It is not for ourselves alone we work so hard, that we rise so early and so late take rest. It is for our children. But if my appeal to you to do what lies within your power to save the youth of our country moves you not at all, let me try again.

One in three of all the deaths between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four years is due to consumption; one in four between the ages of thirty-five and forty-four. These are the years wherein a worker is at his best, when he repays to the community what it has spent upon him in his nurture and upbringing. Count it as you would count an investment. The average man's earnings in the working period of his life are about $12,600. The average earnings of a consumptive, taking into the calculation the short period when he earns full wages, the period when he can work only part of the time at what light tasks he can find, and the still longer period when all that he can do is gasp for breath, a burden to his family, and more than a burden, a menace—the average earnings of a man that dies of consumption are no more than $4,075, a loss of $8,525 on every man. By and large the land we live in loses just so much on everyone that dies of this great plague, for I hold that a woman is of equal worth with a man. It is she that keeps the home. It is estimated that in the United States 160,000 die every year of this disease alone. Leaving out of the calculation all that it costs for medicines and nursing, counting only the loss of wages, we are out more than a billion and a third of dollars every year by the Great White Plague. It is as if every year the city of Columbus, O., were utterly depopulated and not a living soul left in it. It is as if ten times what it costs for the postal system

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of the United States every year were absolutely thrown away, and we got nothing for it. For this loss of wages by consumptives is a needless loss. They have to die some time, it is true, but they need not thus die before their time.

It is as if all the goods shipped from the United States in a year were utterly lost. A billion and a third of dollars! It was only in the year ending in March, 1903, that the foreign commerce of this country reached the billion-dollar mark. No blockade by an enemy could shut out all our foreign trade, and then only for a little while. This embargo of the Great White Plague goes on year after year. Please God, it shall not go on forever!

AN AIR-SHAFT SIX FEET LONG, TWELVE INCHES WIDE, AND SIX FLOORS DEEP.

It is an appalling rate of deaths, and yet it is encouraging. In New York City in 1881 with a population of 1,244,511, there were 5,312 deaths from consumption; in 1902 with a population 700,000 greater, there were 418 fewer deaths from this disease. There has been a reduction in the death-rate of consumption of forty per cent. We have learned a little better the lesson of How to Live, but that is not all the story. We have refused to be patiently resigned. We are fighting now.

Thirty years ago there was no scientific knowledge of consumption. There was the knowledge of tuberculosis and of phthisis. That it was the same disease was suspected, but not certainly known. It was agreed then that the Great White Plague was "in the blood." It was hereditary. What hope had we, for where is the family untainted, if it be a taint? Who but has blood-kin that died of it? What chance had we to fight against heredity? It was almost incurable then, for lack of scientific knowledge made it difficult to diagnose the ailment until it was too late. The treatment pottered along with sirup of hypophosphites and cod-liver oil. A genial climate eased the rich man's pathway to the grave; the poor man died by inches, working when he could muster up the strength, and praying that he might not linger too long. I remember such a case, a man so powerful he used to carry a barrel of flour up three flights of stairs. At the last his

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A "LUNG BLOCK" RESIDENT.

poor wife had to take in washing, so wretched her feet were on the ground through her shoes, and it seemed as if the man could not die, he was so strong.

In 1882 an obscure physician in an obscure German city gave the world a name it never will forget, the name of Robert Koch. I said it had been suspected before his day that consumption was identical with that tuberculosis which causes white swelling, hip disease, scrofulous affections of the lymphatic glands, lupus of the skin, wasting of the bowels. It had been suspected that it was a parasitic disease, caused by microorganisms. After 1882 these things were not suspected; they were known. Robert Koch separated the bacillus of tuberculosis, made cultures of them (that is, grew them in a kind of jelly, or a broth in which they thrived), and reproduced these diseases in animals by putting the bacilli into their veins. There was some little talk of the "unwarranted assumptions of Koch" among such as prosed of heredity, and the comparative humidity of climates, and methods of mitigating the nauseous horrors of cod-liver oil. The world passed on and left them. The younger men worked at the problem in the light of Koch's discovery, studied consumption for the first time on a genuinely scientific basis, and what they now declare is not for learned men alone, is not alone for those of special knowledge. It is for the layman, and it pulses with living interest for him, for it is the word of hope. It is the promise not alone of individual restoration, but of ultimate and everlasting victory for the race, "and finally to beat down Satan under our feet."

It is in your power and in mine to lend a hand to do direct and winning battle against this enemy, to stamp out this Great White Plague, and save the 160,000 victims offered to it every year.

Pasteur has said: "It is in the power of man to cause all parasitic diseases to disappear from the earth." And this is true, not because he said it, but because we have conquered and beaten others like it. In the sixteenth century, fever, plague, cholera, and dys-

*Photo by J. H. McAllister.*

THE BABY'S PLAYGROUND.

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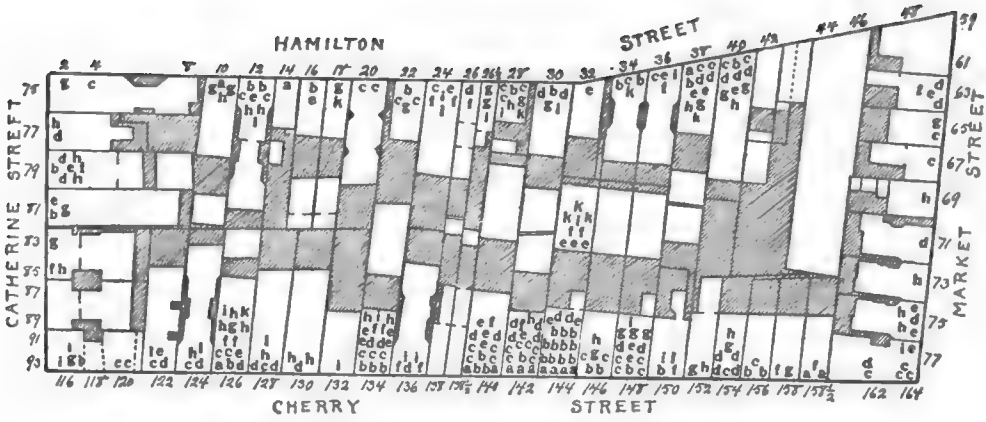


GROUND PLAN OF THE "LUNG BLOCK" IN NEW YORK CITY.

[The shaded sections are courts and air-shafts. Each letter represents one case of consumption reported to the Health Department since 1894.
*a* = one case in 1894. *b* = one case in 1895. *c* = one case in 1896, and so on to *k* = one case in 1903.]

entery—diseases now practically extinct, in civilized communities—destroyed annually nearly thirty-one out of every 1,000 of the inhabitants of London, or nearly twice the present total death-rate from all causes. Those violently contagious diseases left no doubt in the popular mind that they were catching, and that when certain precautions were taken they could be prevented. Of the less virulently contagious disease of consumption it is now declared:

It is catching; hence,

It is preventable;

It is curable, not by drugs, but by a habit of life.

Consumption is tuberculosis of the lungs. You know what a tuber is, a roundish lump. A potato is a tuber. A tubercle is a small tuber. The disease in which the tissues of the body, of the lungs, the skin, the bowel, or the bone, change from their proper healthy structure into a grayish mass, half-transparent, all in little tubers or tubercles from one-twenty-fifth to one-eighth of an inch in diameter, in which the blood-vessels become plugged up, turn to a cheesy substance, and then to pus, is called tuberculosis, wherever it occurs. But it is the lungs that succumb most frequently. When the tubercle bacilli have broken down the natural, healthy structure, germs get in that make pus and poison the system, which tries to throw it off by fever. It is this wears the sick man out. He loses flesh faster than food can replace it. He is consumed away. He dies of consumption.

In that degenerating tissue are to be found little vegetable organisms, something like mould or yeast, something more like the things that make the milk sour. It is possible to stain them a bright red, while the matter they are in can be stained another color. Under the microscope you can see them, looking like little heaps of snippings of scarlet thread. Three thousand of them end to end could lie in an inch length. In the whole United States there are, in round numbers, eighty-five million people, counting all outlying possessions. In a teaspoonful of milk you might have a hundred million germs of consumption and never know that there was anything there but milk.

Whether these bacilli (little sticks is what the name means) that cause tuberculosis in the human being are the same as those which cause it in other warm-blooded animals, and even fish, or whether they merely change their appearance with their environment, is a question for the bacteriological expert. That we may become infected from other animals has not the vital interest that the undoubted fact has that we can, and do, become infected by the germs that other men carry about, and that the home, the place where we take refuge from the ills of life, is precisely where this dread disease attacks us. Inside the four walls of our houses is where these deadly germs are implanted, are nurtured, and bring forth their harvest.

Two hundred years ago certain Italian cities recognized the fact that consumption

METAL SPIT CUP FOR BEDSIDE.

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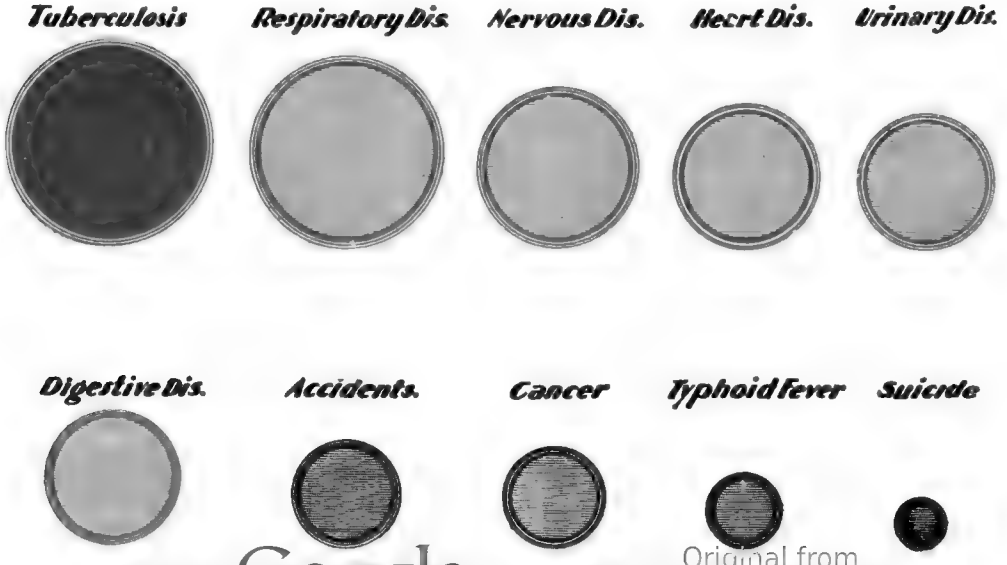
was catching, and ordered that the clothing of such as died of the Great White Plague should be burned with fire. Penny wisdom, and the pound folly that holds human lives less dearly than second-hand clothing, made these laws of no effect. It was easier to explain that a child inherited consumption from its parents, that the disease was "in the blood," than to see that it caught the plague from its mother's kisses on the mouth, or by playing on the floor where germs lay thick. It seemed hard to part with valuable clothing, yet it is of record that a rich fur cloak belonging to a consumptive entailed the disease upon all to whom it was bequeathed. It is of record that a mail-carrier, unable to work full time, lent not only his uniform, but his disease with it, to his substitute.

And yet so certain is the victory of modern science, that when one knows just wherein lies the danger, and takes precautions, one may nurse consumptives year after year and still be safer than in any other employ. In a Chicago hospital, devoted to consumptives, after two years of occupancy by an average of 100 patients, it was impossible to collect from the dust of the wards enough tubercle germs to start a growth of them in the broth or the jelly in which they live and multiply, the only conditions in which they will live and multiply outside the human organism. No question in the world that consumptives living carelessly and separately in the finest climate in the world will make that place a plague-spot; no question in the world that regular sanatoria enormously diminish the death-rate from consumption in the neighborhood around them. Why? Because they demonstrate how the disease can be avoided. They teach the lesson of How to Live.

I shall have to use plain speech now. It is no more pleasant to me to write of these things than it is for you to read what I have written. But when one in three of the very flower of our youth, and one in four of our ablest workers are carried off by a dread plague, when wealth exceeding what comes to our shores in commerce every year is every year exported to that bourn from which no traveller returns, it is no time to mince one's words; it is no time for rose-water.

You know that, for instance, typhoid fever is conveyed to us in our drinking-water or on our food. What the typhoid-fever patient casts out from his system gets into ours and kills us. When people are cleanly with the waste products of their systems typhoid fever cannot harm us.

The contagion of consumption, which is far less virulent than that of typhoid fever, is in the sputum, what the consumptive coughs up. If he is careless and spits it on the sidewalk or on the floors of street-cars, trailing skirts and soles of shoes bring the infection into our houses to kill us. It is no mere fastidious primness that makes it seem revolting to see a man spit where one may step upon




MORTALITY FROM TEN PRINCIPAL CAUSES, WHITE MALES AND FEMALES.

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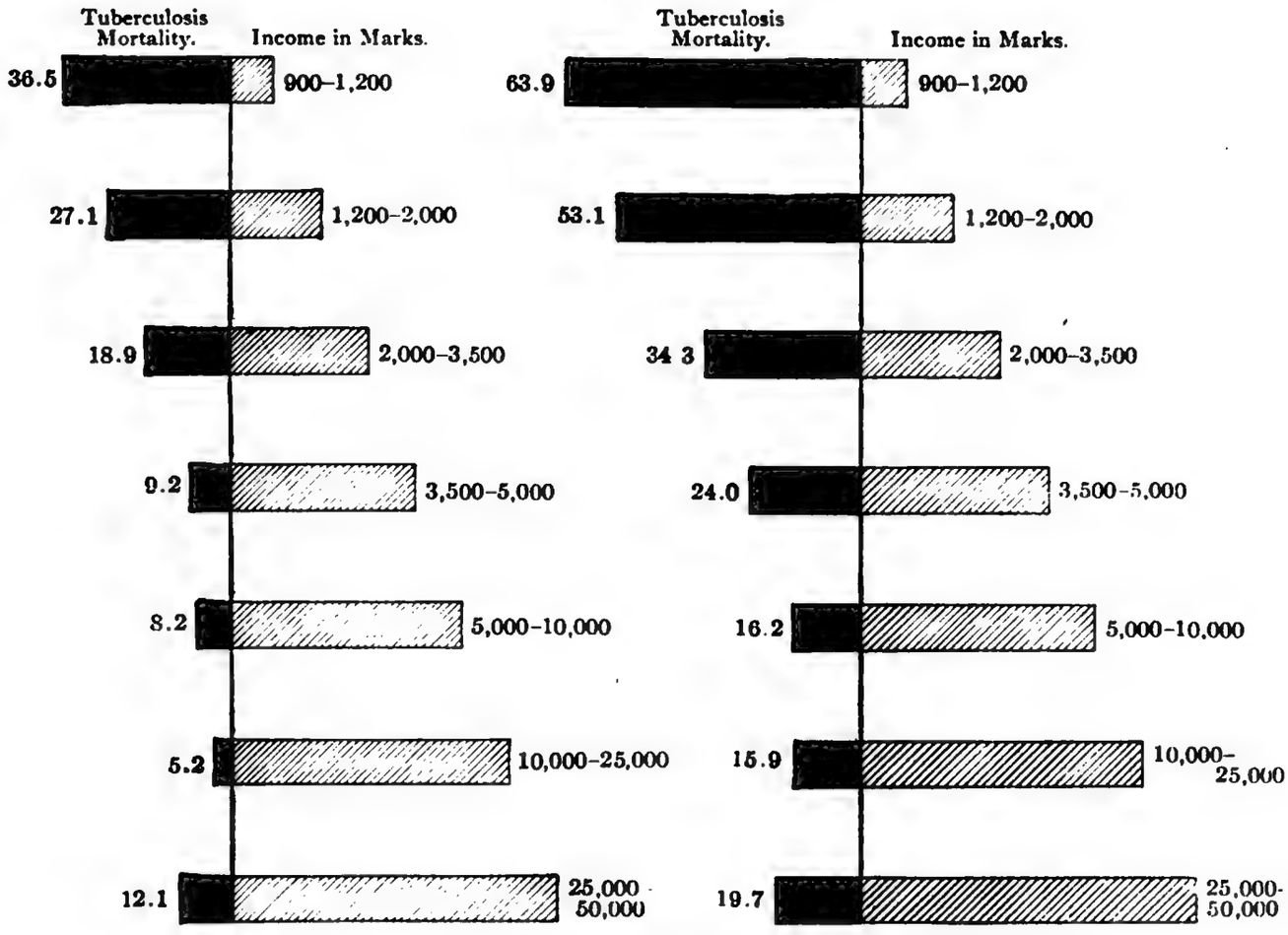


TUBERCULOSIS AND INCOME.

Hamburg Income Taxpayers, 1886–1891. Income Taxpayers and Dependents.

[Reincke, of Hamburg, shows the relation of mortality from consumption to income. A mark is approximately a quarter-of-a-dollar.]

it. It is a heaven-implanted instinct that tries to save our lives. If everybody disposed of his dejecta from his air-passages as carefully as he disposes of his other dejecta, consumption would be clean gone in twenty years.

"Oh, but," you say, as a man said to me the other night on a street-car, "I haven't got consumption. It don't do no harm if I spit on the floor."

I say to you, what I said to him: "How do you know you haven't consumption?" Plenty of men have consumption and pass for having better than ordinary health. They are a little more subject to colds than other people, and their joints are sore all the time. They cough a good deal, but who coughs long, lives long.

Don't live in a fool's paradise. The worst thing about consumption is that it isn't suspected to be consumption until it gets so far along that the fight becomes a hard one to win. If you could detect it in its earlier stages before the system had become weakened and worn by out by the daily fever, you could easily get the victory. In New York the Board of Health will make a free microscopic examination of your sputum and tell you certainly whether it has tuberculosis germs in it or not. It ought to be so in every city and in every village. It is the part of wisdom for a man to take stock of himself at least once a year on this point.

But granting what you say without having certain knowledge, that you have not consumption, everybody in his life has at some time some form of tuberculosis. It would be strange if we did not. It takes a good many implantations of the germ to get us finally, but there is no lack of chances for those implantations. Think of all the factories in the land making things you wear, or have in your houses. The workmen or workwomen are almost all between the ages of fifteen and forty-four. One in four of them is almost sure to die of consumption. Try to estimate how many of them in those air-tight, often light-tight, boxes of factories are coughing and spitting without a thought of what they are doing. The steam heat dries the germs up and they fly about in dust, alighting on the goods. What one consumptive spits up

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ELEVATED SELF-CLEANSING STREET SPITTOON.

in twenty-four hours has been variously estimated as twenty-three billions of germs, and two hundred millions. An enormous number certainly. Everybody can resist a small number of germs; nobody can resist a large number. Even those of us who die of consumption have at some other time conquered a small attack of tuberculosis, but a point is reached when the resisting power is overwhelmed. It is true that tubercle bacilli do not multiply outside the human body, and that they are not virulently contagious, but they are not so easily killed, for all that. Frost won't kill them. The temperature of liquid hydrogen is somewhere near three hundred degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and when they thaw out after exposure to this intense cold they are as virulent as ever. On the wall-paper of rooms where consumptives have lived, they have been known to persist for two years.

And even if the tubercle bacillus has made no lodgment in your system, you may still pass the germs along. Cornet, of Berlin, examined the nasal cavities of healthy men, frequenters of public places, and found tubercle bacilli in seventy-five per cent. Thousands upon thousands of plague-smitten eject their sputum. It becomes dried and is ground to powder underfoot. The fine dust is carried about by winds. You inhale through your nostrils, and the moist surfaces there catch and retain the dangerous dust. Or even if they get down into your throat, there are certain tiny hair-like growths that keep fanning them upward so that they are caught on the secretions of the throat and finally discharged. It is useless to say we must not spit so much. What we thus eject is well away. It is false modesty, it is a dangerous practice to swallow what we should spit out. A man may very well infect himself thus with tuberculosis of the bowels. But when we discharge this matter heedlessly, we may all unwittingly turn the battle of life against some other man. A smaller number of the germs and he may be able to resist them; a few more and to live becomes a struggle. It is no longer a question of Manners; it is a question of Manslaughter for you to spit where it can be tracked into the house.

This same Cornet, of Berlin, spilled the sputum of a consumptive on the carpet of a room in which he kept forty-eight guinea-pigs. He allowed it two days in which to dry. Then the room was violently swept, so as to raise a dust. The guinea-pigs breathed in the dusty air. All but two of them contracted consumption. Do you see now how the disease is communicated? Do you see now why the home is where the Great White Plague begins, continues, and ends? It is at home we must begin to defend ourselves. It is the part of wisdom to do away with dust-catching draperies and carpets. Have the rugs shaken and beaten out of doors. If you must have carpets, sweep them with wet tea-leaves sprinkled on them. Wipe

NICKEL-PLATED OVAL-SHAPED POCKET FLASK MANAGEABLE WITH ONE HAND.

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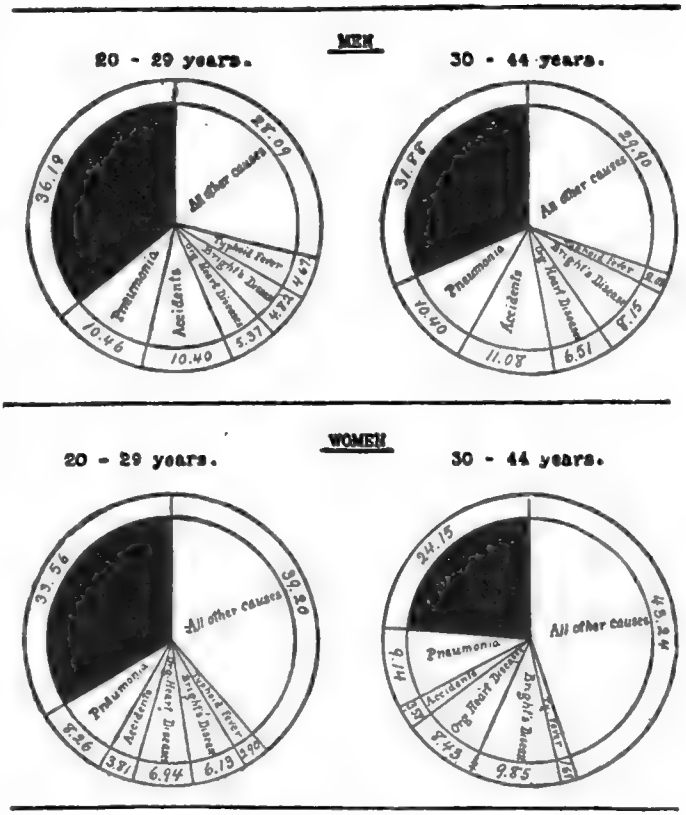
the furniture with a moist cloth, not flirt the dust about with a bunch of feathers on a stick. Dust is dangerous. Remember that. Better to have some critic write "Sloven" in the dust upon the mantel-piece than cloud the air with it and poison your whole family.

Spit into cuspidors that have water in them; into sewer-gratings; off the curbings into the street itself, but never on the sidewalks, or the cross-walks, or the floors of cars. Spit on no floors at all. Spit nowhere so that it may be brought into a house. So shall you that are not infected with the disease escape it yourself, and avoid transmitting it to others. The consumptive that does not wish to spread the plague from which he suffers should keep these rules:




PROPORTION OF MORTALITY CAUSED BY CONSUMPTION IN NEW YORK CITY, 1901.

Never cough nor sneeze unless you first cover your nose and mouth. To do so is to spray the air with thousands of germs. Spit only into moist rags, or paper cups, or into books of old newspaper, all of which can be burned, and so made harmless. Never kiss anybody on the mouth. Sleep by yourself, and in a separate room.

Perhaps you fear thus to acknowledge yourself infected. It is not a disgrace to have consumption, but it is a crime little less than wilful murder to take no pains that others shall not have it.

It is just along these lines that you and I and every one of us can be of genuine service to the race, can save human life, can stamp out forever the Great White Plague. There are organizations of people leagued together against the rum traffic. Rum does a lot of harm in the world, but nothing to what consumption does, and the battle against consumption seems to me much easier to win. There are many things of which New York City may be proud, but of none so deservedly as that it takes the lead of all the world in its thorough organization against this deadly plague. Some half a dozen other cities have made a timid effort to get the people to see what danger lies in careless spitting. If you and I and every one of us do not lend a hand, it will be thought to be merely one of the many fussy notions doctors have, one more attempt of the silk-stocking, afternoon-tea fellows, to rob the poor man of his rights to spit where he pleases. When it is thoroughly and generally known that consumption is communicated by spitting, then will the Boards of Health in all the cities and villages be able to carry out laws such as those in force in New York City. I gave credit to Dr. Robert Koch for what he did. I should be lacking in appreciation if I did not say a word for Dr. Herman M. Biggs, medical officer of the New York Board of Health. He had a long and stubborn fight, but the result of his labors is that consumption must be reported to the health officer just as surely as diphtheria or scarlet fever. Private patients are not annoyed in any way, but there must

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be a yearly report of each case. The health officer must know where the case is. All consumptives in tenement-houses or lodging-houses are visited by inspectors unless the attending physician requests that no visits be made. The inspectors note the precautions taken against the spread of the disease, and instruct the patient and the family what to do. There are circulars in all the languages spoken, even circulars in Chinese. The Health Department supplies milk and eggs, and paper sputum-cups to those unable to buy them, and sends a nurse. Suppose the patient absolutely refuses to take the necessary precautions, the Health Department enforces removal. It takes him to a sanatorium and detains him there so that he shall not be a menace to the public health. Apartments vacated by death or removal are disinfected for tuberculosis just as thoroughly as for scarlet fever.

All cases reported are plotted on a map. This map is an argument. It is more than that. If to know that consumption is catching and wherein the danger lies is to learn how to prevent it, to know the meaning of that map is to know how to cure it. For example, in the "Lung Block" in New York City, bounded by Cherry, Catharine, Hamilton, and Market Streets, in a population of nearly four thousand, 265 cases have been reported in nine years. Where human beings are crowded together, where no fresh air gets in, where at mid-day with a blazing sun overhead the hallways are so dark you cannot see your hand before your face, there is where consumption festers, and clings to the walls year after year. Is it nothing to you, O ye that pass by? Is it nothing to you that people live in such a plague-spot? You may be far from New York, yet the very clothes upon your back may have been made by some dweller in a sweat-shop, hardly able to hold his head up, but working as long as he may to get bread to set before his children. No man liveth unto himself; no man dieth unto himself. We are all members, one of another. It is no visitation of Providence that carries off the one-third part of all our youth; it is something we can prevent if we will be tidy about taking care of all we spit out. It would not take long to rouse the country if a foreign foe should threaten us. And yet that foe would be unable to do the country the tenth part of the injury that the Great White Plague does year after year.

**Consumption is Catching; therefore**
**It is Preventable.**

[This paper will be continued in next month's issue, when it will be shown that Consumption is Curable, and how it is cured.]

# Watching the Ships

**By ERNEST NEAL LYON**

THESE winged sea-birds outward slip
At twilight-tide;
I view them—with a trembling lip,
And wistful-eyed.
Ah, happy sails! For you attain
Your bright Cathay!
The harbors of my hope remain
A dim Some Day!

A face I loved is lost in mist
Of falling tears;
And where are lips, with laughter kissed,
O robber years?
The ships depart—joy-confident
Of ports to be;
Shall I await, in like content
The Ebbing Sea?

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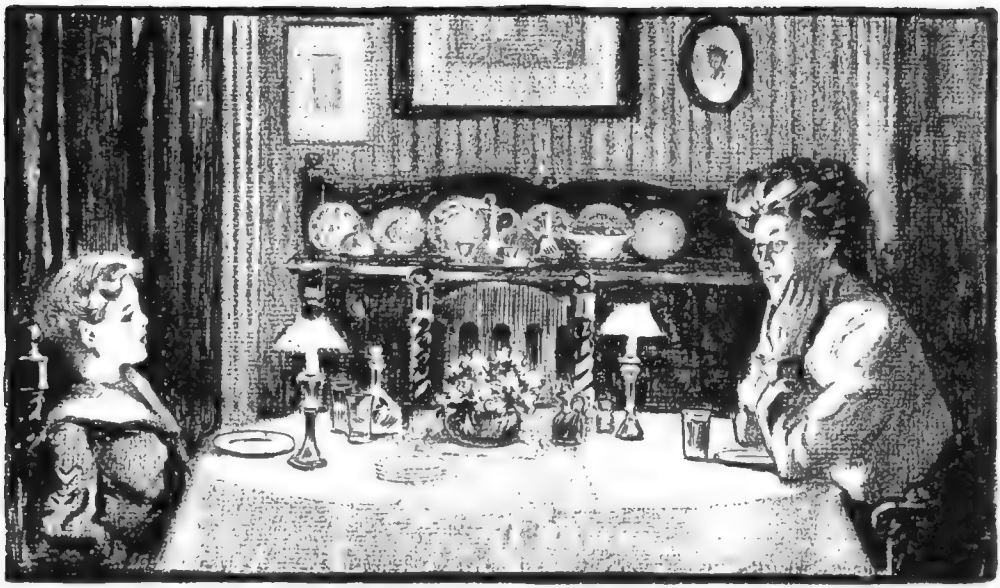

# The Beauty of Innes

By LESLIE BRIGHT

A LITTLE figure with frowzy, dark hair bent over the desk in the parlor. Bettina Caxton was correcting Latin exercises. It sometimes seemed to Bettina that she could not get through those last few weeks before school should close. She had taught for twelve years, but the end of a school year had never before found her so tired.

"Something in me has given out," came in a weary sigh of exasperation as the last exercise blushed in red ink at its shortcomings.

Bettina snatched off her glasses with a quick, nervous little jerk, so characteristic that the school-girls had long learned to mimic it. Bettina had caught them doing so and had laughed. They meant no disrespect. There had always been the best of good-fellowship between her and that long line of girls she called her girls, who ranged from small ones struggling with spelling to big ones who swayed over her desk like sad trees when they came to her for extra help with their Virgil.

This May even her girls, who had never been a trial to her before, set her nerves jangling. Oh, the great flood of duties to be faced before that June day of ice-cream, white-frilled frocks, and parents' smiles! Bettina ducked her head down between her arms, which she had stretched out over the paper-strewn desk.

The room was very quiet. Only New York May street noises sieved in through the white lace curtains, weakened after their flight up the seven layers of apartments over which Bettina lived. Evening grays were smoking through the soft primrose light which came through the lace curtains with the street sounds. The corners of the pretty, up-to-date little parlor were growing obscure. Dusk was descending over the May day, but very, very slowly, like a sensitive hand hesitating to pick a flower fresh with charmingly exultant life.

In the evening grayness of the room something rich, deep golden, almost red, drew attention to a portrait over the mantel, something that glowed through the evening shade as the setting sun through sea mistiness. It was gold, warm, luxurious; it was youth profoundly alive—the color of that marvellous hair. The pale boy's face, with searching, modern eyes, and a slangy smile suggested, though not expressed, on the curved lips, gave the coloring an impertinent, biting glory. He carried his wonderful head of hair with an unchildlike, complete appreciation of its strikingly unusual appearance. His soul had no

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right to such beauty, and this incongruity gave the beauty a harsh, strident quality. His pose was as mysteriously interesting as his hair. There was grace in every line, and in every line his consciousness of its grace. One little white hand with square-tipped, school-boy fingers, resting on an entirely subdued Great Dane's head, seemed masterfully to have crushed the big dog's vitality. The artist was a clever one. The other hand rested airily on the boy's hip. The portrait enthralled, and pert, pale-brown eyes watched the enthralment.

Dusky little Bettina, enveloped in shadow, stirred, raised her head, and with a stretch threw herself back in her chair, which as it happened was placed so that when her eyes lifted they looked full into the light of the portrait. Bettina's face softened and hardened; softened evidently with love for the boy, hardened with some strange pang which sent a little shudder through her as she continued to gaze at the picture.

"What you staring at?" came in drawling tone from behind Bettina.

"O Innes, I didn't know you were here," she gasped, twisting about to face the original of the portrait, who was luxuriating in oriental posture in a great, plush-covered Morris chair.

"Just came."

"What did you come so quietly for, Innes?"

"Wanted to watch you staring at me," uttered the boy over a rather grimy white hand he held curled under his chin.

Bettina laughed sweetly. "You are a queer child, Innes. What was there to watch?"

"You looked so funny."

"How funny?"

"Your face was all screwed up and you look so old—like the witch in my fairy-book."

"Innes," cried Bettina, "how can you talk so to Aunt Bet—and when she is so tired!"

"Oh, come off!" remarked the boy with a bored gesture, and he leaned back in the great Morris chair, his hands clasped over the oak arms, his feet crossed, and his head thrown back, showing the white throat under his uptilted chin. Against the blue-green plush the splash of golden-bronze hair gleamed like a halo about an anything but saintly little face. Aunt Bet saw only his beauty, and it made her forget herself and her pain. In a tone awed by this beauty into almost a cathedral whisper, she asked the simple question: "Have you had fun this afternoon, dear, playing?"

Innes did not answer. He just furrowed that golden-red head of his about over the deep-sea color and kept his eyes fixed sententiously upon the ceiling.

"You have such a pretty pink color in your cheeks, I am sure you have been playing tag," persevered Bettina, winningly.

"Would you like the pink? You need it," came a dry interrogation and observation, accompanied by a piercing glance from pale eyes darkening with impertinence.

"Oh, you rogue!" Bettina smiled bravely. "Of course I'd like your roses. I had two once."

"Mamma has hers now."

"Yes; mamma is very pretty."

"Her hair hasn't white threads in it like yours."

"No, dear," answered Bettina, struggling with a knot in her eye-glass chain. "Mamma is beautiful, and, you know, she hasn't had to work hard. She has had your father and you to keep her young and very pretty."

"She isn't an old maid," observed Innes, condensing his aunt's remarks. He clasped his hands languidly over one knee.

The grace of his pose bewitched Bettina's attention from this last fling.

"Why, what pretty pumps!" she exclaimed, with unaffected enthusiasm. "Are they for dancing-school?"

Innes looked down at the immaculate patent-leather extremities of his slight, well-proportioned legs with perfect complacency but no sign of interest.

"Yes; mamma got 'em. She went to get some slippers for herself to wear to-night. Got these for me at same time, I suppose. They just came home."

"Is mamma going to be out to-night?" asked mamma's younger sister with much surprise.

Innes noted the surprise, and a malicious something twinkled far back in the depths of the darkened eyes and turned them pale again. The roses in his cheeks deepened slightly. His voice continued in its monotonous pitch:

"Yes, mamma and papa have gone to dinner at the Blakes'."

Bettina turned very white. She looked intently at Innes as he proceeded to explain, in his light, even tone. "Mamma told me to tell you she and papa were going. Invitation came when I came home from school.

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Mamma sent Sarah to Mrs. Blake's with her gown 'cause she's goin' to dress there as she had to be down-town this afternoon. She telephoned papa to go right to the Blakes' on his way up."

"And didn't mamma leave any message about me, Innes?" asked Bettina in a low, strained tone.

"Are you mad 'cause you weren't asked, too?"

Innes had slipped from the chair and was standing with one hand on his hip and the other twisting in the corner of a cushion. It was his portrait pose. He had a way of falling into it ever since the picture had been painted. The family liked it, and he knew they did.

"Innes!"

The distress voiced in the name was pathetic. Bettina was startled. She had not expected to betray such depths of feeling.

"Mamma took her white gown," explained Innes, patronizingly. "It's low-necked. I guess you wouldn't have a good time there, anyway, Aunt Bet. You'd have had to wear low-neck, and your neck's so thin."

Bettina did not hear him. Her head rested listlessly forward on her clasped hands.

"The invitation," continued the precocious only child, "surprised mamma. She said she didn't know Mr. Blake's brother was coming back from South America. That's why the dinner's being given. He's just here for to-night. Has to go back to South America to-morrow."

"Innes!" It was a frightened cry. Even Innes started.

"Oh, what do you care! What's Mr. Blake's brother to you, I'd like to know? Come on now, I'm hungry. It's awful late. I stayed out playin' so long. I'll go tell Sarah to hurry up our supper. Then you'll read to me. I want you to finish that story to-night before I go to bed."

"Very well, darling, I will," said Bettina, asserting herself pluckily.

With the grace of Spring-time he swung lightly into the hall.

They made an oddly picturesque couple at that pretty candle-lit dining-table, waited upon by Sarah, old darky maid-of-all-work, who had stayed by her young ladies since the far-away prosperity of their parents' home had died with her master and mistress.

One little candlestick lit into their own glory the deep-waved, red-gold hair, lily-white skin, and flushed, red cheeks of the boy. The suffused circle of light at the other end of the table was not so kind. It shone upon Bettina's tired face and upon her weary hands. It reflected in the eye-glasses and showed little touches of silver at the sides of the cloud of dark hair.

Innes in his strange, unchildlike way was having an excellent time at this supper with Aunt Bet. It seemed to Bettina that a curiously emphasized note of possession rang in his voice as he talked to her. He rode his chair as a young arrogant king rides a parading steed. Bettina was amazed in spite of a perfectly broken heart, and she humored him in his mood as she had humored him ever since he was big enough to be her tyrant.

In the days when Innes was but a baby she had cuddled him to her. She was young then, only over-serious in her hard work, and she welcomed with ecstasy the laughter and song he inspired, which she had not realized she had crushed away from her personal life.

It was at this period of reclaimed laughter and song that she met Steven Blake a number of times and found herself interested in his ambitions. She had met him again on two or three occasions at a later period, just before he started away to the mines in South America for this three-year trial of his theories, which was soon to end; but Bettina had by then buried ecstasies. The comfort-baby had wriggled from her arms with a laugh and Innes, the tyrant, stood before her, a boy who in uncanny knowledge, or trick at knowledge, threw her wasted youth in her face at every opportunity, encouraged in doing so by parents who thought everything he chose to do delightfully winsome.

"I's sorry, Miss Bettina, there's no dessert. Marse Innes likes fruit best, so I didn' make any. Don' know jes how, but I thought you'd be out," explained Sarah, apologetically, as she set the fruit-dish down before Bettina.

"Did Sister Gertrude tell you I'd be out?" asked Bettina, a little sharply.

"No, Miss Bettina. She gave a bundle of directions 'bout Marse Innes's playin'. Jes as she was goin' down in the elevator she called up she had s'plained to Marse Innes what to tell you, Miss Bettina. I asked Marse Innes if you were goin', but he was runnin' downstairs to play. I kinda took it for sure you'd go till I saw you writing so late."

All pertness, all imperious gleam, had left Innes's face. A cherubic expression wreathed it. Mild, innocent eyes gazed over half an

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apple at his aunt and Sarah. The hardness in Bettina's eye melted before the guileless gaze, and she covered him with one of her warm, affectionate looks. He daily basked in the warmth such looks radiated, taking them for granted as a little Italian lizard does the sun.

Immediately after supper Innes went into the parlor for his big fairy-book. He drew a chair for Bettina up by the wide sofa, on which he threw himself. Daintily recumbent, he bade Bettina hold the book so he could watch, without changing his position, the illustrations, gay as sun-laden butterfly wings.

"And the Princess waited, and waited, and she thought the Prince had forgotten all about her, but one day he came, and—" Bettina's eyes had filled with tears and one splashed down on the Prince's brocaded cloak. Luckily for Bettina, Innes did not notice. She was able to wipe her eyes in a pretence at rubbing her glasses. But Innes did notice the change in her voice when she began to read again, and he said peevishly, as he wriggled under abused feelings and crossed his knees high in the air:

"That isn't the way to read!"

Bettina winced, and would have given anything to run from the book and the boy. For the first time she was conscious of how his atmosphere blighted her, suffocated her. A shrill displeasure and frank exasperation rang in her tone as she started to read again.

Innes dashed up and seized the book.

"Don't read like that!" he screamed, jealously. "Read as I like." Then he added, mockingly, "No Prince'll ever come for *you!*"

Terrified by the child's action and by the inexplicable purport of his railing, Bettina, in an access of self-reproach, soothed him, and then began reading again, chanting in the approved fairy-book tone which before long lulled Innes sound asleep. There was a pout about his lips which Bettina was sorry to see.

"He ought to go to bed, but he'll scold if I move him," she thought as she laid a light shawl over his pretty, slight legs, which were crossed as if to show to advantage the new pumps.

As Bettina stood for an instant looking down upon him, his warm beauty laughed at her just as he would have laughed were he awake and aware of the torment that was racking her.

She turned, impatient of his power. She would read on in the extravagant story till he waked up again. Then she would get him to bed—and then, then she would try to think what everything meant—would try to face the music.

It was only a little while after Bettina had resolutely plunged her interest into the intricacies of the fairy-tale that the front-door bell rang. Innes stirred, threw his arm across Bettina's lap, but did not wake. Bettina glanced up, disinterestedly.

She certainly heard Sarah say, "In the parlor."

Innes's arm lay heavy across her knees. She tried to raise it, but he moved impatiently in his sleep, so she did not try again.

A tall, slight man stood in the doorway, and though he looked as though he had come to say something more matter-of-fact, all he said was,

"Bettina!"

"Why do you speak so to me?" asked Bettina. Her voice was low and emotionless.

"Why?" the man repeated, with bitter reproach.

He passed his hand over his forehead in a gesture Bettina remembered and loved. Then quickly he drew himself together and rather formally explained his presence.

"Your sister was afraid Innes might not have given you her message. They asked me to come to ask you to go for the rest of the evening. If your not going was because you knew I was to be there, tell me something to say to them, and I'll go."

With the prosaic words Bettina's face became transfigured. Despairing reserve changed to an appealing sadness that drew Steven Blake's brows together over an intense, studying glance.

Bettina's eyes did not waver under the glance, though her lips parted slightly and the covers of the book fell together from her weakened hold.

"Bettina," he cried, crossing to her, "your eyes have changed. Let me break my word and speak of loving you. Tell me why you sent that letter, the answer to mine telling you I loved you? Tell me, Bettina."

"I can't," came in a little, low moan, "I can't. It won't let me." Her tone pleaded his understanding, his protection.

Steven Blake softened. "What won't let you, child?" He bent over her, looking down into her eyes, which did not seem to mind his reading them to their depths.

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Bettina pointed to the little arm that lay over her lap. Then she clasped her hands under her chin and stiffened herself as if to get away from it.

Direct as most men, Steven raised that little arm over by the sleeping boy.

Color crept into Bettina's white cheeks, but with the coming of the color her eyes lowered and she could not raise them to look at Steven Blake.

"Bettina, what is this nonsense? You know I love you. Can't you trust me?"

Bettina swayed up from her chair. Steven thought she would fall, and steadied her. She did not draw away from his touch. As she stood by him, he looked with loving pity and tenderness down upon the swirl of dusky hair so near his shoulder, and waited.

Up into this look a little white face presently turned itself, so confident of meeting just such a look. Steven smiled a strangely joyous smile for one so hemmed about by mysteries. Hope, delicately bright, shone through the sadness that still drew Bettina's face with mournful tensity.

Steven looked down into the dark eyes. With a portentous frown he took off her glasses. They fell the length of the chain. Then, as if to snatch Bettina from the dreams he had no patience with into his life that needed her so, he rather roughly drew her to him and kissed her on her lips.

"Tell me, child," came in a quick, grave whisper, as he still held her close, "what has been this terrible mistake of almost three years' standing?"

"You'll think it fanciful, unpardonable, but it's—*it's Innes!*"

"Innes!"

"*He is so beautiful!* He passed my chair when I was starting to answer your letter and tell you how surprised I was and how I loved you, and he laughed at the gray in my hair and said I was old— You see—the gray!" Her voice had risen to a cry.

Without giving him time to speak, Bettina hurried on, huddling her words together from the storm of masculine criticism she felt with growing realization they deserved. "So I just went on writing the letter you got. 'Children and fools speak the truth,' so his father often quotes when Innes teases me. You deserved the best and—I—thought you had made a mistake."

"Bettina!" whispered her lover, turning a loosened lock of hair back over her forehead.

Thankful to have escaped harsh judgment she rushed her words more confidently. "I didn't answer the letters that came right after because I still thought I was right. I was glad to get that letter a few weeks ago asking for friendship, because I could answer it. Friends may be as old and faded as Time likes and it doesn't make any difference! Innes didn't tell me I was asked to-night. I thought you for some reason didn't want me. He wanted me to stay with him. He hates to be alone. He's taken all my spirit ever since he was big enough to make fun of me. I didn't know it till to-night, I've adored him so. I *hate* myself for letting him do it! Don't hate me for it—a man couldn't understand!"

Through her words ending in high, impetuous appeal, reclaimed spirit had brightened to its fulness as a sword flashed from the sheath. In the light of this triumphant, upward flash Bettina gazed down upon the boy. Then her eyes dilated strangely. Back into cover slipped the brightness. A chill crept through her as though she had been caught in a sudden flurry of snow. Steven turned her face up. It frightened him, and he saw what she had gone without and marvelled at her strength in her weakness.

"Take me from him, Steven," she cried, in anguish, like a fever-stricken child. "I'm so tired! Take me away from this home before I smother to death."

Steven glanced with rage at the ornate youngster on the sofa.

"I find I've won a name for myself down in those mines with my pet theories let loose. They summoned me here to give me the name and want me to return for some more work. I've some power now, and they'll have to wait till you're ready to help me carry the name back. You won't mind helping me take it soon, Bettina? The work needs me." He spoke with lightness of tone, trying to divert her back to her spirit, and he was successful. He heard her laugh for happiness. His hand closed over hers, which was instinctively seeking her glasses.

"No, Bettina."

"But I need them."

"For reading and writing, yes. At other times it's a bad habit of yours, Bettina. I heard about it this evening. There'll be no more work."

"After the third of June!"

"Bother that date."

"Bless it, it's so near."

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A deep awakening breath and Innes opened his eyes.

With quick penitence, Bettina left Steven, and seating herself on the side of the sofa she leaned slightly over the boy.

His eyes grew stupidly dazed as he looked up at her, at her glowing cheeks, and into her marvellously enkindled eyes. She let him gaze so for a long moment, and then slowly she bent over him and kissed his cheek. Her face lay an instant beside his and it was as alive with the rich beauty and warmth of throbbing life as his. Abashed, he curled his hand in and out about his eyes. Then a surprise of sweetness for Bettina came in the awe-smothered question:

"What makes you so pretty, Aunt Bet?"

"Call her Aunty Bettina," came an uncompromisingly stern voice from high in the air. Bettina raised a hand of protest, but saw at once that interference was of no avail, for two pairs of masculine eyes were glaring at each other in a dead-lock.

Innes's eyes quailed under the eyes he at first met with admirable bravado. He had never been looked at so before in his life.

In peevish tone he asked, "Who is he?" of Bettina.

"The Prince, dear," she whispered, without malice.

"Mr. Blake's brother?"

"Yes, Innes."

"Mamma said you and he would be glad to see each other," he said, suavely. "I guess she know's he's the Prince."

"How could she know?" Bettina's eyes questioned the Prince.

"Perhaps my sister-in-law suspected me. Women are quick."

"I'm going to Mrs. Blake's now, Innes, and Sarah will put you to bed," murmured Bettina, in deep confusion. She did not want others to know her secret so soon. A hand touched her shoulder as she arose to leave the room.

Innes viewed the touch and the courage it suddenly instilled in his aunt—a mystery so displeasingly mysterious to him he revolved into sitting posture that he might think more clearly. His beautiful hair was kinked and tousled to a degree. He eyed the tall man savagely, this Mr. Blake who had appeared to Innes as an enemy at his mother's mention of him early in the afternoon.

Steven Blake stood before the young nabob quite unaffrighted, and when Bettina's footsteps had hurried down the hall he freed his mind—somewhat.

"See here, my young carrot-top, I'm going to see that you behave like a gentleman to your aunt. You call her Aunty Bettina, and don't you ever say a rude thing to her again as long as you live. If you do you'll have me to answer to for it. Spoiled boys are a nuisance, and someone outside the immediate, doting family has to prove it to them. Your aunt is a sweet, pretty little girl, and you're as blind as a bat, and as stupid as—as——"

A feeble "Come off," which tried to be nonchalant, sounded on Innes's lips, but it had such a die-away character of tone it did not irritate Steven into further search for apt invective.

Innes did not continue the conversation. The man was very tall, and looked pretty strong, and besides, in spite of the outrageous liberty he had taken in walking into his home while he was asleep to carry off his aunt, and in daring to speak to him as he had—Innes liked him. He wasn't going to admit that in a hurry, though. Some penalty was in order, so he would withhold for a little his favor.

Innes began to whistle under his breath and kick his heels. The tall man wheeled his back toward him and picked up a magazine.

Innes and Sarah stood in the hall as Bettina in rose-colored gown sheathed in an evening cloak went into the elevator.

"Good-night, Innes," cried Bettina.

No answer.

The tall man looked fixedly at the slight, graceful boy and appeared to be waiting for him to say something,

The boy looked coldly back at him.

The tall man seemed to make a mental note against the future.

As the elevator lowered below their floor, a monotonous, sleepy voice said with some unacquired sweetness,

"Good-night, Aunty Bettina.

"I say, Aunty Bettina!"

The elevator stopped. "Tell mamma not to be mad at me for not telling or I'll get sick and *die*.

"And I say, Aunty Bettina, now the Prince has you, I guess I won't have you any more?"

"That's true," came in the man's voice; "but if you're good you can come to see us in South America."

A little exclamation from Aunty Bettina and the elevator passed on down.

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# Woman's Inhumanity to Woman

By DOROTHY DIX

A New York woman, called to California by the serious illness of her mother, came home exhausted from her trip across the continent with two young children, to find that a friend of the family had stolen her maid. Another woman, talking to a prospective cook in an intelligence office, was interrupted by a refined-looking woman, who told the cook not to engage herself and she would make a better offer.

A young woman was dying in a city apartment. The heat was stifling. A neighbor woman set the cage containing her parrot on the fire-escape immediately above the invalid's room. The shrill, strident shrieks of the bird hurt her cruelly and clearly hastened the tragedy. The husband of the sick girl explained the situation to the owner of the parrot, adding, heart-brokenly, that the physician said it was only a matter of a few hours. The heartless creature replied that the bird must have the air and she would not take it in, and neither did she until her own husband was appealed to.

In the hope of learning the reason for this attitude of some women toward other women, we asked Dorothy Dix to write this article. We should like to have this subject discussed by our readers. If you know of similar incidents or tragedies, or if you take exception to any of the points made in the article, write to us. In printing the letters we will not use your names without your permission.—THE EDITOR.

IT is a strange and inexplicable peculiarity of the feminine temperament that woman's tenderness and sympathy are expended almost exclusively on man. Her heart is a storehouse full of tenderness and forgiveness and the milk of human kindness, but man has a monopoly of the latch-key that unlocks it. Whether or not this is because women have to use so much altruism in getting along with men that they exhaust their supply and have none left for the service of other women, can never be definitely ascertained; but certain it is that when it comes to dealing with her own sex the average woman is a female Ishmael, whose hand is against every other woman.

Adopting the old simile that life is a battle: man fights it out with his fellow-man in the open, with a due regard for the rules of civilized warfare, and a respect for the wounded. With woman life is a sort of guerrilla scrapping-match, in which she shoots in the dark from behind closed windows, and then lifts the scalps of those who fall. A man respects the rights of other men, but no woman has any rights for which another woman cares a rap. Men stand together and protect each other, but every woman's original and unchastened impulse is to jab a hat-pin into every other woman who comes near her.

That a strong sex antagonism, an instinctive suspicion and dislike of one another, exists in women, must be obvious to anyone who has ever watched a woman enter a street car. Instantly the eyes of every woman present are turned on the new-comer, and before she reaches her seat she has been put through the third degree of investigation, with a sealed verdict that she is probably older than she looks, and that her string of pearls is more likely than not imitation. If looks could kill it is doubtful if any woman would ever survive her first street-car ride.

As for entering a ball-room under the raking fire of the lorgnettes of the dowagers' corner, it is as good an imitation of the inquisition as one need desire to behold. Women seldom look at men through their starers. This is an exquisite form of cruelty that they reserve for their own sex, and they turn them on a sister with the frozen, comprehensive glance possessed by women alone; a glance that takes in every particle of her attire, from the jewel in the hair to the slippers on the feet, and appraises the prices thereof; that settles her position in society, and passes judgment upon her morals and those of her grandmothers before her. Men are incapable of this refinement of culture. When they wish to keep a man out of society they assassinate him neatly, quietly, and privately, with a black-ball in their club. Women publicly stab each other to death in the smart set with their eyes.

Another illustration of the suspicion with which women regard each other and the real lack of all spirit of good comradeship between them, is afforded by their attitude toward each other when travelling. Before a train has been twenty miles on its journey, half of the men in the car will have scraped acquaintances with each other; and by the

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end of the first day, they will be swapping cigars and reminiscences, and will have told each other the stories of their lives.

Far otherwise is it with the women travellers, each one of whom will be sitting up rigid, unapproachable, and silent in her own section, glancing at her fellow-woman with a look of deep distrust which says as plainly as words, "I don't know who you are, but I am sure that you are no better than you ought to be, and you don't inveigle me into any conversation." Nor is this all. The crowning proof of woman's utter lack of all consideration for her sex is found in the way in which a noble, gentle, angelic, Christian woman will monopolize the sleeping-car dressing-room while seventeen dishevelled other women, with their clothes on their arms, stand without in the corridor and beg for admission, an inch of mirror, and one corner of a wet towel. That the Pullman Car Company has been forced to remove the locks on the doors of the women's dressing-room is a cynical arraignment of women for want of even common, decent politeness to each other.

That women really enjoy a scrimmage with each other, when no men are by to see that they are not living up to their blue china reputation for tenderness, is beyond doubt. Witness the bargain rushes when women make an onslaught on a counter of shirtwaists. Are any of the virtues—the gentleness, the tenderness, the sympathy for the weak and needy—for which woman is so justly famed, exhibited on such occasions to women older, feebler, poorer, and more in need of bargains than herself? Nay, verily. It is a brutal struggle to get the best, in which the feeble are trampled under foot, gowns are torn and hats smashed, a struggle in which women of stature and grip do not hesitate to snatch a bargain out of the hands of another woman and bear it off in triumph. In the peculiar creed of ethics that governs woman's conduct toward her sister woman, it is considered perfectly legitimate to covet your neighbor's garments, or her cook, and to get them away from her if you can.

A place where woman's inhumanity to woman makes countless thousands mourn, as the old poem might have said, is in the family circle. "How happy," said a young married woman to me lately, "the world would be if there were no mother-in-laws in it!" It is probable that the mother-in-law felt that life would have been robbed of its chief aggravation if the daughter-in-law proposition had been eliminated from it, for it is one of the chief sorrows of mothers that their sons will persist in marrying women.

A woman can sympathize with her daughter about falling in love with a man, she can even come to take her daughter's point of view about a son-in-law. But what her son can see in a mere girl to make him fall in love with her, forever remains an inscrutable mystery to his mother. She can only explain it on the hypothesis that he has been taken in by a scheming Machiavelli in petticoats, and she treats the couple according to this conviction—her son, with pitying wonder, as one who has been so unsophisticated and credulous as to invest in gold bricks, and her daughter-in-law with dark distrust, as one who has been almost uncannily successful in compassing her nefarious design.

The troubles of the man and his mother-in-law furnish the comedy of the comic papers, but the woman and her mother-in-law make up a large part of the tragedy of real life. A mother is bound that her poor, dear, unprotected boy sha'n't be imposed upon by any wife; and the bride is determined that no mother-in-law shall boss her; and so they get up their backs at sight of each other, and snap, and scratch, and criticise, and generally rub each other the wrong way, and get every particle of the trouble that can be extracted out of a situation that is trying at its best. There is no figure more appealing than that of the girl-bride who has left home and friends and family to follow the man she loves, yet not once in a thousand times does his mother do a solitary thing to comfort her loneliness, or take the place of the mother from whom she is separated, and of whose tenderness and understanding she is deprived at the most crucial moment of her life. Nor, on the other hand, does the bride make any effort to lessen the agony the older woman must undergo in seeing the son she has borne, and suffered and sacrificed for all his life, prefer a stranger before her. Two savage Amazons, hacking and hewing each other to the death, could not be more unmindful of, or untouched by the sight of the other's sufferings than are most mothers- and daughters-in-law of each other's distresses.

But the most glaring instance of all of woman's lack of kindness and sympathy to her own sex is the position she takes on moral

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questions. The fact that women draw their skirts away in the street from the woman who has gone wrong, while they receive the man who was her partner in sin as an honored guest in their houses, is too familiar to all to need insisting upon here. More than that, when a man does wrong, instead of blaming him for it, women invariably lay his transgressions at the feet of some woman. She may be a mere slip of a girl, scarcely out of the school-room, and he an old rounder, nevertheless women are certain that he was "beguiled" into evil, that he was the victim of an artful creature who "led him on"; and they pity, and pet, and coddle, and forgive him, and condemn and ostracize her.

Observe that in cases of wife murders it is always the murderer instead of the victim that calls forth the hysterical sympathy of tender-hearted woman. One might think that if she had tears to shed and flowers to bestow, she would drop them upon the grave of the sister so cruelly misused. But no. No thrill of pity for the ill-treated woman stirs her breast. She can contemplate with perfect *sang froid* her sufferings at the hands of a brute who abused her for years, and finally ended his crimes against her by killing her; but when she thinks of the poor, unfortunate man who has actually been arrested and put into prison for the trifling misdemeanor of murdering his wife, her heart overflows with pity, and she fills his cell with flowers and bonbons. Women criminals receive no such consoling attention at the hands of their sister women; prison officials have long noticed that the garland-bedecked cell is the exclusive property of the wife murderer, and not the husband murderer.

A curious proof of woman's morbid sympathy with the man criminal instead of with the woman victim was recently given in one of our large cities when several Chinese laundrymen were arrested for having enticed young girls—mere children—into opium dens. The crime was a particularly heinous one, and one that might reasonably be expected to fill women with peculiar horror and pity for the hapless little victims; yet the jail was fairly stormed with handsomely dressed women bearing gifts and offers of counsel for the prisoners. Moreover, these women were loud in their denunciations, not of the Chinese, but of the girls on whose complaint the laundry-men had been arrested. They had much to say of the persecuted foreigners, noble, poetic Celestials, incarcerated in a hard stone prison; but not one tender and sympathetic thought was given to the innocent, ignorant, and unfortunate little girls who had been dragged down to the darkest depths of degradation. It was simply a case of woman against woman, and for man.

Just why women, who are gentle and considerate, tender and forgiving, in their dealings with men, should exhibit to their own sex a callousness that is almost brutal, even when they are not actively cruel, is one of the anomalies of life that no one can explain. Perhaps their attitude is the result of the old conditions of society when every woman's happiness, her pleasures, and perquisites depended upon the favor of man, and when each woman naturally regarded every other woman with suspicion as a poacher that it was safest to shoot at sight. This theory is borne out by the fact that wherever women are most independent and freest, there does the spirit of sisterhood most prevail, and it leads one to hope that in time, even in society, women will learn to treat a nice, good, refined, and cultivated woman almost as well as they at present do a second-class man.

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# The Sultan of Sulu

## A Picturesque Oriental Potentate who is on Uncle Sam's Salary List

By FRANK J. HOGAN

SULU was just awakening from its daily siesta when a messenger hurrying through the main gate announced that an armed force was approaching the city. We were of the army transport which had arrived in the harbor the night before, and all morning we had been satiating our American curiosity in the nooks and corners of the town. Sulu lies within six degrees of the equator, and the commercial activity of its inhabitants is in inverse ratio to the height of the sun. So that by noon we were among the few persons awake. Even the market-place, which in the morning had bustled like a hive, was silent and still except for the chorus of snores that went up from where the native, the better to protect them, lay prone upon his wares. But as the afternoon waned, first the Chinese, then the Moro, and finally the Spaniard got up to add to the growing chatter.

"Do you suppose it is an attack?" asked one of our party, anxiously, as we gazed toward the gate.

"Oh, no," answered the son of an army officer stationed in Sulu. "It is probably the Sultan. Haven't you heard? There is to be a peace conference at headquarters today."

"Why, I thought those fellows had been pacified."

"Oh, they are friendly enough with Uncle Sam. But the Sultan is at war with some of his Datos, and as the affair has at last become serious, the Governor has arranged a meeting between them at headquarters, if possible, to secure peace."

"What is a Dato?"

"A sort of feudal lord or chief of tribe next in rank to a sultan. But say, this is not the Sultan after all. It is the Dato Joakanain, who with his brother Calbi is the Sultan's chief enemy. Isn't it a gorgeous outfit?"

In the middle of the road leading from the main gate marched a stockily built, swarthy-skinned savage, arrayed in purple tights, a white silk shirt showily embroidered, and a bright green-and-red sash. On his head was a huge turban of red cloth. His feet were bare. Through his sash on the one side was thrust an ivory-handled kris; on the other a betel-nut box. He was followed by thirty Moros as gorgeously dressed as himself, and armed with rifles and barongs. A hundred natives following these warriors completed as showy a procession as I have ever seen off the stage.

"Why, it is as good as a comic opera," remarked one of our party.

"There is nothing comic about that chap in front," replied another. It was quite true if appearances meant anything. A lowering countenance above a body that was all muscle. Eyes that gleamed in the glare of the sun. A great squat nose. Teeth blackened by cocoa-nut oil and lips crimsoned with betel-nut. He was the very apotheosis of savagery, which the coloring of his raiment enhanced rather than relieved.

"He is the most powerful Dato in the islands," said our young friend, who had been some time in the Philippines and was making a study of the natives. "He has the biggest following, and he has whipped the Sultan any number of times."

"Then why does he not supplant the Sultan?"

"Oh, that is where the situation works out just like a real comic opera. You see, these people are Mohammedans, and the Sultan is *ex-officio* head of the Church. Therefore his person is sacred. The Dato can lick him and steal his horses and slaves, but when it comes to touching him personally, there he has to call it off."

"Does the Dato hold slaves?"

"Dozens of them, and he has three wives and a lot of concubines. But he is wise if he is only thirty-three; he keeps his wives in separate houses about three miles outside of

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Sulu. He and his brother Calbi have always favored the United States, but then both draw salaries from the Government."

We followed the procession along the dusty road. Joakanain stopped in front of a general store kept by one Charles Schuck, an estimable German, who has lived many years among the Moros and is the official interpreter. Mr. Schuck came out and joined the procession, which moved on again, first to the office of the military secretary, where I had the honor of an introduction to the Dato, and thence to the headquarters of the military governor to await the coming of the Sultan.

HIS HIGHNESS THE SULTAN OF SULU.

The Dato's army waited patiently in the sun while its liege lord squatted in a porch chair, and grunted his impatience of the Sultan's tardiness. Speeches were made through the good offices of Mr. Schuck; that is, we made speeches telling of the goodness and beneficence of the great father in Washington, but the Dato's responses were so incoherently monosyllabic that even the interpreter had trouble in conveying their full meaning. It was evident that Joakanain thirsted not for compliments, but for a heart-to-heart understanding with his friend the Sultan. But the latter came not. Three o'clock was the appointed hour, but four and five o'clock passed and still His Highness did not appear. At last the Dato's patience gave out. He stood up, and with a shrug of those powerful shoulders grunted his displeasure to the Governor.

"He says," interpreted Mr. Schuck, "that 'the Sultan is one liar. He said he'd meet me here. I am here; he is not. While I am away from home he will send his men to hurt my people and steal my animals. He is not a good Sultan, for he has lied to his father the Governor.' "

Then, shaking hands awkwardly with all present, he took his place at the head of his fighters and started on a march for home three miles away.

"He is simply a savage, that is all," said Mr. Schuck, as the band disappeared down the road.

"Incidentally, however, he knows human nature, or at least Sultanic nature, fairly well," replied an army officer.

"But what excuse will the Sultan give for not appearing?" I asked, curiously, for I could not help noticing that I was the only one who seemed surprised.

"None, unless asked, in which event he will probably say that he was ill today," was the reply. "If you ever come to know the Sultan you will find that disappointing a colonel does not worry him. He kept Major-General Bates waiting for him at Sulu for nearly two months, breaking engagement after engagement. At the time first appointed, instead of the Sultan, his brother and Hadji Butu, his prime minister, arrived at Sulu and explained to General Bates that 'His Highness' deeply regretted his inability to be present, as his religious festivities were just beginning and would keep him at Maibun, the Moro capital, several days; but he would surely come as soon as the festivities were over. Another meeting was agreed upon. Again the Sultan failed to appear, and his prime minister, with profuse apologies, assured the general that his master was suffering so with boils on his neck and arms that he could not put on his coat, and without it he could not even think of appearing before

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DATO JOAKANAIN.
"He is simply a savage, that is all."

a great American general. Thus two months were frittered away and then the American soldier decided that as he was in a Mohammedan land he would do as Mohammed did when the mountain failed to call."

"Yes," remarked the Governor, dispassionately. "He is the best single-handed liar in the Philippines." And as there are few Filipinos who will not lie frequently, deliberately, and persistently, that was saying a good deal.

Three days later we were again aroused by the cry that the Sultan was coming, and this time it was no false alarm. Barring the fact that he and his suite rode upon ponies it might have been the Dato Joakanain and his warriors over again; that is, as far as brilliancy of coloring went. His Highness was attired in tight-fitting, yellow-and-red striped trousers, a jacket of red silk with small white dots, black-and-white turban, and Chinese slippers. From his right hand flashed a large diamond, on his left he wore a beautiful pearl. He had the same squat nose, the blackened teeth, the betel-red lips, but there the resemblance to the Dato ended. Joakanain was strong in uncompromising savagery; the Sultan was merely repulsive: a mixture of stupidity and viciousness. Weakness and vacillation dominated his expression.

The Sultan's government is one of absolute despotism, as all political power is supposed to centre in his person. In his letters and edicts he uses the personal pronoun of the despot and not the "we" and "our" so generally affected by his brother monarchs. Nevertheless His Highness Hadji Mohamad Jamalul Kiram has never been the real ruler of his people, his government having always been in the hands of his mother, the old Sultana, a remarkable woman who died last summer, and Hadji Butu, his prime minister, a very shrewd man and, for a Moro, imbued with advanced ideas. But this I learned afterward. I was more interested just then in seeing him step down from his horse *via* the neck of a slave who knelt cringingly in the dust for his convenience. He sat in a porch-chair with his spectrum-hued suite grouped around him and talked volubly and with gestures where Joakanain had maintained taciturn dignity. An American soldier paced up and down outside the porch-rail.

Through the interpreter the Sultan explained that he had not come for the arranged conference because of illness. Furthermore, he had determined that it was below the dignity of a sultan to go to, or even to meet half-way, those of his subjects who were in revolt against his regal authority. He did not want the war to continue, but he insisted that Joakanain and Calbi should come to his palace and pay their respects before their differences, which had existed a long time prior to actual hostilities, could be settled and the "three be brothers once more." He was particularly insistent that horses and other property captured by his opponents should be returned to him. In fact, the return of his personal property seemed to be of prime importance from his standpoint, the interests of the country being of secondary consideration.

"But after all," remarked an officer, quietly, as we gazed at the odd assemblage from vantage ground without the porch, "after all, what did he come for?"

"More money to gamble with, I'll be bound," replied another.

"Does he gamble?" I asked, innocently.

"It is his chief occupation. Old Haji Butu runs the government while he blows in his salary. They say he will take a chance on anything."

"He looks it. That is a magnificent pearl on his left hand."

"No danger of that one dropping through."

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APPROACH TO JOLO, PHILIPPINES.

"Dropping through?" I looked mystified.

"Oh," laughed the other, "you haven't heard the story of the Sultan of Sulu's Sieve. Well, some years ago he learned that the pearl fishermen were reaping big profits. So it occurred to him to tax them, and he did it with true oriental guile. He supplied his revenue collectors with sieves and ordered that all pearls found near Sulu must be tested in these sieves. All pearls were to be put into the sieves. Those that dropped through were to be retained by the fishermen; those that remained in the sieves were to belong to the Sultan for taxes. Neat, wasn't it? Well,

SULTAN OF SULU AND GENERAL BATES AT THEIR FIRST MEETING IN REGARD TO MORO TREATY.

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SULU IS ENTIRELY SURROUNDED BY A LOOP-HOLED WALL.

it nearly ruined the pearl fisheries. When the fishers began to give up the business he sold the whole pearl-fishing perquisite to Tiana, the Chinese head man of Sulu, who pays him $100 a month for the privilege. He is Sultan of North Borneo as well as of Sulu and The N. B. Co. pays him $5,000 per annum, Mexican, while Uncle Sam pays him $250 a month, Mexican. Oh, yes, he is comfortable, thank you, in spite of his sporting life."

I looked with renewed interest at this man, who, despite great opportunities of birth and power, yet chose to pursue a negative existence. He was gesticulating as fiercely as ever, arguing for his flesh-pots. What a sorry comparison he made with Joakanain, who though he was a mere savage was yet so much more the man!

"And yet," remarked one of the others to whom I voiced my feelings—"and yet I have seen the Sultan strut into Sulu dressed in an English-built suit of clothes, and barring the fact that he thought it a masquerade you would marvel at his civilized air."

Suddenly the Sultan and his suite arose and prepared to leave the porch.

"Are they going?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "Out to the transport. There is to be a luncheon and as some of them have never been on a big vessel, there is promise of amusement."

We walked slowly down to the shore and boarded launches, which quickly ferried the whole party, Sultan, suite, and army officers, over to the transport. The swift, smooth-running launch was probably a matter of wonder to them, but they did not show it, for your Oriental is seldom to be caught out with his emotions. They looked the ship over with stolid interest and the Sultan himself set off the six-pounder without flicking an eyelid. But at last, in the saloon, someone attempted to explain the mystery of the incandescent lamps and there we surprised them out of their reserve.

Even the Sultan's face showed amazement when an army officer reached up and turned a lamp on and off repeatedly. His Highness ordered one of his suite to do it. The fellow's face went greenish for a moment, but, nevertheless, he reached up tremblingly and touched it as he might have a hot brand. When he found that it did not hurt him and that the light actually obeyed the impulse of his finger-tips, he was the most excited Moro in the archipelago. And his excitement was contagious. Nearly everyone in the suite broke for a lamp on his own account and the general flashing that followed might have been mistaken for an Ardois display.

MAIN GATE TO SULU.
(Outside view.)

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MORO WARRIORS, JOLO, PHILIPPINES.

Presently oriental cunning got the better of amazement and one or two of them actually tried to fool the lamps. A fellow would steal quietly up to a bulb and reaching forward suddenly turn it on evidently with the intention of catching it napping. Or he would turn it off and jump away apparently with the same intention. But the lamps refused to be fooled and the facial expression that followed each failure was ludicrous to behold. Of course they wanted to know what made the light. It was impossible under the circumstances to give them a history of electrical development, but an officer present thought of giving them an object-lesson that would prove a short cut to knowledge.

He directed four or five of them to stand in line holding hands. Then the men on the ends of the line were told each to grasp a lamp. They did so and instantly the entire line sustained an electric shock. We expected a shriek of dismay, but not one uttered a sound. Apparently they were too astonished to speak and not knowing enough to let go they just stood there with wonder and fear surging from face to face apparently in unison with the waves of current. We broke them apart at last and took them in to luncheon, but they were changed men. They had had an experience that passed all oriental understanding.

The luncheon was a more or less dignified affair, varied by interpreted compliments and the agonies of the Sultan's official taster. The latter was a dried up little Moro who ate his courses ahead of the rest. He was the centre of interest to all at the board. The Sultan's food was always passed first to the taster. He would eat a small quantity and then after a while, sufficient to allow the suspected poison to get in its work, the Sultan, with a searching glance at his face, would take over the food and eat it himself. Still, it was easy to see that while the taster was an habitual necessity to the Sultan's peace of mind and stomach, on this occasion at least his function was purely perfunctory. Of what avail was the protection of a poor human taster against magicians who could make lamps to burn without oil, who could send the genii of unrest to twitch in one's body like the fever? His suite gazed abstractedly from their food to the glittering bulbs in the saloon roof still wondering doubtless at the miracle, and later when His Highness was ready to depart over the side it was necessary for him to send below for two of his henchmen who had remained for another try at the lamps.

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# INTIMATE PORTRAITS

## Men and Women Who are Doing Interesting Things

*Photograph by Arthur Hewitt.*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS YOUNGER SONS.

Theodore Roosevelt as the father of his children is perhaps as interesting a figure to the public as Roosevelt, President, statesman, author, or sportsman. The simple, natural life of the large family of children in the White House and the President's intimate companionship with them are a pleasant subject for American families to contemplate, and a wholesome example for their citizens. The children of the picture are Archie and Quentin, the youngest sons of the President. They are unusually intelligent boys, understanding and taking interest in affairs far beyond the comprehension of most children of their age.

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*Photo by Grace Porter Hopkins.*

SPEAKER JOSEPH G. CANNON AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

Speaker Joseph G. Cannon will celebrate his sixty-eighth birthday on May 7th. He is serving his twenty-ninth year in Congress. In addition to the onerous duties of the Speakership of the House of Representatives, "Uncle Joe" has at home a responsibility that seems to him to require a greater diplomacy and a wider learning than the most serious application of legislative rules. It is the entertainment of his grandchildren, Virginia and Helen LeSeure. The statesman easily converts himself into a first-class playmate, but quite fails to impress the young ladies with his dignity.

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MRS. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, one of the first women admitted to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to the May meeting of which she is a lay delegate, has the honor of having introduced the Deaconess movement into the Methodist Church of the United States. In 1885 she opened a training-school for prospective deaconesses, known as the Chicago Training-School for City, Home, and Foreign Missions, of which she is still Principal. In 1887, after months of voluntary service, with eight other women, among the poor of Chicago, she organized there the first Deaconess Home in the United States. Mrs. Meyer has been for years the editor of the *Deaconess Advocate*, and devotes her entire time to the Deaconess cause, lecturing and founding new homes, but accepting no salary.

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*Photo by the Baker Art Gallery, Cleveland.*

UNITED STATES SENATOR CHARLES DICK.

The most meteoric political career on record is that of Charles Dick, of Akron, who has succeeded the late Marcus Alonzo Hanna, as United States Senator from Ohio. Eleven years ago he was elected Auditor of Summit County and took charge of politics in his district. He showed such signal ability that he was made manager of the Republican State Campaign Committee, and under his leadership were garnered the vast majorities rolled up by the Republicans in Ohio since 1893. He helped Hanna nominate and elect McKinley, whose great friend he was; he has represented his State in Congress; went to Cuba at the head of the Eighth Ohio Regiment; is secretary of the National Republican Committee, and is admittedly possessed of real political genius.

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KATHERINE MACKAY.

New York society can no longer be accused of indifference to literature. In its ranks are several ladies who have written novels and yet preserved their social distinction. Its newest author is Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, whose "Stone of Destiny" is attracting critical attention. Mrs. Mackay was Miss Katherine Duer, daughter of William A. Duer, of New York, and is the wife of the president of the Postal Telegraph Company. She is a clever and interesting young woman of much cultivation and quite distinct literary talent.

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# A Clearing-House for Babies

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

A LITTLE girl of six was having her first ride in a train, and was very car-sick. The quiet young woman with her, who had done everything possible to relieve her, petting her as a matter of course, said compassionately over the limp figure:

"My poor dear, you're very miserable, aren't you!" The small girl lifted two sick but astonished eyes.

"Mis'able! I never was so happy in all my life! I'm playing you're my mamma." It was the first time that she had ever been an individual, and her little ego basked and expanded far beyond the reach of mere bodily trouble. She was a foundling, going from an asylum to a real home.

A door-step baby in New York used to be what the insurance companies call a very poor risk. It was not, as a rule, stumbled over by the warm-hearted millionaire of story, but was fished out from under a bush in the park or a bench in some waiting-room by a cynical policeman, who turned it over to Bellevue. The next day Bellevue sent it on to Randall's Island, and shortly afterwards Randall's Island, with the best of intentions, usually sent it on to a world that has many mansions for nameless babies.

TWO DOOR-STEP BABIES WHOSE LINES HAVE FALLEN IN PLEASANT PLACES.

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And that closed the incident. The death rate among foundlings at this infants' hospital was yearly reported to all who cared to know: it ranged from 100 per cent. to, at best, 96.

The work of rescue began in 1898, when the newspapers took up the Randall's Island report, finding picturesque material in this yearly slaughter of innocents. A few days later the State Charities Aid Association received a letter from a rich woman begging that these little lives be given some chance, and offering a generous check. A canvass of the situation led to the conclusion: that there are babies who want homes and homes that want babies. Someone must bring the two together.

The State Charities Aid Association was ready to find free, family homes for babies, but it was not ready to bear the expense and responsibility of first nursing the babies. The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor offered to co-operate, and a joint-committee of the two societies was organized.

The first problem was to get possession of the babies, who were wrapped up securely in red tape, whatever else their wardrobes lacked. The public institutions were sceptical, reluctant. Finally John W. Keller, Commissioner of Charities, granted as an experiment twenty-five waifs and an appropriation for each of two dollars a week. The next step was an advertisement in the newspapers all over the State: Who wants a baby? Letters began coming at once, some from kind souls touched with pity, some from childless couples or families lacking a boy or a girl, a few from single women, lonely or dutiful. Each baby was sent to a home that had been thoroughly investigated and proven worthy. A door-step infant began to be a better risk, and the old, known fact that infants do not thrive in an institution was re-proved.

Twenty-five of the city's foundlings, most of them marked "hopeless" at the Infants' Hospital, were now handed over to the Joint-Committee. These were all "bottle" babies, and, moreover, babies whose bottles varied fatally during the first few days, when they travelled from the area or the ash-barrel via Bellevue and Randall's Island to the Committee and the new home. More than half the number died. Arrangements were then made to cut out Randall's Island from the itinerary, the agent taking the baby from Bellevue and placing it—not yet in a home, but with a good wet-nurse.

Up in the region of Fordham, Morrisania, Bronxville, lives a decent and kindly class of Italians, to whom $12 a month is a consideration, and to whose deep-breasted mothers patent foods and sterilizers are unknown. Here, wherever a child died, a foundling was gladly given its place. The city appropriation was increased later to $2.66 apiece a week, the rate allowed private institutions, so the child's actual board bill was nearly met; but the Committee furnished outfit, medical attendance and inspection, at an additional cost of over $4,000 a year. Five years of this system has reduced the foundling death rate to 10.7 per cent.—which is less than the city's normal percentage among babies. A baby is fat and thriving now before it meets its foster parents.

The problem of religion entered at an early stage. As everyone knows, the foundlings of the city are baptized alternately Catholic and Protestant. The Joint Com-

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mittee placed them for adoption with families of the religious faith of their baptism. A Catholic society, the Guild of the Infant Saviour, later entered the field and was given the babies baptized Catholic, so that now the foundlings are divided between the Catholic Guild and the unsectarian Joint-Committee. The Guild both boards-out and places-out for adoption its babies. The work of the Joint-Committee is confined to boarding-out, the aim being to see that the babies become as sound and strong as intelligent care can make them. Then the State Charities Aid Association takes up the matter of their distribution.

It is amazing, the amount of spare mother-love that has been unearthed by this baby distribution. No real mothers could write prouder or happier letters than those that come back to the Association reporting the baby's progress and charms. "Our home is a different place"—that is the keynote of them all. Perhaps almost any woman can love almost any child; but the triumph over the foster-father seems to be as complete.

To be sure, when the young woman who investigates the proposed home takes the man of the house aside and asks him if he wishes this addition to his family, he is apt to blush and put it off on his wife; it is to make her happy. Yet it is noticed that the subsequent letters about "our lovely child" are quite as often from foster-father as from foster-mother, and he is as eager as she when it comes to a question of legal adoption—as it very soon does, in the majority of cases. The baby himself often shows fine tact in meeting the situation on the day of arrival, for, realizing no doubt that woman is easy and may be appeased later, he is very apt to roar at the introduction to his new mother, turning from her to hold out appealing arms to the wavering father. That settles it, of course.

The new parents are always frankly warned that their first few days of ownership will be anything but tranquil. Besides being in strange surroundings, the baby is for the first time within his recollection insulted with a bottle; and he expresses himself freely and persistently on the change. Sometimes a mother who has never before handled a child implores the stork's gentle emissary to "stay over just one night!" but most mothers stand bravely by their undertaking and come out victorious. One woman, to be sure, wrote back after two weeks that she had not yet slept for anxiety, and was so worn out that she must give up; but she was an exception.

The first demand that the Association had to meet, before the enterprise was fairly started, was for a baby girl, between one and two years of age, with blue eyes, curly hair, dimple in chin, etc. A number of hospitals and asylums were canvassed, and finally Randall's Island produced a sole survivor eight months old who had a number of the requisite traits. The candidate was visited and pronounced worthy, the home up the river found to be all that could be desired, and on a stated afternoon the agent took the train with her charge. As she alighted at the station she noticed an unusual gathering of people, which was promptly explained by a shout: "There she is! There is Mrs. Blank's baby!" The entire village had gathered to offer a welcome. At the house was a baby chair, a rocking-horse, a doll—all the comforts of home. The mite viewed everything with a certain reserve, verging on uneasiness, then she

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turned and put up her arms to her new father. Of course, after that she was legally adopted as soon as possible. Money was put in the bank for her; at the age of two she was presented with a piano—her lines have fallen into pleasant places. And as a gracious return she has grown to look so like her father that strangers comment on the resemblance.

One of the recent babies was no less fortunate than this first one, for, after being picked up by a Brooklyn policeman, and started on the road to sturdy manhood by months of good care, he was brought to the notice of a New England spinster whose family already numbered seven—all by adoption. She had begun by adopting a baby boy, ten years before. In her New England zeal to do her best by him, she had realized that it is not well to be an only child, so, after an appropriate interval, a second child was added. The remembrance of her own childhood in a large family had opened the door to others, so that now her flock ranged from two-year old twins and a boy of three up to a boy of eleven. There seemed to be still a place for little number eight; but, before deciding, she sought the three-year old, who had clung persistently to certain babyish ways, among them his bottle, and put the case plainly before him. He could have a little brother if he would give his bottle to the stranger: otherwise he could not come.

"FISHED OUT FROM UNDER A BUSH IN THE PARK."

Poor Three Years struggled bitterly; he wept for three nights, facing the thought of life without the bottle. Yet he yearned for the baby. The New England parent left him to the struggle. Finally with a desperate wrench he brought his bottle and offered it to the new brother. Many a secret tear was shed for it afterward, but he never asked to have it back. So the eighth became a member of a family where good training will go with good health and good education, and the world will be none the worse for him.

There are hundreds of pleasant and touching stories connected with this work. No one can look at the blooming and complacent picture of one "Mary D." without a moist smile for her triumph. After being picked up in a public square, she went, under the old system, to Randall's Island. For seven months she fought it out, materially changing the death-rate statistics; at the end of that time she weighed eleven pounds, and the doctors had marked her as "hopeless and tuberculous," but still she held on. Then came her chance—a country home with a kind and experienced woman. And Mary D. promptly expanded into as sound and sturdy a young woman as could be desired, with the complacent expression of one who had been marked "hopeless," but knew better.

And then there was the little girl whose chances were apparently handicapped by a head of bright red hair. She had come to public attention in a family theatre of Brooklyn which provides that mothers may check their babies during the performance, but does not expect them to go off without reclaiming their charges, as this particular mother did. The baby was taken in charge by the Committee and the story of her quaint beginning brought her a present of a very handsome dress from an interested citizen of Kansas, but even this could not mitigate her bright little thatch. Her future was beginning to look dark when a woman

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"A DOOR-STEP BABY BEGAN TO BE A BETTER RISK."

came dubiously to the placing out agent; she wanted a little girl to adopt, but doubted if they could suit her, for she had set her heart on red hair. Little Carrot-Top was produced with joy, and was soon packed off to a home that has since declared her "the only baby in this world."

One happy little member of society was once a bundle—apparently of rags—floating in the Harlem River on a raw March afternoon, and would have floated out of history if a policeman, seeing it tossing there, had not happened to watch it, at first idly, then with suspicion. Another appeared as waste paper in an elevated station, a third under a bush in Central Park on a hot summer morning; and all these are now integral parts of their communities, as well as healthy and happy children.

A FOUNDLING WHO GAINED A HORSE AND A BIG SISTER.

It isn't easy to get a baby by adoption. On receipt of the application, a blank is sent back containing some twenty printed questions to be filled out by the would-be parents, and a request for three references. If the answers are satisfactory further blanks go to the persons referred to, asking information on the applicant's character and circumstances, and reliable citizens of the neighborhood are privately consulted. Then the agent comes and inspects the family. If the home seems a good one, a baby as near the requirements as possible is sought. There is even an attempt to select a suitable temperament—a placid baby for a nervous woman, or one who is not bored by attentions for the demonstrative; the visiting agent has to be something of a psychologist. Everyone calls for curly hair, of course, and blue eyes are much in demand, but the new mother generally forgets all her specifications when she is confronted with the living candidate. The baby is taken to the home by the agent, who leaves written directions about food and care, and comes back twice a year to note progress. Frequent reports are encouraged, and even after the child is legally adopted the society tries to keep in touch with it. The motive for this is, of course, scientific as well as humane.

The rigid examination of every applicant is not by any means a mere formality. It might be assumed that the home desiring a baby was proved by that very fact worthy of one; but the report of four years' experience

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shows 373 applications for children approved to 312 disapproved. Often the kindly impulse comes from a home where there are already as many children as can be suitably cared for, or where the prospect of proper support is too slight. A child is never put in a household where there are own children near its age, for favoritism would be almost inevitable. Sometimes a woman applies without the knowledge of her husband, hoping that the baby itself will charm him into acquiescence.

Once, after a baby had been placed with an apparently suitable couple, the wife eloped with another man. In another case everything seemed favorable until it was discovered that the husband of the applicant had spent some time in an insane asylum. The asylum was questioned, and reported that the man's mania had been suicidal, but might become homicidal, and there was a possibility of its return. The poor wife had wanted the child to brighten the home and keep her husband's mind off himself, but of course those responsible for the child could not take the risk. In another home that promised everything good the only drawback was a vagueness about the husband's business. Persistent enquiry brought out the fact that he ran a gambling house; and later the pleasant little woman's brother was arrested as a professional beggar of the sham-deformity class. A case that ended well was at first apparently closed by the report of two references that the man of the family was of intemperate habits. Usually the agent's letter of refusal is not questioned; but in this case the wife wrote back a pathetic letter to know why she might not have the baby—and was frankly told. Her answer came back at once: her husband had been intemperate long before, but he had reformed and been entirely sober for years. On investigation this was found to be true—his misfortune being that he lived in a small community where everything is remembered. And so she was granted her wish, to her lasting joy.

The reason that placing out children when carried on by children's institutions has not been very successful is largely due to a lack of this very thoroughness of investigation. Five competent women give all their time to the work: two for the boarding of the babies with wet-nurses and three for the finding, inspecting, and visiting of permanent homes. Children up to ten years of age are placed, but every year adds to the difficulty. A baby is always satisfactory, but a child of developed traits and an institutional bringing up is often a very different matter, and must sometimes try several homes before it finds its niche.

When a child is young enough, the fact that it came into the family by adoption is often kept a secret. No doubt this saves much youthful misery, for children have an unaccountably severe attitude toward adoption and will make a bitter taunt of it in their quarrels. Have we not everyone cried over the assertion of some mischievous elder that we were not really ourselves, but one Biddy O'Flanigan, found by our kind mother on the door-step and taken in? And when that is not far from the truth, the taunt must be bitter indeed.

A pathetic side comes with the separating the child from its wet-nurse, who has often opened her kind Italian heart to her charge, and grieves tempestuously at its loss. In a very few cases one has been allowed to adopt a baby, but as a rule the household is too poor and ignorant to give the child a fair chance. The old 100 per cent. mortality would be better than saving them for the slums. But there is many a trying scene when the nurse brings back her charge, for she cries quite as hard as the bewildered baby. One Italian who had parted with her nursling returned to the office a few weeks later and flung at the feet of the agent every cent she had received for her services—over $100, saved through all her poverty.

"Take it and give me back Johnny!" she wept. Even the fact that she would soon have a child of her own could not comfort her capacious heart.

Applicants for children are always closely questioned as to their reasons for the step, and generally attest to the simple human need. Sometimes there is another motive, unconfessed at the time, but which may come out later, in a burst of grateful confidence: "My husband stays home all the time now—he's so devoted to the child he doesn't go out at all. Oh, if you knew what a different place the house is!" And so it is not all charity, saving these babies. They make their little human return, all the more fully because they do not know it.

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# The Evil Semilune

By
**BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG**

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

"THE longer I live the fonder I git a' people that minds their own bizzness," observed Limpy Hawes as he came out of the camel car and sat down beside me in the shade cast by the gigantic old King of Menagerie Cay, who was joyfully helping himself to newly baled Oklahoma timothy, after the manner of a wise elephant. It was Sunday morning, and as hot as August can be in Milwaukee with a southwest wind blowing. We were waiting orders to go on with the show-trains into Chicago. The crush of "empties" for wheat in the yards had usurped the space that we needed there.

It was evident to me that the old man was truly wroth, so I cautiously acquiesced in the sentiment he had expressed and awaited developments. They were soon forthcoming.

"By Gosh A'mighty, one a' them tippy-toein' wimmen what come a-sight-seein' round here in their Sunday duds awhile ago made me madder'n I been since them Topeka kids give the baby elephant that box a' tacks to play with. I 'uz so mad I kain't swaller straight yit. Them wimmen was goin' all around peekin' inta ev'rythin'. Me 'n Snooks was jest climbin' down from the diner when one of 'em, skeeter-built 'n all puckered up, carryin' specs on the end of a gold stick sees me 'n says:

"'My, my, gu-u-u'rls, do look at that poor man. See how he limps. 'Injured by the feroshus beasts no doubt, in a moment of keerlessness.'

"Now, what d'ye think a' that? A moment of keerlessness! Tak' m'oath I give her sech a look; but she never took no notice, jest went on talkin' foolish. Moment a' keerlessness, huh!"

The old trainer's chin-whisker was still quivering with his rage, and after chewing his

"THEM TIPPY-TOEIN' WIMMEN."

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quid viciously for a minute he dropped it out into his hand and hurled it savagely at a car-wheel, where it struck with a spat and clung. By this action of clearing his jowl I knew he was about to launch into the relation of one of his tales, and hope rose high in my heart that it would be the story of his limp, the infirmity from which he took his sobriquet. He had made many strange relations to me, but he had never mentioned the limp, and when I first made the acquaintance of him and his friends one of them had warned me never to speak of the matter, as it was a very delicate point with him.

"Now, tell the honest truth, my boy," he continued, after a period of heavy breathing punctuated by snorts of declining anger, "*you* kain't tell there's anythin' wrong with my legs when I'm walkin' on level ground, now, kin ye?"

"No," I answered, without a qualm of conscience; "I would never have noticed anything at all." The truth is that whenever his short, muscular figure was seen moving about there was a slight, but unmistakable halt in the movement of the right leg. It did not lessen his physical prowess, everyone in the show knew that, some only too well, but it was there and not to be overlooked.

"Course, it usta be so's anybody could see it," he said, much mollified; "that 'uz when I first got it, 'n couple a-years after. Reckon I never told you 'bout that, did I? Ain't many people knows by rights. Moment a' keerlessness! Wallopin' Moses, why, when I got that little soov'neer I 'uz wider-awake 'n I ever been in all *my* life. Ef I hadna been I wouldn't be tellin' this yarn to-day, I tell ye.

"Course it happened when I 'uz still kind a' green in the show bizzness, but I knowed already what critters is and that any man what wants to make funeral axpenses fur his folks-to-home kin do it by bein' absent-minded in the critter-tent.

"A WHITE WOMAN WHO JUGGLED SWORDS."

"The Old Man took a notion onct, we was gettin' stale in attrackshuns, so he packs his brother-in-law, a narrow-toed, tight-waisted, hair-oiled, wuthless but harmless sort a' cuss off to'rds the East to git somethin' oriental. Arthur, that 'uz his name, takes the Old Man's roll, 'n the weight was jest plumb too much for him. I hear tell he jest slid off the big bills 'tween New York 'n Turkey, 'n then he winds up by goin' to Egypt 'n hirin' one-a them *dahabeeah* boat 'n goin' up the Nile. When his money's purt near gone he begun to think about gittin' attrackshuns; 'n I reckon he hired ev'rythin' in the performin' way 'n gobbled up all the critters, good 'n bad, healthy 'r not, up in that neighborhood. Anyhow, he started home with birds, snakes, critters, hoss-riders, magicians, dancers 'n a pile more, but he jest plumb played heck gittin' 'em here. They died, got lost, 'n flew the coop till he didn' have much left. The main part he fetched through was two a' the han'sumest young lions you ever laid your eyes on, a white woman who juggled swords 'n fire, Arabian fashion, 'n three men dancers from Nubia.

"The lions 'uz that big African kind that grows as tall 's a cow, knows more 'n the Cape 'r Asia sorts, 'n have got voices like wallopin' big organs. Takm' oath they ain't nuthin' else in this arth like the roar a' them lions. It's mighty big 'n terrible sometimes, but it kin be mighty human-like 'n soft 'n lovin' too.

"This bunch, lions, woman 'n Newbyans, is the ones that did all the doin's in this yarn, course with what good old King here done.

"The Newbyans was brothers, all three big fellers, quick 'n powerful, 'n they looked a lot alike. They was so black charcoal would 'a' made a white mark on 'em. Don't know 's anybody tried it, but I bet so. Early Jim Butts ust to say they 's such a deep dark

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they made a shadder all 'round 'em even on a sunny day. They was easy to see on the darkest night, 'n the boys ust ta tell how onct the Old Man give one of 'em a lantern to hold, 'n then cussed himself out a breath, thinkin' the lantern had gone out. Larry Lannigan allus swore they spit ink, cause he'd watched 'm. Course I reckon them things *is* a little strong, but they 's the blackest men I ever seen, 'n made it worse a-wearin' white baggy clo'es all the time. They 's aluss clean as pins. Ulso, I don't mean to praise that young Arthur's jedgment in gittin' 'em, but they done a real fine turn. *Arthur* wasn' fit to jedge the time a' day with a clock in front of 'im.

"Their turn was a funny thing like this: first they'd take their *darabooka* drums which they beat with a flat wire ringed onto the thumb then gripped with the fingers, and would tromp 'round kind a' soldier-like, then form a half circle 'n begin singin' through their noses this way:

"'Yah—a—a—ongooo—o—o—yah—a—a—ah,' 'n so on till they got all worked up, then they'd dance coochee-coochee in man-fashion.

"Well, sir, the way them fellers could wriggle was a caution to the rheumatizers. They was all loose on their bones. Larry Lannigan allus swore he seen one of 'em wriggle the calf of his leg up over his shoulder 'n back agin. Where they larn't their dancin' I never could find out.

"The red-headed young squirt the Old Man had writin' our paper that season put 'em up like this:

3 SEMILUNE OF BARBAROUS 3
BEDAWEE

Equatorial Terpsichoreans

BOUNDING—BEWILDERING—BAFFLING

"I ast him onct what that 'Semilune' meant. Early Jim Butts had b[illegible] it was a high-toned way of saying 'sample,' though goodness knows they warn't Bedouins. The red-head says it meant half-moon, the shape they stood in to wriggle.

"As I was sayin', where they l'arnt it got me. In some vile ha'nt of sin and woe, as the hymn-feller says. I reckon the dance warn't very wicked, but they thought it was 'r they wouldna done it, for—my boy—them niggers was black inside 'n out. Tak'm' oath there wasn' nuthin' white about 'em but their teeth, 'n they got them after they's born. They was the wickedest men I have ever seen, 'n I've swapped terbacker with lots a' the sinful in my time, *stacks* of 'em.

"THREE MEN DANCERS FROM NUBIA."

"The first talk they larnt was cuss-words. They had booze reglar 'fore they could handle a knife 'n fork. 'Fore they'd been at winter quarters a month they was all barred from the games of draw 'n stud. When we was ready to open the season we found out the three a' them had borrowed a hundred dollars from two Jews without any security, 'n I reckon that's purty fair for heathen niggers, three months in the country.

"They is two kinds a' wicked men. One only makes trouble for hisself 'n family. He's about three-quarters fool. The tother is allus doin' harm to somebody else for his own benefit. He is *all* devil.

"Two of these fellers was that kind. Fergit their whole names but we called the one Moosh 'n the tother Ibree. Ahmed, the last one, would 'a' been called 'good-hearted' by some people, but he was deep. He never teased the critters, though, as Moosh'n Ibree did, when they thought nobody's lookin'. With the critters, jest the same's people, they went jest 's far as they durst go 'n no furder. They knowed durn well when to stop. The Old Man would 'a' give 'em notice, but his ijit brother-in-law had put up a $5,000 bond with the government in Cairo to keep 'm a year anyhow, 'n as many more as the Old

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Man wanted, 'n return 'em safe. We hadn' been on the road long 'fore they was mighty few in the show'd even give 'em the passin' word.

"One unfailin' friend was the juggler-woman. She's as white 's they's black 'n her name was Madame Daunet, on the paper Lizzeta, and as near 's I could make out she's French, born in Tunis 'n l'arned her tricks in Damascus. She could sling 'most any gib from French to Chinese. She warn't bad-lookin'. Kinda loose under the chin, mebbe. Reckon that 'uz from practicin' with her chin in the air, though. Her age was onsartin; if she's only as old as she acted sometimes, she still had a chance to grow; if she's as old as all she knowed, she's nigh onta sixty. Old Billy Renshaw, the oldest joey, who had his own garret purty full a' wiseness, says to me 'fore the first month was past, 'That shiny-eyed she-devil is up to some game; she wouldn' be with this show ten minnits if she warn't; 'n them three niggers is a part in the game somehow, though I 'low they don't know it. I bet she would never 'a' left Egypt if she warn't playin' hide 'n seek.' Tak' m'oath I could 'a' guessed a year 'n not hit what that game really was.

"The lions didn' like her, nuther did the King. That settled her hash so far 's my plate went. I 'uz busy doin' somethin' else besides lookin' her way when she 'uz around. When a lion 'n a elephant both don't like a person, keep your eye on 'em. You won't be no worse off. Why, one a' the main things what made me think Ahmed had his good side was the way him 'n Pasha, the biggest one of the new lions, kep' friends. Juno, the tother lion, didn' seem to hanker after the niggers very much; but the lot of 'em, lions, niggers, 'n juggler-woman, bein' from the same country, 'n bein' together all the way over, 'n onderstandin' the same lingo, they's kind a' bunched back to back when they first come, standin' close like people that knows each other allus will do agin strangers. The lions had been ketched young 'n growed up jest like kittens, 'n on the way over the niggers larnt 'em a lot. So I reckon the lions figgered they was feller-citizens with the niggers in a strange land. They was some kind a' onderstandin' between them 'n Ahmed, I never jest made out by rights. I've knowed him to stretch out 'long the front a' their cage of a night, 'n Pasha 'd put his paws through the bars on Ahmed's chest 'n purr while Ahmed 'd talk 'er sing to 'em kind a' low 'n whisperin', till all of 'em went to sleep. You could make Pasha growl by jest layin' a hand on Ahmed.

"Well, sir, that was the way with that bunch when they first come, but the Old Man thought I'd better take the two critters 'n begin workin' 'em out; 'n jest as soon 's I begun the trainin' I diskivered the main trouble I 'uz goin' to have was *weanin' 'em from the niggers*. They wanted to be bossed by them, if anybody, 'n not by me, 'n a lion don't take well to bossin', anyhow. 'Twarn't long 'fore I made friends with Juno, though, 'n it's gol blame lucky I did. She was soon doin' fine, but Pasha was allus givin'

"THE WAY THEM FELLERS COULD WRIGGLE."

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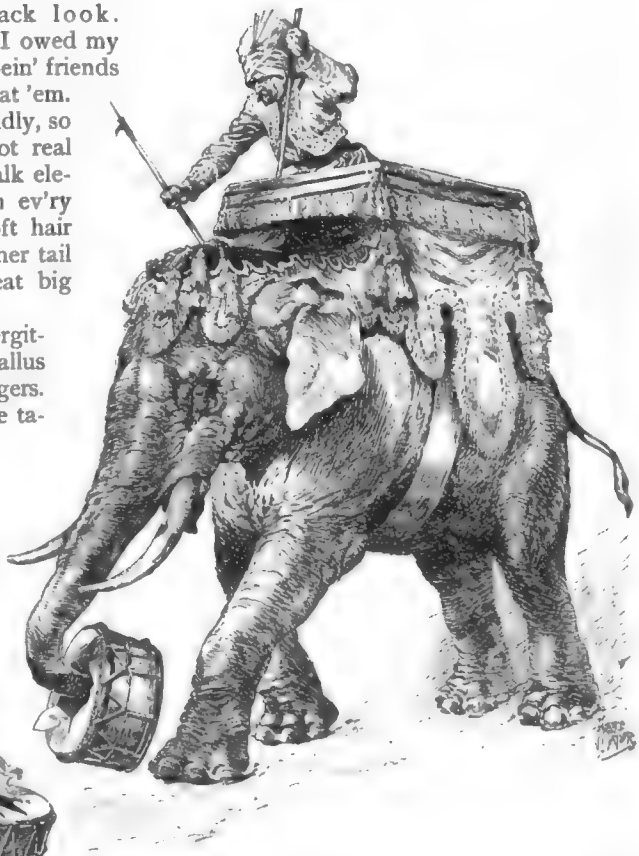
me trouble, though he'd mind Ahmed in a minnit. We was on the road a couple a' months 'fore I got the upper hand a' him by rights, 'n when Ahmed seen jest how the ground lay, he begun to look black at me, 'n the last time I ever seen his face, he'd got jest that same black look. He never forgive me. Course I owed my workin' Juno 'n Pasha round to bein' friends with me to the King's takin' a try at 'em. Him 'n Juno seemed kind a' friendly, so I worked 'm together 'n they got real thick. Purty soon the King 'd talk elephant-talk to her by the hour, 'n ev'ry chanct he got 'd ruffle up the soft hair behind her ears 'n she 'd swing her tail 'n look jest like a wollopin' great big yeller tabby cat.

"Oh, yes; I come purt near fergittin'. That juggler-woman was allus soft-sawderin' round them niggers. But she's kind a' shiftin' from one ta-t'other about it. Lots a' people in the show noticed her hangin' first round Ibree, then round Moosh, 'n then Ahmed. Course some said she's jest a little loony, but me 'n Early Jim Butts reckoned she's too cunnin' to be jest doin' it fur nuthin', and one day I seen her kind a' slip up behind Ibree 'n look down the back a' his neck. Five minutes after she done the same thing to Ahmed, 'n then she's jest as nice 's pie to Ahmed. Next mornin' Early Jim seen her lookin' down the back a' Moosh's neck, 'n all day she's sugared plums to Moosh. She kep' changin' 'n changin' that-away till Early Jim told me onct he couldn' sleep a' nights thinkin' 'bout it.

"Well, sir, one day when she'd been fussin' 'round Ibree, Early Jim crep' up 'n looked down the back a' the nigger's neck like she done, 'n then told me he couldn' see nothin' but black skin 'n a little string a' yeller ribbon, like he had somethin' hung 'round his neck by it. That evenin' I seen Ibree take the thing off his neck 'n give it to Moosh when he 'lowed him 'n Moosh's alone together, 'n I got one good look at it. It was a leather sack 'bout as big 's my thumb 'n fastened to the yeller ribbon. Course, *we* didn' know what's in that sack, but Lizzeta kep' track a' who had it all-righty, all-righty, 'n I kind a' had a line on her game after that. Reckon she ketched on to its being some-



"SEEMED MIGHTY SURPRISED HE DIDN'T FIND NOTHIN' BUT WIND INSIDE."

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"THEY WAS TYIN' ME ALL UP 'N GAGGIN' ME."

thin' she wanted 'fore she left Egypt, 'n they kep' shiftin' it to fool her 'n somebody else.

"It's no use a' me tryin' to tell you all the mean, sneakin', dirty, low down things them niggers done. Purt near ev'rybody in the show had a grump on 'em except me 'n the King. They hadn't done nuthin' to us yet, when things begun to happen. Course they hated me, specially Ahmed, 'cause I'd weaned Pasha 'n Juno way from them, and Lizzeta, kind a' ketchin' on to Early Jim 'n me keepin' an eye on her, egged 'em on to hatin' us worse.

"As I 'uz sayin', they'd ev'rythin' *their* way so far, but one day the King done 'bout the worst thing that could 'a' happened to them from their p'int a' lookin' at it. He bust their drums, 'n when a heathen of any kind gits his drum busted he thinks it's a warnin' he's goin to be busted hisself.

"I had Pasha 'n Juno in centre ring one afternoon when we's in Dubuque, playin' scholars at school with the King for teacher, 'n the Newbyans was goin' to foller us as next turn. A greenhorn razorback, 'stid-a takin' their drums from property-trunk to dressin'-room, fetched 'em in to ring-side same's if they's trick barr'ls 'r tumblin' mats. The King seen 'em. He'd had his eye on 'em a long time, I reckon, figgerin' how to find out where the big noise come from. He's allus mighty cur'ous 'bout some things, the King is. So when he handed me the spellin'-book 'fore he let out his scholars for recess, he stretches his trunk over to the drums, picks 'em up, balancin' the pile mighty nice. Aught 'a' heard the people yell 'n give him a hand. Then quick's a flash he rams the fist on the end of his smeller right through the goat-skin heads of the *darabookas*, and seemed mighty surprised he didn' find nuthin' but wind inside.

"The people thought it 'uz awful funny, but the niggers jest comin' in seen it 'n come a-runnin' screamin', 'n Ibree smashed the King in the throat with a stick. He couldn' reach no higher. The King never paid no 'tenshun, pushed 'em all to one side, 'n walked out kind a' chucklin' to hisself. When I fetched out Pasha and Juno, he's eatin' his dinner 'n still a-laffin' ev'ry now 'n then. I told him he'd acted like a gol blame smart Aleck, but he jest flopped his big ears, screwed up his tail 'n winked at me.

"Them niggers might jest as well been told they'd be

Shot as the sun went down,

as that feller sings in the concert. They's skeert till they looked a kind a' green-purple, 'n they would n' 'a' gone on for their turn even ef they'd had drums. Course the Old Man bought 'em new American ones right away, but they was all shook to pieces, went 'round makin' finger prayers for days, 'n ev'ry little noise they'd jump out a' their skins almost. What made 'em worse was that Old Ben, a big lion we had, didn't fergit Moosh'd burnt his toes with a hot seegar more'n a month before, 'n Moosh gittin' too clost to his cage the day after the drums was busted, Old Ben



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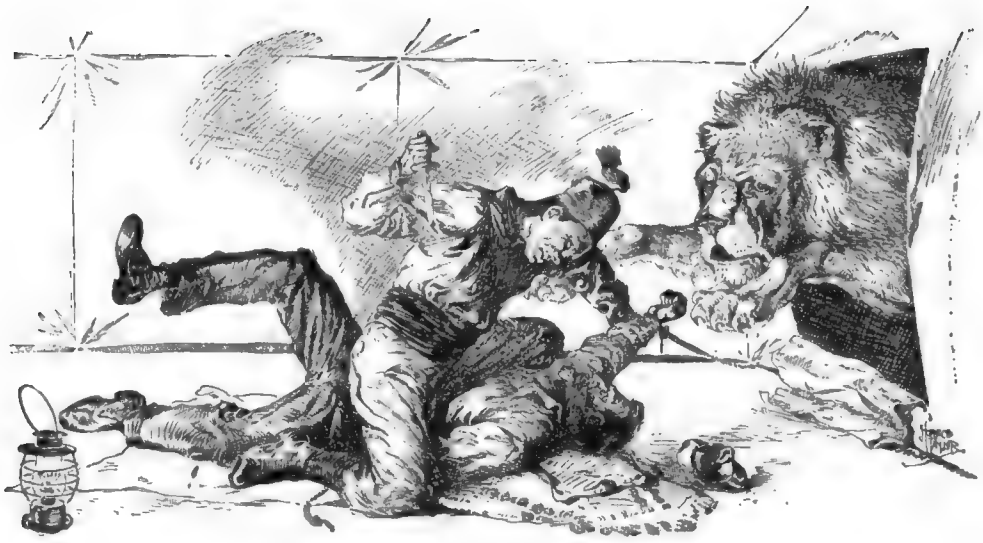

"JUNO COME HURLIN' THROUGH THE AIR."

reached through 'n got Moosh. It 'uz lucky he didn' git his skin; he jest got the baggy clo'es on his chest 'n tore 'em off slick's a whistle. Ulso that night it took the Old Man 'n Early Jim both to keep a razorback from carvin' up Ibree, cause the razorback 'd seen Ibree give Lizzeta a watch-charm what'd been missin' from the razor-back's things. Lizzeta was gittin' close to him, Jim said. Them two close calls on top a' the drum-warnin' purt near reformed them niggers, 'n the Old Man 'uz hopin' we'd worry through the season with 'em all right.

"But when a week went by 'n they's still livin', they begun to git over their skeer 'n start their deviltry agin. One day after I give the King his grub, I went away a few minnits, 'n when I come back the King was awful mad. His eyes warn't any bigger 'n silver quarters 'n they was jest shinin'. He was turnin' his hay 'n mash over 'n over for me to see. Tak' m'oath, there's some yellow, oily stuff poured over it, 'n Dock Smith said it 'uz poison. Whenever them niggers come 'round where the King was after that, you oughta seen his eyes git little 'n his trunk workin'. I knowed who'd done it. He's jest waitin' *his* chanct now. Jest look at him feelin' me over. He knows durn well we're talkin 'bout him. Tak' m'oath, they ain't any more in *any* show like *him*.

"Well, sir, we was all *vigilante*, as the Eyetalians says, when we pulled inta Philadelphy for a week. Second day Early Jim seen Ibree talkin' kind a seert like with the mate on a British tramp steamer down by the water-front. The mate was a little darkish kind a' man, must a' been a half-breed, 'n knowed the Arab lingo. Early Jim, sizin' up the way they's actin', told the Old Man he 'lowed they was goin' to skip. 'Thank God,' says the Old Man.

"That night, 'fore the show begun, Early Jim come hustlin' in to me and says he'd seen Ibree give somethin' to Lizzeta in the shadder outside the dressin'-tent, 'n he was willin' to bet his pants it was that thing from 'round their necks, the little leather sack with the yeller ribbon. She'd soft-sawdered him till she got it, we reckoned.

"Lizzeta 'uz so nervous doin' her turn that night she cut her arm so bad where a fallin' sword hit it she had to leave the ring. The niggers was mighty res'less too, 'n kep' talkin' with their heads close together 'n makin' finger prayers ev'ry now 'n then. Ahmed come in 'fore he went to bed, 'n had a long talk with Pasha through the bars, but he often done that 'n Pasha allus acted homesick after he did. Yessiree, critters git mighty homesick sometimes. I've seen monkeys git it so strong they died in a night.

"Well, when things was gittin' quieted down 'n I 'uz gittin' my critters ready for bed, Jiggers Dollman come in 'n says the Old Man wanted to see me outside. I went out 'n the Old Man was standin' in a spot so dark I couldn' see him till he says my name. I went over to him, 'n lookin' all 'round he says:

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"'Hawes, Lizzeta had to take leave of absence to-night on account of her arm. She wanted to send to Egypt for her two children, and as I want her for next season I give her $2,000 advance 'n she give me this for security. It is worth a lot more. Because it takes a damn good thief to steal what he can't find, I want you to take it 'n sleep on it to-night. Here is a gun, too.'

"'All right, sir,' I says.

"He give me the gun 'n I dropped it in my pocket; then he give me the other. By Kraminy, I could feel it was the *little leather sack with a ribbon string!*

"The Old Man walked a couple a' steps away, me a-standin' there kind a' surprised like, then he comes back'n says:

"'Hawes, I wish there was more men like you in this business. Good-night.'

"'Good-night, sir,' I says.

"Tak' m'oath as he went away 'round the dressin'-tents I seen somethin' move behind a stake-wagon, but I 'lowed I 'uz beginnin' to get shaky already, so I goes to bed.

"Me 'n Early Jim had a box tent jest outside the critter-tent, near 'nuff to be handy if they got to kickin' up a row in the night, but this night Early Jim'd gone down town with None-such Rafferty, 'n I knowed durn well what *that* meant. I've often been glad I never tech it myself.

ARTHUR.

"When I goes inta the tent I stakes it down hard 'n tight on all sides, 'n ties the door so anybody what wanted to come in would have to purt near wake me up 'fore they got in. I took down the lantern, set it on the ground beside my blanket, 'n took a look at the sack 'fore I tucked it away. Wallopin' Moses, when I opened that sack out dropped *one of the biggest uncut diamonds I ever see!*

"No wonder Lizzeta was hangin' round them niggers. They'd prob'ly stole it 'r traded for it 'way up the Nile. Mebbe they 'lowed it 'uz only a charm. *She* knowed its price, though.

"Well, sir, I kin sleep sounder in Philadelphy 'n I kin anywhere else on 'arth most times, but this night I 'uz restless as a tom-cat in May. But by-en-by I 'uz jest gettin' inta a doze when I heard the King call me kind a' pitiful 'n anxious like. T'other critters was res'less, too, specially Juno 'n Pasha. I gits up 'n goes in, but ev'rythin' was as lovely as pea-soup, so I goes back. I didn' know then quite's well as I know now that the King never calls for nuthin'. I l'arnt it slow.

"I reckon I'd been asleep about an hour when the King *woke me agin.*

"When I stepped out, the big, sweet, deep roar of Juno soundin' in the stillness all 'round was mighty solemn. There warn't nothin' as it shouldn't be this time nuther, 'n I 'lowed the King was fretful. I told him so 'n thought he looked ashamed, as elephants kin, but I know now I hurt his feelin's dreadful.

"It 'uz a long time 'fore I got asleep agin. 'Peared like I'd jest dropped off when I shivered 'n my eyes flew open. The King was callin' agin!

"Before I could stir an inch a cold, sweaty hand was put over my mouth. I tried to get my pistol, but heavy weights come down on my legs, arms 'n chest.

"Somebody had me jest the way they wanted me, 'n while they was tyin' me all up 'n gaggin' me with a wad a' hay, I could hear the King axshully cryin', he was in such a state, 'n clear 'n plain over the rumpus the other critter's makin' come the roarin' of Juno 'n Pasha.

"Then whoever's in my tent got the lantern 'n lit it, 'n when the light flared I saw it 'uz *them dirty, wicked Newbyans!*

"Well, sir, they was after the leather sack. The critters was makin' sech a row, they must 'a' thought they better keep a watch, so

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Moosh 'n Ibree went out, leavin' Ahmed to hunt for it. When they went I could see, by screwin' my eye round towards my ear, where they got in. Them stinkin' devils had cut a big square hole half as high as a door right in the front a' that brand new No. 8 duck tent. By Gosh A'mighty, them fellers jest *had* to spoil somethin' no matter *what* they's doin'.

"Ahmed started huntin' round my pillar 'n in my pockets, 'n jest 'bout then I heard somethin' crack in the critter-tent like as though the King's breakin' up things tryin' to git loose. I 'uz sort a' hopin' he would, but I knowed durn well he couldn'. Ef he had there'd 'a' been some a' the gol blamest doin's round them diggin's you ever heard of. But whatever he's doin' the lions got quiet all to onct.

"Then Ahmed turned me over 'n I seen a big knife stuck handy in his sleeve. Purty soon he found the leather sack where I'd put it under a patch in my blanket, 'n he straightened up, pinched the sack to make sure the stone's in it, 'n looked down at me grinnin'.

"Then he'd jest lifted up the lantern to blow it out 'fore he slid out, when there come a little noise outside, 'n Moosh called out somethin' kind a' hurried like, 'n then it sounded like somebody's runnin' away. Ahmed knowed Moosh 'n Ibree's cowards, so he jest listened a minnit, tiptoed over 'n looked out, then stepped back, pickin' up the lantern agin. Jest then Pasha roared one a' them great deep calls, an' Ahmed remembered who'd weaned Pasha 'way from him. I seen him take a deep breath, 'n he begun to frown, 'n all the grin went off his face. Kind a' slow like he fetched out the knife, 'n his eyes begun to shine, 'n his lips pulled back over his big white teeth as he stepped back, like a painter does 'fore it springs, 'n took a good holt on the knife. Then he kind a' wavered. I 'lowed he was goin' to go 'way peaceful like, leavin' me chewin' hay till mornin', but Pasha roared agin 'n that settled it. He leaned over me, lifted the knife slow, 'n fixed his eyes on the left side a' my chest. The long knife was shinin' dull in the lantern light.

"Mebbe it 'uz only a second, mebbe it 'uz five minnits. It seemed a long time 'n I reckon I felt jest as the hymn feller says:

> My latest sun is sinkin' fast,
> My race is almost run,

when all to onct behind 'n me in the square

"SKEERT TO DEATH."

black hole in the tent I seen out a' the corner a' my eye somethin' he didn't see.

"*Juno standin' drawed up full 'n grand takin' in the game.*

"Reckon she knowed what 'uz up, think sometimes the King had told her, mebbe it 'uz only pure lion in her, but she fixed her yeller eyes on Ahmed 'n crouched down ready to spring. Then I looked back at the knife, I jest had to.

"This all happened purty quick. Ahmed seemed to be likin' to keep me waitin'. His eyes was almost shet like a cat 'n his tight mouth turned up at the corners. He lifted the knife a little higher, bendin' down 'n stiffenin' his back; then I saw the knife start down. But that second Juno come hurlin' through the air, a big, yeller furry ball, 'n lit plumb on him. He landed face down t'other side a' me, Juno on top. The leather sack with the yeller string fell right beside my ear.

"Juno's young, though, 'n when she found she'd *got* Ahmed good 'n tight she didn't know what to *do* with him, so she held him a minnit, then got up 'n looked first at him, then at me. Once she turned her head away 'n quick's a flash he rolled over to grab the knife he'd dropped on my legs. She made a grab for him, but got only his sleeve 'n my thigh together. He tore loose, got up 'n shot out the hole in the tent. He wasted no time 'n lookin' for the sack. There's some situations takes away a man's desire for di'monds.

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"Tell ye what, my boy, them big teeth goin' in through my leg meat to bone didn't feel very well, but when she found she'd hurt me 'stid a' him she acted all broke up, whined 'n whined, lay down, put her paws on my chest 'n licked me in the face with her big, rough tongue.

"Purty soon I knowed I 'uz bleedin' purty lively 'n was hopin' the King, who was still callin', not my call, for he knowed durn well I couldn't come, but jest a general kind a' call, hopin' he'd fetch somebody 'r wake up the lazy critter wallopers on t'other side the critter-tent.

"Jest then Juno heard somethin' outside. She lifts up her head 'n fixed her eyes on the hole in the tent. I looked 'n jest for 'bout two seconds seen the face a' the juggler-woman. She'd come for the leather sack, too, but she's too late. Juno growled once 'n she's gone, skeert to death.

"Twarn't long after that I lost track a' things, but when Early Jim Butts come in he found me jest about bled to death 'n Juno whinin' 'n lickin' me in the face. Pasha had come, too, 'n was lyin' jest outside the door.

"Well, sir, they's a lot a' argyment 'bout how them lions got out. Their cage was bust open at one end. Some said the lions did it, some said that the King did it to let *them* get *to* me. Course, that seems a mighty human thing to do, 'n Dock Smith measured from the King's stakes to the cage Juno 'n Pasha 'd been in, 'n then measured the King's stretch, 'n said if the King done it he must 'a' just been able to touch one corner a' the cage with the tip a' his trunk. After that nobody believed he done it, but the King knows what *I* think about it.

"Next morning after this happened nobody could find hair 'r hide a' the juggler-woman 'r them three wicked Newbyans; 'n some time when your'e in Bridgeport get the Old Man to take you down to the bank 'n show you what is shiny that he keeps locked up there. Course, it isn' hisn, but I bet the niggers didn' come by it honest."

# Original Aphorisms of To-day

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON

BETTER a dinner of herbs and contentment than a "stalled" auto in a far country.

When an old maid frolics, it is no child's play.

You must walk a long time behind a gander before you find a peacock feather.

It's an ill wind that escapes from the tire.

Despise not a small wound, an insignificant enemy, or a pinhole puncture.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it loses rough corners, and will in time become a perfect sphere.

The most careful hen can't find things where she lays them.

No circus is as big as its painted.

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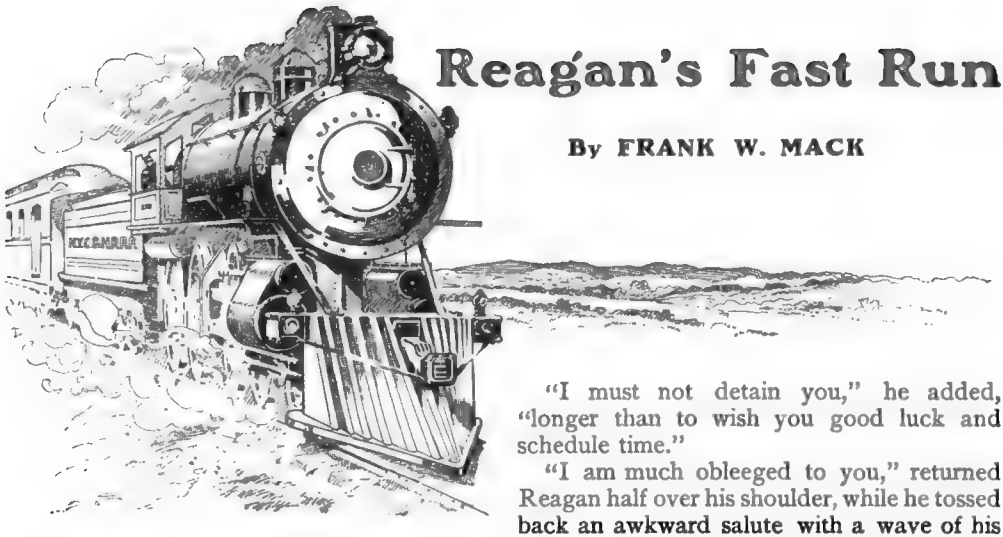

# Reagan's Fast Run

By FRANK W. MACK

MATTY REAGAN on old "898" pulled out of New York City the first train that ever ate up the thousand miles to Chicago in twenty hours. It was a sunshiny Sunday, and everybody was willing that the engineer who started that train should act proud, and even a little cocky. Reagan, however, didn't seem even to feel big about it. But when the officials came out and stood around the engine, there were throttle-men on waiting locals, and expresses too, who'd have given their boots and babies to have been in Matty's place—leaning there against the tender bulkhead while Chauncey Depew made an address to him. And some of them were willing silently to bet with themselves that they would have appeared more jaunty than Reagan did, that they'd have dressed and acted the brave-engineer part better than he.

It was 2.55 P.M.

"Matthew Reagan!" spoke President Depew, up to the grimy man heeding down from the shadow of his cab. "Matthew Reagan," said the high official to the engineer, "within five minutes you will have started the fastest train in the world. You are about to open a new era in history. You are about to move wheels that will go a thousand miles faster than any that have ever turned round——"

The brown-faced engineer, glancing at his watch, moved a bit impatiently. Depew noted the act.

"I must not detain you," he added, "longer than to wish you good luck and schedule time."

"I am much obleeged to you," returned Reagan half over his shoulder, while he tossed back an awkward salute with a wave of his left arm. "He needn't fret about the skeed'l," he half grinned, half growled as he crossed the cab.

An instant later he was "testing air," his face half amused, half impatient at the palaver. There was the whistling sound with a wheezy sigh at the end, the fireman with alert face leaned out for the signal; the writer who, in behalf of The Associated Press, was to make the entire trip in the engine-cabs, was mounted on the engineer's shiny leather seat. Reagan stood, one hand braced on the reversing bar, the other grasping the throttle, eyes straight ahead.

Inside the greasy cap a torch of splendid bravery was lighted. Reagan the stub-and-twist, grimy man was gone. The silent figure waiting there at the throttle seemed now to tower in the dusky cab. The easy air of a 200-pound man had fled away, and the lines of his unconscious pose mutely announced skill, steady nerve, caution, dogged will, dare-devil courage, calm readiness, utter command. It was three o'clock and they were losing precious seconds. Suddenly the fireman pulled in his head.

"Let 'er go!" he cried.

There was no yanking at the bar—scarcely a muscular effort. Rather, a nervous impulse, and then a sense of strain, a tightening of slack in the train behind us, definite moving, a sharp, cough-like blast from the short stack, the first sound of wheel-rumble, another sharp, cough-blast—a third and fourth, and the big drivers had turned once

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around. The twenty hours had begun. So had the race.

Human mechanism was now pitted against the flight of Earth's profound shadow, in a 1,000-mile contest. And so true the touch, so steady the pull of the greasy throttle-hand, that folks in the train now rattling over the yard-switches had felt no tug at the starting.

When the engine plunged under the tunnel-spans at Fifty-second Street the speed exceeded any I had ever known there, and I had "done" the tunnel twice a day for years. But this was no commuter's trip, this no common journey. Wheels and rods and bars had never before attempted what "898" had now squared away to do.

If you ride only in cars you know not what knolls and swales lie in the tunnel between Fifty-second and Ninety-sixth Streets. The entering reach was a down slope that lent thus the aid of natural law. The running giant accepted the aid, but made no heel tracks; steam was crowding the pistons. Down to the floor of a gentle valley, up and over a rise as a ship rides an ocean heave. She was footing over fifty miles an hour in the dark bore beneath the city.

There was a dull-yellowish light ahead, it brightened, stone arched above—the engine bounded into the daylight, starting just a trifle as she did, like a mettled horse at a whip-touch. The hairy hand on the throttle-bar had clutched anew. Chimneys seemed dancing left and right, and side-streets flitted by like spokes of a whirling wheel. We were skittering along the viaduct, and the drivers were unwinding trail at sixty miles or more per hour.

Reagan had not broken his pose at starting. You might have believed him stark and stiff at his post, save for a swift glance now and then at fireman, clock, or steam-gauge. He knew in what time he must make each individual mile, despite grade or curve, from New York to Albany. Inside the greasy cap cool, steady head-work was doing. And I believe the great engine had a brain which knew the impossibility of a thousand miles for one machine at such a pace—a brain which knew that even then miles away the fires were lighting in some giant comrade that should speed the westward flight.

She hissed fretfully at the dome as Reagan eased her over Harlem Bridge and around the curve at Mott Haven Yards—over five miles from start, in six minutes' time. With screaming steam she looped the loops around Kingsbridge and Spuyten Duyvil, and straightened out along the Hudson River. The steam ceased its screaming then. Reagan had other use for it, and he set a gait that left the tree-limbs first trailing and then waving after the train.

Each suburb town had a group or a throng to see the first run of the Exposition Flyer. Every trackman, every switchman, every flagman, and operator ahead had made ready for the fastest run the division had ever known. And Reagan, flying northward with a hundred lives in his care, had faith in each unseen comrade; knew that each spike and brace and rod were true, that each hand and brain had made safe the path.

Clear of the suburb towns and in the open on an arrowy reach, Reagan for the first time loosened the tension upon himself. He let go his bracing hold on the reversing bar, but the grimy left hand kept its clutch at the throat of the black, running beast. With one hand thus on the throttle, he swung half around to see if his guest was still aboard. His face slightly smiled, but the eyes of the man—they half awed me with a sort of far vision shadowed there. They were focussed to a twenty-hour schedule, charged with responsibility for human life.

I slid down from the shiny leather seat, stood steadied by grip on the reverse-bar against the engine's roll and lurch, and shouted in Reagan's ear:

"You walked her out of New York at a good clip!"

"Yes, fair," answered Reagan, his face half turned and with eyes slanted ahead to the tracks.

"Mott Haven Junction in six minutes is more than fair," I yelled—"ordinary trains use ten minutes from Harlem Bridge to Forty-second street." A flicker of smile again came to his face, and he nodded.

"Are you going to make any record time before you cut off at Albany?" With his right hand on my shoulder, still holding the throttle with his left, he pushed me past the reversing bar to the front of the cab, so that he could speak audibly and yet see the tracks gleaming ahead. Then he replied:

"You see, there's no end of her runnin'; she can run jus' as fast as she wants to, she can. But the sked'l's a little slow for 'er, an' so she's jus' a-joggin' along easy-like."

For an instant and without answer I peered into the man's face to determine if he were

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jesting, and I recall a flitting sense of apprehension lest Reagan should decide to get out of her what he might regard as *speed*.

"How fast are we running now?"

"'Bout sixty or sixty-two where there's straight goin'." Then he tested some valves, peered down into the furnace, where the fireman was poking with an iron rod, and I slid back on to the leather seat behind him. I thought:

"What in Heaven's name might be speed, if this was 'jus' a-joggin' along easy-like?' " Clinging then to the cab-frame to hold my seat, I determined not to incite Reagan to any stunts of speed. This view was enforced by some involuntary impressions. I was conscious of a quickened impetus that instantly followed a nudge I saw Reagan give to the throttle-lever. The roaring bulk had just rounded a bend, into a straight level of three or four miles near Poughkeepsie. The rails and ties were flowing swiftly toward us and beneath us. A rocky headland, with glistening rails bending out of sight around its base, came rushing upon us. Close by the bend the water lapped and slapped on the sea-wall, as though trying the distance to the tracks, and beyond was open river. Surely he'd ease her for that curve, and I watched to see his hand give a push on the bar. Not so, and we were too close now to save being hurled off that glistening bend of rails. We were upon it. With stopped breath and sitting not more than four pounds' weight upon the leather seat, I leaned in an impulse to balance things. The maniac machine suddenly hunched her left shoulder, swerved with a dastardly lurch to the right, groaned, rounded, levelled, and straightened away. I let out pent-up breath and settled back, weighing a ton on the leather seat. I was glad Matty Reagan turned for an instant to see how I took it, even though he smiled. It was a recognition of a strenuous situation, and helped to restore my self-respect.

The swaying brute plunged through Poughkeepsie, and half an hour later I found myself giving birth to a wish that Reagan might make a record performance. So do we "rise by the things that are under our feet," grow brave by the hazards we have passed.

Scanning the official train-schedule used by employees, I hunted for some even figure distance between stations. Ah, here was a stretch upon which time could be made, and I knew it was arrowy straight and a shade down-grade going north. Again I slid down to the foot-board, and, clinging to the reverse-bar, put my face to Reagan's ear, which he inclined toward me.

"If you wanted to shove her some, here's a good strip between Stuyvesant and Castleton!" I yelled; "10.02 miles, and I think it is a straight easy slide." He made no reply, faced squarely front again, and gave me no further attention. A moment I waited, scanning the kindly face now hardened to iron.

"I have a stop-watch and could catch the the time!" I yelled again, with explanatory inflection. Again no response, and I slid back to my perch with a sense of being rebuked as a meddler. He must wonder what I wanted, with the clattering engine and the trailing train spurning the track at sixty-five to seventy miles per hour. I concluded I was a frenzied fool, and sealed my mouth. I looked across the cab to see if the fireman had witnessed the repulse. I was, however, spared that. Leaning in the cab-window, he was ringing the bell as we pounded over the clattering switches of Hudson. Abreast the brick-yards above the town, I noticed Reagan glance toward the soot-faced fellow at the bell-cord.

"Hey, there!" shouted the engineer, and the fireman quickly turned a half-startled face, letting the bell die out as he sprang across to Reagan's side.

"Break up yer crust!" I heard the latter bawling. "Git 'er mellow an' warm, fer I'm goin' to cut 'er loose somewheres around Coxsackie."

A grin that made him look like a cheerful Imp flashed over the fireman's soot-smudged face. The chain rattled as the furnace-door was yanked open, the heaving bulk bellowed with the indraught, the blackened hands seized the long, iron prod, the red and freckled arms plunged it into the glowing maw of the retching beast. The panting hell was dug and ripped and lifted and jammed; then mouthfuls of coal from the ringing scoop, a plume of black smoke from the stack, more chain rattle, partly closed door, more artful feeding from the ringing scoop, a clattering slam of the furnace-door, another belch of smoke above the trailing train. The gleeful Imp, remounting his perch, swiftly scanned valve, tube, and gauge.

The switch-rods at Stockport still quivered from the awful pounding, when a wild sputter of steam from the dome made Reagan glance swiftly at the gauge, and then over at

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the Imp, whose sooted face had sweat-worn channels of clean skin. One nodded grimly in satisfaction, the other wagged his head as men do when a gallant deed is done.

Surplus power! Old "898" was getting "mellow" and "warm."

We felt a sudden new impetus—the stoker and I, and he glanced up to where I clung on the slippery leather and winked. The sputter at the dome subsided. We knew Matty had drawn on that surplus. He had begun to "cut 'er loose."

All sense of apprehension had fled. There was a clear sense of all the possibilities—that a spreading rail or a broken rod might at any moment "close the incident," but no fear. Where I had "sat light" with anxiety, I now "leaned to the pommel" to relieve her of weight, to lend her speed.

The fireman stood now at his place, face eager, eyes ahead, bell-rope in hand. No more winking. No more "mugging." Business was on—a race within a race. His allegiance now was to that stirless man with a set, hard face and a clutch on the throttle so tense as to whiten his knuckles through the grime. Once more he tried the valves, leaned for an instant to scan the gauge-finger that trembled above a mark denoting ferocious pressure.

Suppose she were to burst now! What mattered it? We would scarcely be conscious of it.

She heeled around a sweeping curve that in its effect was reduced by our flight to the arc of a turn-table, so it seemed. The wicked, black beast appeared not to be moving parallel with the tracks, but, rather, to be leaping sheer into the air at a low angle. She righted, however, and with a lurch that was devilish. Suppose the clinging flange had been pared off on that curve! But it wasn't. I heard Reagan's voice and leaped to his shoulder.

"That's Stuyvesant—on the right, ahead there; get your watch ready!"

"Ay, ay!" I yelled back to him.

Suddenly my chin again went up with another forward impulse. Great God, would she endure it? Reagan was again gruelling the glistening brute. He had "cut her loose."

A little yellow structure gleamed out of the green hillside away down ahead of us. It was Stuyvesant Depot, where the stop-watch should be started. More than a dozen miles in arrowy line and slightly downgrade, the tracks reached away to an inverted V in the distance. The afternoon sun lent them glistening high-lights which the big drivers soon would smite to momentary darkness. The little yellow depot grew up to view as though under a focussing glass. Matty lifted his right hand as though to renew his warning.

"All right!" I shouted. The station flashed past. On the instant a pressure set the little watch wheels moving. How tiny they seemed, along with those seven-foot drivers that were spurning the road-bed beneath us at a rate no human thing had ever before flown, purposely.

The avalanche of steam and steel now and again shot through a shadowy aisle of trees that shut in upon us the diabolism of crashing sounds. The glistening barrel of the clanging giant grew to be alive, the short stack a foretop, and the iron frontlet rolled and lurched until we were clinging to the flank of a maddened devil that would kill us if he could. Wind at the speed we were flying is classified hurricane. This flight, too, had the rush and crash and hurtle of a tempest. Iron was rolling upon iron no more: the down-beat of the tires was a pounding cannonade upon the rail-joints. The monster's hell-charged bowels were vibrating with every blast from the cylinders. And the sharp, clean exhaust of the splendid creature was so quick that the puffing at the stack was a continuous volley, like when a lad runs at full speed with stick against a picket-fence. There was grim suggestion in the lateral ringing of the great connecting rods when she lurched. Far out along the line, a glimmer of white in the trees. Another and another. The little huddle of Schodack Landing it was. They flashed forward to meet us, as the shadowy object grows up suddenly from the yellow film of the photographic plate. The sobered fireman again tugged at the bell-cord. I heard no sound. The tempest of air flowing behind us had snatched it away.

Four miles more to Castleton Station—and the ten and one-fiftieth miles would have romped beneath us. Calmly the little watch jogged its slender finger. It had no consciousness of the crashing, roaring delirium, whose results it was to measure. A sense of numbness crept upon my flesh, the result of jar and manifold vibrations. The fingers clutching the rail of the cab-window grew cold with the rush of the May-day air upon them. People in the heavy parlor-cars be-

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hind us must be aware of great speed, but steadied by the train's tension they were gliding along the rails all ignorant of how it felt in the engine-cab. Gripping my cap in one hand, I leaned from the window to watch the following train—only for an instant. Days afterward there was tenderness where the hair had been whipped and pulled against the still air through which a tempest speed was whirling us. The fireman observed the incident and saw my caress of the tender surface. He grimaced and shook his head. He knew better—kept his head inside.

Clinging grimly on the cab-seat with the bellowing, clanging, gnashing, grinding Thing heaving under us; with patches of forest whisking past so quickly as to seem like flying brush; with telegraph-poles closing down upon us in swift ranks at lock-step either side; with the river bent to a cimeter-curve by our speed and flashing beside us; with the far mountains gliding against each other as though to a stately measure; with the near-by hills whirling as though in a romp; with the immobile engineer always with left arm extended to the steel bar and the wind "playing rat-tat" with a corner of the bandana; with the insistent, onrushing plunge of the roaring bulk and its trailing train—with all these, and a sense of repose in utter impotence, I found the mind wondering if the Thing would ever again be still. With deliberate interest I scanned the grim being there in front of me. With my intelligence I knew it was Matty Reagan, but to a new sense born of the situation he had become the apotheosis of this giantry, the incarnation of ferocious force, the personification of demoniac rush and clangor. I was speculating whether he could ever choke down this beast of steel thews, whether Satan had begat here a commotion that man could never quell.

Possibly not so! A signal that was human had come from Reagan. Moveless otherwise, he again lifted his right hand. It was his signal that the yellow speck ahead was Castleton—the end of the fervid strife. Quickly we whelmed down upon it, passed it; the watch was stopped and I held it clasped tight while we flew thundering on.

Then a slight jolt of Reagan's left shoulder, and with a curious interest I watched and felt for obedience in the wild Thing. A slight curve was ahead. Another shoulder-jolt. The Thing steadied. The rhythm of its tumult was less furious. It swung around the bend at a speed that was yet terrific, but sanity was returning to the engine and, a little farther on, she came to be again "898"—a thing possible of designation in human terms. Again the Imp was doing something to the furnace, I knew not what.

Then, as though feeling back into a dream to identify something, I held up and examined the stop-watch. What was the record? At first I must have read amiss. No, the mute story of that furious flight stood and proved at five minutes five and three-quarters seconds.

By a worked-out table to which I referred, we had travelled the ten miles at the rate of about one hundred and twenty miles per hour. Could it be correct? For the first time I doubted the little watch that had been for me the true historian of numberless events of moment and renown. I hesitated to speak to Reagan about it, for he must know that my watch was a liar. But he, easing her off a trifle more, half-turned and glanced at me inquiringly.

"Well, Matty, I don't dare to tell you what this watch says."

"Why not?" he called.

"Because it must have skipped some time on that ten miles—it makes the run too fast."

"Well, what do she say?"

"Five minutes five and three-quarters seconds—at the rate of about one hundred and twenty miles an hour, not quibbling about fractions of miles or minutes." Matty half smiled and turned again to his vigil.

"Do you think it can be right?" I asked, standing beside him at the reverse-bar.

He looked into my face squarely for the first time since the start in New York, and I stood for a moment loose-jawed at what I saw in the man's face. His grisly beast had yielded to his dominance and was now running down to sixty-five, to sixty-two miles per hour. But the master could not so quickly release himself from the awful tension. He was still keyed to the 120-mile point, and in the eyes of this grimy engineer there was still a something of daring, of command, of ultimate resolve, that I had never before seen. He still half awed me by the bigness of some spirit that, not having subsided, still shone from his eyes and stamped his face.

"Well," he spoke, "she was runnin' very fast."

"You call it fast, do you?" He smiled slightly.

"Almighty fast!"—half musingly.

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"Not 'jest a-joggin' along easy-like,'" I asked, openly quoting his diction.

"No, she wasn't joggin'—she was runnin' fer her life, she was." I felt renewed confidence in my stop-watch. Suddenly we boomed through a hamlet where a group wildly waved from a little cottage-porch. It was Reagan's home. He glanced to see it, but made no sign. We were thundering into the East Albany Yards, and the engineer would yield nothing to himself. But the Imp stepped across and waved back a greeting. We clattered through the yards, slowed down to a rumble, strode with a tread of dignity over the big bridge at Albany, and the wheels were finally still—five minutes ahead of the twenty-hour schedule on the Hudson Division.

Backing down the awkward steps from the cab, I swung finally to the platform and, while they loosed her couplings, I paused for a moment with childish awe to look her over. As though taking advantage of some monster while it slept, I touched the big steel arm all flecked with flying oil, and laid a hand on the drivers I had feared might never again be still. They gave the word to go ahead, and "898" with stately leisure made way for the giant comrade which soon was coupled on to speed the westward flight. And as Reagan led her off on to a siding, he glanced backward and nodded me good-by.

We gathered at table, while we climbed the Albany hill westward—Daniels, Yager, and the master mechanic, Buchanan. A conservative citizen is Buchanan—a Scotchman of steady pulse and calm.

"Well," said he, after hearing the story from the cab—"I wouldn't be surprised at most anything I might hear these days; we were running very fast down there."

"And you believe, then, that the watch is right?" I exclaimed—so eagerly as to jolt the careful Scot into an even more cautious attitude.

"No, I didn't say the watch is right or wrong. I say I wouldn't be surprised if it were one or the other; but you are telling the story, and must tell it as you think best." There was no confirmatory value in this. My face, I imagine, showed disappointment, for I heard Yager say encouragingly:

"I timed miles below Poughkeepsie in forty-five seconds and less, and I never rode so fast in my life as just below Albany." This gave me comfort but not conviction.

Temperamentally an optimist and a radical, the impulse was to abide by the watch, glorify Reagan, and myself enjoy a bit of cheap distinction. But the more impulse tugged toward head-line material, the more did reason demand a valid confirmation. Exact fact is the creed and gospel of The Associated Press. It must be protected from error, and most of all from errors of vehement assertion, aggressive affirmation, which flow so easily into sensation. It would be easier to apologize for being too slow than to defend ourselves against charges of being too fast.

So, as the train flew on at the rate of fifty- and even forty-five-second miles, the story was prepared. To its very face I impugned the integrity of my stop-watch. Before my vision came Reagan's face in vain, with mute protest and appeal. Thought flashed to me also of the eager faces in the engineer's home by the railroad tracks away back there. I could by a pencil-stroke make them very proud I knew, and yet the record of that ten-mile rush was written in at six minutes and fractions, instead of five minutes.

Ah, but I was wrong! Clear through to Chicago the stop-watch was subjected to tests, and was proved by other timers, and never once made skip or hitch. In Chicago I found competent people with perfect facilities, who tested it with utter thoroughness. I told them something of the story, and the trial of the little stop-watch became the news of the shop during three days of careful experiment. And the man who returned it to my hand had a pleased face as he announced that the little wheels had proved their integrity.

So now, I know the stop-watch told the truth that May-day afternoon, and in common honesty I pay my debt to Reagan's nerve and skill. He sent "898" 10.02 miles in five minutes five and three-quarter seconds, instead of six minutes as told by the wires that day. Her drivers in that ten-mile rush turned around eight times every tick of the clock. In every second of time she made 173 feet of distance—three feet less than at the rate of two miles per minute, or a shade off 120 miles per hour.

Matty Reagan "signed orders" for a far journey years ago, but his name is not forgotten in the service. Among those who proudly waved at the engineer from his home by the railroad tracks that Sunday afternoon—among them was a son who is firing to-day on another twenty-hour run over the Hudson Division—in line for his father's old place.

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*Photograph by Otto Sarony Company, New York.*

WILLIAM NORRIS AS *ALAN* IN "BABES IN TOYLAND."

# THE PLAYERS

THOSE shrewd commercialists whose business it is to provide stage amusements for us are convinced that this is a mad world, a mad, amazing world, my masters. The truth is that the world, or at least that part of it which supports theatres, has become more sane, and after the topsy-turvydom of the past few years it is not strange that managers should regard the present normality as mental aberration. Theatrical purveyors for the most part have been guessing wrong this season and the blundering has cost them much money. These directors have no sentiment, at least not enough to inflict deep pain, outside of that affected by profit and loss. They are willing to give the public all the old English plays ever written, if the public will pay, but the managers tearfully protest against sudden changes in popular taste.

Plainly the public has wearied of feeble, fatuous foolishness. It has awakened to the fact that ever so many theatrical offerings are an insult to a thinking intelligence. It wants a little real humor in its farces and musical comedies; it wants to be interested as well as amused; and it has turned to Shakespeare because it is sure of finding something that is worth while.

It is a curious commentary upon the taste and culture of the large American cities that they practically have ignored the classic drama for a dozen years, since the retirement of Edwin Booth, who made his last appearance in Brooklyn on April 4, 1891, while the smaller towns, especially in the South and West, have supported Shakespearean representations. If one excepts Mr. Mansfield's excursions, the least successful, artistically, of his career, and Mr. Sothern's *Hamlet*, New York has seen in this period only sporadic productions of the works of the greatest dramatist, made usually to gratify the vanity of some star whose personal drawing-power was depended upon to fill the house.

This season has seen a revival of interest in Shakespeare that bids fair to develop into a craze. But let not serious, æsthetic souls hug the delusion that the Avon bard will drive everything before him. If one looks into conditions with comprehensive, unbiassed eyes, it seems plain that the public is not clamoring for Shakespeare because of an Idea, but that it is demanding that which is really good, measured by half a dozen standards, and it accepts the classic dramas because they have a real meaning to an aroused thinking intelligence.

It were a bold prophet who, at the beginning of the season, would have ventured the prediction that New York would have months of successful presentation of Shakespeare's plays. They began in January and they bid fair to last until the close. In March there

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Photograph by Armstrong, Boston.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, NOW PLAYING IN "LORD AND LADY ALGY."

were three productions running at the same time. Viola Allen in "Twelfth Night" followed close upon the heels of the Rehan-Skinner engagement, and when an ear operation compelled her to retire for a time, Charles Frohman brought Edith Wynne Matthison and Ben Greet to the Knickerbocker to continue the comedy, but in a vastly different manner. The English players gave it in the simplicity of the Elizabethan manner, in so far as it was possible, except that boys did not take the parts of women as they did in the olden time, and of course the audience did not, as in Shakespeare's day, sit on the stage and in tiers of boxes back of it.

There was but one stage-setting for the entire play, and the proscenium curtain was not used at all, either at the beginning or at the close of the performance. The dialogue or action was continuous, save for an intermission of five minutes, marked by two ponderous persons, in the uniform of the Yeomen of the Guard, walking across the stage. For three hours these unfortunates were compelled to stand motionless at the side of the stage, save for that brief promenade, and the audience felt rather sorry for them.

It was most interesting, this Elizabethan manner of presenting a play, but in these days simplicity is likely to be somewhat trying as well as entertaining. It gave one a feeling of smug virtue to know that the performance was scholarly and instructive; one left the theatre with a most superior air. But if the acting were not so marvellously good, the play would probably be obscured by a fog of drab melancholy. The players are truly distinguished for the most part. First comes Miss Matthison, whose *Viola* gives but small indication of her power, for, temperamentally, she is a tragic actress and she is successful in comedy only because of her finished art. In her *Viola* there is a lack of contrast, of spontaneity, of genuine gayety; one realizes that she is acting. In the emotional scenes she is superb, although there is too little opportunity for her to use her glorious voice. The *Sir Toby Belch* of B. A. Field, the *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* of John Sayer Cawley, and the *Feste* of Cecil A. Collins were a pure delight in their contrasted humor.

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EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON ("*EVERYMAN*"), THE NEW SHAKESPEAREAN STAR.

Ben Greet, to whom the programme allots the credit for staging the production, was an obtrusive, exaggerated, artificial *Malvolio,* garishly modern, in the opinion of the Shakespearean students, though the others liked him well. By the time that *Olivia's* steward appeared upon the scene most of the students were as deep in Elizabethan customs as was that celebrated queen in her ruff. Mr. Greet has long been a manager in England and he drifted from the front of the theatre to the stage. He is an active member of the Elizabethan society, which goes in for everything archaic. Most of his reputation has come to him since Miss Matthison has been associated with him.

By English critics, who take the drama most seriously, this young woman is held to be the finest Shakespearean actress on the boards. Yet her popular reputation in her native land is not as great as it is in America. She made her first appearance six years ago, when she was a little more than twenty, in the chorus of a comic opera at the Savoy in London. She comes of an old theatrical family, known on both sides of the Atlantic, but it was not intended that she should go on the stage.

Miss Matthison did not remain in comic opera, for it was not long after her first appearance that she became associated with Mr. Greet, appearing chiefly in pastoral performances of Shakespeare and in the old English comedies. She made a venture in a

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JULIE OPP, CO-STAR WITH HER HUSBAND, WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

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WRIGHT LORIMER IN *"THE SHEPHERD KING."*

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ROBERT EDESON IN "RANSON'S FOLLY."

modern play that was highly successful, scoring a great hit as *Princess Angela* in "The Royal Family," a part associated with Annie Russell in this country. Her greatest success has been as *Everyman*, in the old morality play of that name, first in London and afterward in this country. And, by the way, the good fortune that attended that archaic dramatic offering last season should have shown managers that we were prepared to accept serious things.

Miss Matthison owes much to her husband, C. Rann Kennedy, who plays *Orsino* in "Twelfth Night," and who is recognized as probably the greatest of all Shakespearean scholars so far as the stage is concerned. He belongs to a family that has been famous for its students for something like two hundred years, and which has been identified with Cambridge. He is closely connected with the Four Kennedys, widely distinguished as classicists, especially in Greek, who have added to the glory of the university. C. Rann Kennedy was also graduated from Cambridge, where he was considered a worthy member of his celebrated family, and where he was recognized as an authority on the English drama. Naturally he gravitated toward the stage. He was first a business manager and then he became an actor, chiefly to be of assistance to his wife. No one realizes more clearly than he that he does not possess the player's temperament—and nothing could be more convincing than such a statement from a man who is acting. Still, his *Orsino* is illuminating and interesting, for the radiance of scholarship shines brilliantly in his reading of the lines, and he knows how every distinguished actor has played the part since the comedy was produced in the first year of the seventeenth century.

So successful was the old style "Twelfth Night" that, when it was forced to move from the Knickerbocker, it displaced a lively musical farce at Daly's. Truly there is some justification for managers to think that the public's head has been turned. The British players followed "Twelfth Night" with "As You Like It," but in the modern manner, "She Stoops to Conquer," and other old plays.

A demonstration that we have not become wholly serious is the great success made by "The Yankee Consul" with Raymond Hitchcock as the star at the Broadway, one of the biggest theatres in New York, but hardly large enough to hold the crowds that flocked to see the show. The libretto was written

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*Photograph by Otto Sarony Company, New York.*

IDA CONQUEST, LEADING WOMAN WITH RICHARD MANSFIELD

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*Photograph by La Marche, Chicago.*

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, *YANKEE CONSUL.*

ROBERT PATON GIBBS.

by Henry M. Blossom, Jr., who successfully dramatized his story of "Checkers," and the composer is Alfred G. Robyn, both of St. Louis. The music isn't especially original, nor is it likely to set the town to singing, but it is lively and it is relevant to the text, a

AMELIA STONE

*Photo by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.*

VERA MICHELENA.

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novelty nowadays. The lines are genuinely witty, and the story has a certain reasonableness. But without Raymond Hitchcock it is doubtful if it would make much of an impression. He is a true humorist, a real comedian. In these days of grotesque make-ups, of wild and fearsome horse-play, this star has the temerity to appear in conventional clothing, and natural as to face, which suggests keen, dry Yankee wit. He has a long nose, a long chin, and when he smiles in his whole-hearted way, he shows teeth white and regular, teeth that a woman might envy.

As *Abijah Boose*, United States Consul to Puerto Plata, San Domingo, he seems a very real character, and his humor is infectious. He depends upon no extraneous aids or properties; the fun seems to radiate from him unconsciously. He is absolutely natural. But his success is the result of years of hard and intelligent work, in the face of ill-health. He was born in Auburn, N. Y., some thirty-five years ago, and when he was old enough to work he secured a place as a clerk in a shoe-store. He was drafted into an amateur minstrel performance in his native town and he attracted attention. The shoe-shop lost all its attraction for young Hitchcock; he would be an actor. He secured a place in the chorus of the Grau-Gordon Opera Company and he learned the miseries of trooping in one-night stands. It nearly killed him, but he was determined to stick to the stage. His first New York appearance was at the Bijou in "Charley's Uncle," and later he was in "The Three Little Lambs," where he attracted a small amount of attention. He travelled around the country with Peter F. Dailey, Robert Hilliard, "The Burgomaster," and "Vienna Life." He joined Henry W. Savage's forces in 1896, and he played for a long time in the American Theatre, beginning practically in the chorus, but steadily advancing. It was not until he was given the leading part in "King Dodo" that Mr. Hitchcock made his first big hit. Now the success he has won for "The Yankee Consul" has placed him in the front rank of comedians. He is really a fine actor. He has even played *Shylock* and played it very well.

Another musical farce, styled, by way of variety, an operatic comedy, has also met with favor in New York, "The Tenderfoot." In a sense it is a one-man show, inasmuch as the author not only staged it, but is also the star. Richard Carle is one of those unusual persons who has at last succeeded, after for years promising to accomplish things that missed fire. He is a college man, whose ambition it has always been to be a star comedian and a successful playwright. As a player he was frequently near-funny, but the farces which he presented in days gone by were usually very, very sad. He persisted, however, and he has justified himself. "The Tenderfoot" is a lively bit of nonsense with a good deal of humor, frisky music, and a chorus that seems to be enjoying itself. As *Professor Zachary Pettibone*, Mr. Carle shows a praiseworthy repression and drollery that has a distinct value. His work in this rôle is so far in advance of that exhibited in the other characters in which he has been seen in New York that one might be justified in believing that this is a new Richard Carle. And he is surrounded by a capable company.

There isn't any particular substance to "Glittering Gloria," but it is one of those farces in which the action is exceeding swift and the situations admirable from a technical stand-point. It is typically French in spirit and it is rather difficult to believe that it was written by an American. Its author is Hugh Morton, who is really Charles McClellan. He adopted the *nom de plume* in the days when he was the editor of a weekly newspaper that used to attack stage productions and poke fun at critics in a manner most unpleasant to the dignity of those gentlemen who are really highly sensitive. When he began to write musical plays it was thought best to conceal his identity until it was demonstrated whether or not he would succeed in the new line of activity. His successes have been commercial rather than artistic. "Glittering Gloria" was presented in London as a straight farce, without music, but over here it was thought necessary to inject melodies and the result is rather curious. The action is so rapid that the songs, which are haled in by the ears, throw everything out of joint. Ferdinand Gottschalk, as a rural solicitor drawn into the gay theatrical world of London, carries off the honors in a very good company, which includes Cyril Scott, Forrest Robinson, Adele Ritchie, Phyllis Rankin, and the Hengler sisters.

Channing Pollock has made a strong entertainment out of Frank Norris's novel, "The Pit," and Wilton Lackaye gives a powerful performance as *Curtis Jadwin*. The play is not always clear as to details, but the thread of the story is sufficiently obvious, and the manner in which the playwright and the star

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manage to express the spirit of stock gambling is really remarkable. The ruin that threatens is always felt, for it is in the very air. In other words, "it has atmosphere," to use a favorite expression of the player-folk and which they abuse almost as much as they abuse the word "temperament," which covers more sins than charity. There are upward of fifty speaking parts and there is a tremendously exciting panic scene on the Chicago Board of Trade when Jadwin is overwhelmed. Mr. Lackaye's facial expression when he realizes that he is beaten is almost terrible in its intensity.

One of the clever bits in the play is the *Monsieur Gerardy* of Robert Paton Gibbs, a very clever character actor. He left the University of Virginia to go on the stage, and while he has played a great variety of parts, he seems to stamp his individuality upon each. One of his first notable successes was *Gecko* in "Trilby" and he won quite as much praise as *Geoffry Pilgrim*, the tough, in "Sporting Life." He also played *Count Arnault* in "The Tarrytown Widow," *Signor Maginnice* in "The Marquis Michigan," *Dr. Schwartz* in "A Bachelor's Romance," and *Major Mendoza* in "Captain Impudence." He was given the part of *Martin* in the all-star cast of "The Two Orphans," produced at the New Amsterdam the latter part of March.

No greater personal triumph has Richard Mansfield won in his remarkable career than as *Ivan the Terrible* in the play of that name. He portrays a despicable creature worn out by monstrous passions, a despot intensely religious and superstitious, ferociously cruel: and yet through the senility of age glows the majesty of a king, the power of a great mind that makes him mighty in his feebleness. The actor's make-up is a triumph of that difficult art—the leaden, seamed face, the straggly wisp of beard, the scattered gray hairs, the drooping lower lip are eloquent testimony of the horrible passions that ruled the Tsar John IV. Never have Mr. Mansfield's strange eyes been used with such effect. Their abnormal convexity gives them a glitter that makes them seem more than human. At times his gaze is terrifying in its intensity. And then his wondrous voice! Never has it seemed so round, so full, so powerful, so compelling as in "Ivan," and never has he employed so effectively those tricks of elocution and phrasing of which he is past master.

There is something uncanny in Mr. Mansfield's interpretation of characters in which morbidity is the dominant note. It was shown first in "A Parisian Romance," when he won his first great success in a rôle that so great a character-actor as J. H. Stoddart refused because he saw nothing in it, and further demonstrated in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in "Beau Brummel," "Louis XI.," "The Devil's Disciple," "Richard III.," and now in "Ivan the Terrible."

Ida Conquest, who was so long associated with Charles Frohman in the Empire Stock Company and as John Drew's leading lady, is now the principal woman in Mr. Mansfield's company. Early in the season she was with N. C. Goodwin in the disastrous production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." She is far better as the *Tsarina* in "Ivan."

As a play this new offering of Mr. Mansfield is pitifully poor, yet it has a certain interest in that it gives an idea of the Russian life and manners of the sixteenth century. It is the work of Count Alexis Tolstoi, who died about thirty years ago and whose ambition it was to leave to posterity a trilogy of plays that should give a clear idea of important epochs in Russian history. Unfortunately it is loosely constructed, dull, and uninteresting for the most part—except when Mr. Mansfield is on the stage.

*Revenons à nos moutons!* Shakespeare, of course, although it seems almost sacrilegious to speak of him in connection with mutton, albeit that staple of English nourishment no doubt furnished him with much of his strength. If some sticklers object, let them twist the French saying to convey the idea that those who cannot enjoy Forbes Robertson's *Hamlet* must be mutton-headed. I first saw him play the rôle in London, in 1897, the year he first essayed it there, if memory serves correctly, and it made a profound impression. Since then his performance has become more rounded, stronger, and finished. It more nearly approximates his ideal which was then apparent in his acting.

It is a beautiful performance in which all traditions are swept aside. There is a modernity about it, or rather it is neither old nor new, but intensely human and therefore it belongs to all ages. Mr. Robertson makes *Hamlet* a man and not the personification of an abstract idea. He is flesh and blood struggling for happiness in the face of a terrible tragedy. His is a youthful *Hamlet*, with the light and shade of youth, so young that it is difficult to believe that Mr. Robertson is

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fifty-five years old. Plainly his madness is feigned, and the English player's conception is so admirably portrayed that it carries conviction with it. He is good to look upon, with his thin, intellectual face, his scholarly head, and his wondrous grace. His arms are as eloquent as those of Bernhardt. He reads brilliantly, illuminatingly, although to those who remember Booth, the Robertsonian soliloquy seems lacking in repose. Yet it is consistent. On the other hand, I can remember no one who has ever read the speech to the players so finely. Gertrude Elliott, who is the wife of Mr. Robertson, is not an ideal *Ophelia*. A blonde wig and much powder detract from her natural dark beauty, and she lacks sympathy. Ian Robertson, a brother of the star and who has long been familiar to American play-goers, makes an admirable *King Claudius*.

After having two plays fail this season, William Faversham has fallen back upon "Lord and Lady Algy," in which he made one of his greatest successes as leading man of the Empire Stock Company, of which he was so long a member. His wife, Julie Opp, is playing the part in which Jessie Millward made her greatest hit in this country. Mr. Faversham never made much of an impression as an actor in England, and when he came to this country, something like sixteen years ago, he was unable to secure an engagement at first. He was compelled to go to work for a builder to support himself. Few matinée idols have known what it is to perform manual labor. His first real chance came with Minnie Maddern, now Mrs. Fiske, in the days when she was playing "Caprice" and "In Spite of All," and then Charles Frohman took him up. His first hit in the Empire Stock Company was in "The Masqueraders," and perhaps his greatest success, next to *Lord Algy* was in "Brother Officers."

The rise of Julie Opp is due largely to her beauty and her stature—she is more than six feet tall, with a superbly modelled figure. She is the daughter of an East Side New York saloon-keeper, and she first earned her own living as a newspaper reporter, an occupation for which she had no especial fitness. When she realized that the stage offered her opportunities she decided to adopt it and she was wise enough to go to London, where her figure and her beauty made something of a sensation, gaining for her parts that her talent could not command. She returned to this country in a few years as a leading woman, but her acting made no particular impression. Her *Lady Algy* is the best thing she has done.

The record of the Majestic Theatre in New York is unique. It was opened on January 20th of last year with "The Wizard of Oz," which was expected to remain six weeks. It was played continuously for thirty-eight weeks and was forced to depart to fill other engagements, giving place to "The Babes in Toyland," with William Norris as the star, which also booked for only six weeks and which played for twenty-three, when it in turn had to give way to "The Wizard of Oz." These two shows have occupied the theatre for a year and four months without a break. Early in May a comic opera written by Paul West, and composed by John W. Bratton, "The Man from China," will be produced with Charles A. Bigelow as the star and Vera Michelena as the prima donna, the latter a new aspirant in a field which has seen few worthy additions of late years. Miss Michelena is only nineteen and she is extraordinarily pretty. Moreover, she has a voice that has been carefully trained. She is the daughter of Fernando Michelena, formerly a famous grand-opera singer, and who is now leading vocal instructor in San Francisco. Miss Michelena went on the stage when she was seventeen, playing a minor part in "Princess Chic." The illness of the star gave her opportunity to sing the leading rôle and her fortune was made. She has never appeared in New York.

Wright Lorimer, who introduced himself to New York in April in an elaborate production of a romantic biblical play called "The Shepherd King," written by himself in collaboration with Arnold Reeves, is the son of a Boston clergyman. He is now about thirty years of age, but he has studied for the stage since he was thirteen, when he began to recite and sing in public. As a boy he was a hard student and early fitted himself for Oxford University. When he returned from the English institution he was offered a professorship of English literature by a Western college. He refused to accept it and instead became a supernumerary in the Dearborn Stock Company in Chicago. In three years he was a leading man and he has won a fine reputation in the West, although theatre-goers in New York had never heard of him before he came before them as a star.

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JAMES F. DOCKERY.

# Policeman Dockery—Hero

By THEODORE F. WATERS

WHILE in St. Louis recently I asked the Chief of Police who was the bravest man on his force.

"Well," he replied, "we have just given a gold medal to Policeman James F. Dockery, of the Fourth District, for saving two boys from drowning at the risk of his life. We thought it was the bravest act of the year.

"How was it? Well, Dockery is used to saving life, but this was a case of swimming eighty feet into the Mississippi and bringing the boys back, in spite of the fact that one of them had a strangle-hold on his neck. Dockery was standing one evening by Wiggins Ferry talking to Mike Denief and William Harney, of the Transfer Company, when a cart containing a man and two boys drove down the levee into the river. The teamsters along the Front make it a practice when the day's work is over to drive their carts into the water and wash them. It seems these boys had caught on to the cart behind, and the teamster, who was a young fellow, drove right in with them. When the water was up to the hubs he tried to gee his mule around in line with the bank, but the animal would not gee. He seemed to want to go right on over to East St. Louis. In a minute mule and cart were out in the current with the driver standing on the seat and the boys screaming with fear. As soon as the driver found that they were being carried off, he dived from the seat and left the little fellows to their fate.

"Well, Dockery—I had it from men who saw him do it—Dockery was down the levee like a flash, shedding his coat and his helmet as he ran, and then out with him into the water and swimming like a dock-rat for the two kids. You see they were only little fellows, nine or ten years old. One of them was named George Trudell, and lived with his

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widowed mother in North Broadway, and the other was Herbert Spencer Reddish, a neighbor's child. When they saw Dockery coming hand over hand, as I said like a water-rat, one of them, young Trudell it was, leaped out of the cart and floundered around in the current. Dockery grabbed him with his left hand and kept on after the cart, which was getting farther and farther out and sinking deeper and deeper every minute. When he got near the cart, the other little fellow, Reddish, jumped out on top of him and grabbed him around the neck, and they all went down together.

"Harney and Denief, who were waiting on the levee, thought they would all be drowned; but presently Dockery came up, puffing and blowing and spitting water out of him, and striking out with one hand. How he ever made way under the circumstances is amazing, but he says that he hadn't the heart to reach up and break that child away from the hold that was strangling him. However, just as he thought he would be obliged to do it, little Trudell slipped out of his grasp and sank out of sight. Then, with the other boy hanging to his neck, Dockery streaked for the bank.

"Denief and Harney had a plank ready and were wading out to meet him; when he reached them they broke the hold of the Reddish boy and took him in, while Dockery turned back for little Trudell. That youngster had been sinking and coming up, sinking and coming up, and when the policeman got near him he was going down for the third time. Dockery dived, got him, and started to swim back, and you may well believe that he was exhausted when Denief and Harney finally helped him up the levee.

"Yes, we gave him a medal for it, for we thought he deserved it; but I think you had better go down to the levee, where he is on post, and talk to him yourself. He is not much given to describing his own deeds, but he may tell you some details which I have forgotten."

So down to the levee I went, looking for the bravest policeman in St. Louis. It was dusk; in fact, almost the very hour of day at which Dockery had performed his heroic rescue, and chances for local color were visible at every step. I found Dockery standing on the levee at the foot of Lucas Avenue talking to watchman Jim Sullivan and a man named William Jones, of the City Dump-Boat No. 2. They were discussing the United States Government steamer Mississippi, which had just tied up at the foot of Franklin Avenue, a short distance away. The figures of those on the Government boat could be seen dimly moving about on deck.

Dockery was a round-faced, quiet-mannered policeman, who looked older than his thirty-six years. He was indeed not much inclined to talk. He had just happened to be on the spot, and being a swimmer, why, it came natural for him to pull the boys out; but if it hadn't been for Mike Denief and William Harney he wouldn't have succeeded even——

A crash as of rending wood, a frightened shriek, followed by splashes in the water and choking cries for help, startled us into action.

"What is it? What is it?"

"Someone overboard from the Government boat!"

Dockery and the watchman ran over the apron to the City Dump-Boat, followed by a dozen or more roustabouts from the levee. The policeman stood peering into the water from the end of the boat. The watchman, who had grabbed a boat-hook as he ran, was peering over the side, up stream.

"I see them! I see them!" he cried, presently. "There's two of them. A man and a woman."

The reflection from the lamps on the railroad bridge lighted up the water in spots, and passing through one of these illuminated patches a dark mass bobbed uneasily in the current. It was moving toward us fast, for the river was in flood.

"They'll be sucked in under the boat!" cried someone, the watchman, I think. He was standing waiting, his pole ready.

"We can never get them here," declared Dockery. "They'll be jerked away from us."

"I'm goin' to fend them around to the front. Do you be ready."

When they came nearer we could see a man breasting the current with one hand, while he held a woman's head above the surface with the other. It was his wife, as we learned afterward. The rail of the Government boat had given way as they leaned against it, in the moonlight, and they had been precipitated into the water.

As they floated within reach, the watchman thrust out his pole hard against the man's body, and guided them slowly outward and around the front of the boat, thus giving them a clear path down stream. Dockery, who had clambered over the front of the barge, stretched out

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and tried to grasp them as they went by, but they were out of reach. The man in the water, who did not dare relinquish his death-grip on his wife to catch at the policeman, gave a groan as the latter missed them. Instantly the policeman was up on deck and racing along the dump-boat to where he was well ahead of the drowning pair.

"Hey!" he yelled to the roustabouts. "Do you grab my legs and lower me down."

And over the edge of the boat he crept, head first. Sullivan and Jones comprehended his meaning at once, and grabbed him by the feet, shoving him far out into the water; while the levee men held them in turn by the legs. It was a sort of human cable with Dockery as the outermost link. Paddling and clawing the water with both hands to keep himself on the surface, the policeman waited until the man and his wife floated by, and this time he managed to lay firm hold of them. The roustabouts began to haul in on their cable. The man in the water was almost exhausted, nevertheless, like the brave fellow he was, he said:

"Get her in first. I can take care of myself."

Dockery paid no attention to his words, but held him tightly by the collar and let himself be pulled up the face of the boat. He was hanging upside down, and the blood was rushing to his head in a way that would soon make him lose consciousness, nevertheless, when his legs began to appear above the edge of the boat, he yelled to those on deck to stop pulling and to come after the man. A negro immediately slid down over Dockery's body, and catching hold of the man, was pulled back again by his fellows above, dragging the nearly drowned pair up with him, while the brave policeman suffered the scratching and the roughness of passage which would otherwise have been theirs. Then with a cheer the roustabouts pulled Dockery up and laid him on deck to recover his breath.

There were three of them on deck then, for the moment the husband had found his wife safe he had collapsed. A hurry-call soon brought an ambulance, however, which rushed them to the hospital, where they were revived. All except Dockery, that is. He insisted upon returning to the station-house.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said as he got up to go. "But I'm too tired to tell you about the rescue of those boys just now. Some other time, maybe."

"It is all right," I replied. "I know another story which beats that one." And from the curious way in which he looked at me, I do not believe he understood exactly what I meant.

# The Mood of Dawn

By JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING

WHY is't, that when I wake and see the dawn
Pencil my shutter-chinks with staring white,
At once there shoots a gleam of living light
Across the dull pool whence my thoughts are drawn,
As if a trout-brook from the purple height
Of tamarack-hills, came down with silver leaps,
Quickened and churned to foam the sluggard deeps
That never shook their mirrored stars all night?

Day broadens, and the mud of commonplace
Thickens my pool. I shrink again, aware
Of the hard wrench of change, the toilsome chase
A little longer grasp the old, the tame;
Only in that fresh dawn-mood could I dare
The stark white perils of a dash for Fame.

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# The Queen of Far-Away

By INEZ HAYNES

Illustrated by Jerome Phillips Uhl

IF Carow had heard the mouthful of syllables that the brakeman threw at him from the platform, he might have identified the station. As it was, he did not heed, and only glanced abstractedly out of the window as the train stopped, noticing nothing. He was glad that he would continue to have the whole coach to himself. Again he leaned comfortably back, and stretched his lithe six feet of length diagonally across the two seats that he had pre-empted. He pulled out of his pocket a little yellow-covered book and opened it. The train started. He was yawning in relief, when, suddenly, to his disgust, he heard the frou-frou of skirts coming toward him from the rear of the car.

He took his feet off the seat opposite him with a sigh.

But, after all, a woman, segregated from her kind in the solitude of the coach and an hour's railway journey, might prove interesting. Besides, the frou-frou was a remarkably pleasant thing to hear; its crisp sweep and swish was agreeably mysterious. There was a little voluntary stop, then it began again, gaining in silken volume as it approached. Just at his elbow it ceased a second time; the lady, Carow concluded without turning, was about to seat herself in the place across the way.

Instead, a voice broke the silence. It was somewhat plaintive in tone, a trifle *ennuyée* in expression, and delicately interrogative.

"I beg pardon," it said, "this is Mr. Carow—Mr. Carleton Carow, is it not?"

Carow turned and then jumped to his feet. In that confused instant, as he looked straight into her eyes, his annoyance vanished; instead, he found himself dazed by her beauty.

"Yes—I think so—I have every reason to believe so," he stammered. "I give you my word I am!" he asserted, gravely, pulling himself together, with his eyes still admiringly on her.

He saw a very pretty woman graciously

HE WAS GLAD THAT HE WOULD CONTINUE TO HAVE THE WHOLE COACH TO HIMSELF.

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hovering just this side of thirty. She was either a red-haired brunette, or a dark-eyed blonde, which, he could not, at once, determine. She was, at any rate, rather tall, very slender, and extremely elegant. She was looking at him out of clear, dark eyes that brimmed with light and mischief. He noted categorically that their pupils were of ebony and their irises of amber, that they were shaded by gold-tipped, dark lashes, and accented by slender brows outlining the arch of her ivory lids, and that they were set at a distance, maddeningly piquant, from a delicate, upturned nose. Her thin upper lip raised itself, on each side of the crease in its centre, into the two little red tips that actresses, in their make-up, always create or intensify. The lower lip, on the other hand, was distinctly full. When she smiled, as she did soon, it was vouchsafed to Carow to see that her mouth was precious with pearl.

"I mean Mr. Carow, the poet, you know," she announced prettily, smiling.

"I've even got to admit that," he confessed, groaningly. "You won't think the less of me?" he hazarded, as she continued largessing the generous glory of her smile.

"I shall think very well of you indeed," she asserted, "that is—if—if you—would you—will you be so kind? Could one sit with you?"

"I beg your pardon—I am beyond description felicitated—it did not occur to me—" he threw his stick, his overcoat, and his bags in a reckless heap on to the seat in front. She seated herself calmly opposite him.

She wore a long pongee outer coat, with broad cuffs, and a series of three capes; it was buttoned to the very hem with big pearl buttons. From the brim of her black straw hat hung a cobweb film of veil to just below the tip of her nose, and above that, draped over the brim, a thicker, heavier veil. She carried, in one hand, a pongee parasol and in the other, which was bare, she held a glove and something, the sight of which, even after an interval of ten years, always made Carow's heart throb faintly—a little thin book, in white and green. It was his first volume of verse.

"You will think it most extraordinary," she said, "but frankly, I've been always curious about you—I've read your poetry—a very great deal of it, all of it, in fact—I think I own every book you've published—I've really wanted to know you, I recognized you the instant I entered the car—and the impulse seized me—if the car had been crowded, I couldn't have done it, but when I saw that you were all alone—that you were quite at my mercy—it seemed a heaven-sent opportunity." She stopped abruptly.

Carow looked nonplussed. He glanced inquiringly at his companion. Her lips were still smiling, but a velvety pink flush had crept to the soft hair-line that outlined wavily her low forehead and her pearly temples; it even dyed the cream of her soft, creased throat.

"You'll think awfully ill of me, I fear," she ended.

"My dear lady," Carow answered, "it's impossible to think at all—you take my breath away. But it is with happiness, I assure you."

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything," she went on prettily. "Let me see," she mused, "what could you possibly do?—you've been at the Farringtons all summer—and you're going up to town for the first time. There's nobody to whom you could talk, if I were not here—and surely you don't compose upon the trains."

Carow's face had undergone the full gamut of its expressions of surprise.

"I sha'n't compose on *this* train," he assured her.

"Of course, you might read," she went on, "you were reading when I approached. But surely I'm better than a book."

"You're better than anything I can think of," he asserted, strenuously. "May I ask you how you know so many things about me?"

"That's what most emphatically you *can't* ask," she answered promptly.

"You have me at your mercy," he sighed.

Her color was receding by faint degrees. She smiled delicately and her coquettish lashes swept down, entirely obliterating the radiant eyes. "But what annoys me is—I'm afraid you won't differentiate me from others—from the crowd who—I am told, are always forcing their acquaintance upon you. I want you to remember me, to think of me as separate and distinct—and I don't mind admitting I'm bothered to death to know how to accomplish it. I shall have to be abnormally clever—but with all my efforts, I'm awfully in dread that I shall not stand out from the rest."

"You're in no danger of such an unthinkable thing," he announced, tranquilly; "that's

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"THIS IS MR. CAROW—MR. CARLETON CAROW, IS IT NOT?"

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the last thing in the world you need be afraid of."

"But I fancy," she sighed, her lips rippling into unconquerable smiles, turning the full light of her mischievous glance upon him, "I fancy there have been a great many such, haven't there?"

SHE LEANED TOWARD HIM OUT OF THE STILL UNSHUT DOOR.

"Fewer than you imagine."

"How few, and what are they like?" she asked, with airy impudence.

"If my memory serves me rightly, they have been in number exactly three," he responded, "they have been of a sex, feminine, of a physique, thin, of an expression, vinegary, of a class, old maid. Do you recognize the type?" he asked.

"Indeed I do," she sighed. Again her white lids forced her amber-black eyes into temporary eclipse. "You might even accuse me of belonging to it," she admitted, humbly.

"Oh, nonsense."

"You don't believe me," she protested.

"It's perfectly impossible."

"I assure you I'm not married."

"I know—I've already taken the pains to ascertain that you wear no wedding-ring."

"When?" she demanded.

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"The instant after I had looked at you."

She laughed.

"You make it very pleasant for me—I shall assuredly spend the rest of this hour with you." She pushed the infinitesimal veil up over the crown of her hat and unbuttoned her long coat. The delicate film of a batiste gown appeared in the opening. Then she paused. Suddenly, as if yielding to an impulse, she removed her hat.

"Would you be so good as to put it with my parasol?" she begged.

Carow took it gingerly and placed it with the maze of little pinked ruffles on the seat in front. Then he leaned his elbow on the window-sill and surveyed her critically.

"I say, it's awfully good of you—you know ——" he burst out.

"What's good of me?" she asked.

"To give me your company, to sit down beside me, to let me see your hair, a dozen, a million things."

She darted a little sidewise, quizzical glance at him. "I've very nice hair—don't you think—such as it is?"

"Yes," he admitted, "what there is of it, and you're extravagant with it." He paused an instant.

"How am I going to break it to her?" he reflected, audibly.

"Break what?" she inquired.

"That she has the advantage of me; that I perfectly remember her face—her divinely beautiful and rememberable face—but that it is her name, her incorrigible, her mysterious, her easily forgotten name, that has slipped from my traitor memory."

She rippled out a laugh that had the bubbling music of imprisoned water flowing out of a narrow-necked bottle. "You sha'n't catch me that way," she mocked. "Of course, I have the advantage of you, you never saw me before in your life. Confess, you never saw me before!"

Carow looked at her. He looked at her very hard, but the undertaking did not appear to tire him. She frankly turned her full face up to his scrutiny and she even banished, for so serious an occasion, the splendors of her distracting smile. Carow gazed deep down into the black centres of the amber eyes. It was the lady who finally turned away her head.

"Confess," she demanded.

Carow sighed. "I have never seen you before in my life," he admitted. "Unlucky beggar that I am."

"I can't tell you who I am," she explained. "You see this is more or less of an adventure for me, undertaken, you understand, in the pure spirit of romance. I can't put it through except as an *inconnue*. You must not ask me who I am."

"Oh, very well," he sighed, "it shall be as you wish, of course."

"Only—only—I beg of you don't think me——" her exquisite brows bristled into a portentous array of vertical wrinkles—"pray don't think me—the wrong sort."

"It would not be possible," he asserted, gravely.

She looked at him curiously. Then she laughed. "When do you sail?" she added, irrelevantly.

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow. O favored of the gods! And you had just returned in the spring—let me see—March 2d—you call that spring, don't you?"

Carow moved restlessly. "You'll drive me mad," he murmured, "but go on and finish the job—why don't you come to Paris, too?"

"I'm too poor now—it happens; and I'm absolutely in rags—if ever a woman was hungry for Paris—I shall go in the spring, however."

"Just as I return—oh, please don't go until the fall—I beg of you, don't go until the fall."

She laughed. "Nonsense."

"Don't you see—hang it—I can't get back until the spring—you're not giving me a chance."

"Nonsense."

"You're taking a cruel advantage of me—you're pitting your strength against my weakness—you're even hitting a man when he's down."

"Nonsense."

He groaned. "Heaven, I've a mind to abduct you." He leaned forward and picked up the little book that she had carried. He glanced carelessly at the pages at which it opened, they were profusely marked and commented upon. Simultaneously, she seized the book from his hands. Involuntarily, his grip hardened.

"Please don't look at it," she implored. He released the book immediately. She still held it tight with her two slender hands. They were very white with pink tips, and their swift contact had been marble and velvet. Carow looked at her contritely. Her transitory flush had come again, effac-

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ing completely the pearl and alabaster values of her wonderful skin.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "You see, I always feel that it is *my* book."

"I wouldn't mind," she said, impulsively, "if it were not that the markings are Ardroe's"—she stopped abruptly.

"Ardroe's?" he questioned, quickly.

"How stupid of me," she exclaimed. Her eyelids fell and she frowned. "I didn't mean to mention her name—or anybody's."

"But you mean Ardroe Garland—I am very sure of that?" he questioned.

"Yes."

Carow looked out of the window. "I used to know Ardroe Garland," he said, and he frowned slightly, "when she was Ardroe Kenyon. We were children together. I have not seen her since the old Chesborough days when she was twelve—I have always remembered her clearly—do you mind telling me about her?"

"I see no reason why I shouldn't," she answered. "I know her very well, after a fashion—much better than she knows me—and, I am fond of her."

"Is she well?"

"Very."

"And happy?"

"Oh, reasonably so—she's young—frivolous—not abjectly destitute and a widow—heaven!"

"Is she pretty?"

She laughed again. "I'm really getting jealous, why drag her into the conversation?" she asked.

"Were you one of her playmates too?" Carow queried, interestedly, in another second.

"I knew her a little when we were children, but not so well as I know her now."

"Merciful heavens—and did I, by chance, ever see you? Did I?"

"You said a few moments ago—that you had never seen me in your life——"

"Did I?"

"——unlucky beggar that you were."

"Did I?"

She turned and looked at him squarely. Her strange eyes crinkled and her lips rippled into the most delicious of smiles. She nodded finally.

"I knew you?"

"Very well."

"Imperial Jove! Then tell me who you were."

"I can't."

"I entreat you.

"It is impossible."

"But if——"

"See—" she interrupted—"we're getting into Boston—there's the South Station." She looked at him with eyes maliciously radiant. "You must leave me soon."

"Let me take you home?"

"No."

"Let me walk a little way with you?"

"No."

"Let me see you to-night—don't you see—I sail to-morrow?"

"No."

"Let me write you—or will you write me—write to me anonymously—if you wish—any way so long as you'll write—will you?"

"No."

"He leaned back in his seat. But the train had stopped. She had been composedly putting on her hat, buttoning up the long coat, drawing on the long suède gloves. Mechanically, he gathered up her parasol and her book. Then he picked up his own belongings.

"Heavens, I'm at my wits' end," he acknowledged. He walked beside her out of the coach.

"You may put me in a carriage," she conceded. "I want to go to the Touraine first. I'm lunching with some friends there."

He called a carriage and put her into it. She leaned toward him out of the still unshut door. "I've had a pleasant hour," she admitted, tantalizingly; "it has been quite all I expected. You're very charming—you've been quite personal enough for the most womanish of women. I think you've scarcely let the conversation get off me once, even when there was a chance to turn it toward your own verse." She laughed infectiously.

"I say," Carow broke in, unheedingly, "don't throw me over like this. I shall be at home in the spring—let me find you. I don't ask for any clews, but pray let me earn you—you *do* live somewhere about where you got on the train?"

She did not assent. But, on the other hand, she did not dissent. She smiled at him again more tantalizingly than ever because at this moment there was in her smile a dangerous element, a sudden rush of sweetness. "Won't you tell the man to take me to the Touraine?" she suggested.

"One moment," Carow dared, moving on to the carriage-step and leaning forward in

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HE MOVED FROM THE COUCH AND KNELT DOWN BESIDE HER.

the carriage. "You do give me permission to find you?"

"Yes—yes—if I'm here."

"Give me a month after I get back, just a month. Don't go to Paris until a month after my return. Promise!"

She looked up at him. He filled the door-way. He seemed to fill the carriage. His flaming blue eyes were looking straight into hers. Her scarlet lips parted and a look of alarm began to grow in her deep eyes.

"I promise," she whispered.

Carow bent farther in—his lips were almost level with hers. He put one hand on the book in her lap, but he did not touch the little bare hand that held it. "Give me something of yours to carry with me," he pleaded, "give me this book—think how long it will be—give me something."

"But Ardroe——" she said, weakly.

"Get her another copy. Give this to me."

She held the book hesitatingly up to him. He took it—and as he took it, all in an instant, he brushed the whole length of the

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hand that held it with his lips. Then he gave her a quick little glance, jumped out and signalled the driver to go on.

The carriage disappeared around the corner, and Carow was left leaning against a lamp-post, the touch of her velvet flesh still living in fire on his lips; his blood turned suddenly molten and his heart pounded furiously against his side. He was clear only on one thing, that his lips had surprised a sudden tremble in her cool flesh, that his last glance had caught a sudden rush, not of pink but of crimson, on her delicate cheek, a sudden, passionate fire in her strange, amber-black eyes.

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Carow lay all that night tossing and turning, trying to impale his childhood's past on his memory. His thoughts went rushing down again and again every path that led to the misty places of twenty years ago. He found he could remember Ardroe, not nearly so clearly as he had fancied. She had been his childish sweetheart, chosen by him because of her tomboyship—and a rather remarkable quality of camaraderie. She was a red-headed child whom in moments of rage he called "Carrots," alive, alert, sentient, remarkably active. From the rest, Jack Garland, who had married her, stood out most prominently—the other children of the neighborhood filled the picture in varying degrees of ghostliness. No one of them suggested very clearly the lady of the morning.

The problem haunted him. He ransacked every memory of the old Chesborough days trying to find a clew out of his dilemma.

He had, more than once, had an opportunity of renewing his friendship with Ardroe, but although Chesborough was so near Mexum, where Carow spent much of his time with the Farringtons, he had never cared to run over to renew his memories. This was in part due to the fact that his first volume of verse had celebrated its lanes and ponds and hillsides, and he had an almost superstitious feeling against disturbing his early impressions. During these years he had been three times invited to Ardroe Garland's house with Tom Farrington, who went there often. The first time he was too ill to go, the second time too lazy, the third time too busy. Then the invitations had stopped.

A VERY PRETTY WOMAN, GRACIOUSLY CLOSE ON THIRTY.

The next morning Carow wrote to Farrington:

"I was able to render some slight assistance to a glorious creature who got on the train yesterday somewhere near Assyria—who can she possibly be?—not quite thirty, I should say, red-haired, dark-eyed, slender, unmarried, very elegant, very much of the gay world—fond of Paris, was reading the first volume of that unappreciated minor poet, C. Carow—a copy that belongs to Ardroe Garland. Move heaven and earth, Tom, to find out who she is. Send news as soon as possible, as usual, care of Baring Brothers."

He took his perplexity aboard the steamer with him, and it throve on the sea air. He received a letter from Farrington soon after reaching the other side. "Have made every possible inquiry," it ran, "but your *inconnue* remains a mystery still. Went over to see Mrs. Garland the next day, and we racked our brains together. She says that she's the only pretty woman under thirty that she knows of in a radius of twenty miles. She went immediately to look for her copy of your verses which she insisted she had not lent, and found it gone. She can't possibly think who has it, but she will know, of course, when it is returned. She entertains, in one way or another, hundreds of people during the year, and it is she finds very hard to

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recall them all. Will write more as the news develops. Mother sends, etc., etc."

Carow found very engrossing the collaborating work that had brought him to Paris. Nevertheless he discovered himself working with a strenuousness that he had never before achieved, in the superhuman effort to eat up and diminish, if possible, the months that lay between him and spring. He wrote to Tom Farrington with a constancy that deceived neither and amused them both. And he watched the mails like a detective. At Christmas-time Tom wrote him that Mrs. Garland had received a fresh copy of Carow's early verses unaccompanied by any card and directed in an unknown handwriting. But she was hoping to solve the mystery.

This little event, curiously enough, heartened him considerably, and he lived for weeks in the hope of a clew. But by the last of March Paris was ashes in his nostrils and dust in his mouth, though he worked with a dogged persistence. In the middle of April he sailed for home, two weeks ahead of time.

He went immediately to the Farringtons. Tom was away, but Mrs. Farrington welcomed him with her usual hospitality. Mrs. Garland, he found, to his disappointment, was away also, for a month; there was no help to be obtained from that quarter. He procured a map of the country and studied it minutely. He visited all the neighboring towns many times and at different times in the day. He went on foot, on horseback, by wheel, and by train. He explored their main streets, their side streets, their out-of-the-way roads, their alleys and lanes. He made all sorts of veiled and roundabout inquiries. He got out of the exploration only the conclusion that most of the inhabitants of middle Massachusetts wore goggles. He went to town twice a week on a particular train and returned on the next. As he approached Assyria his heart began always to pound against his ribs in an agony of expectation. Six weeks went by like a flash; he had gained nothing.

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The last day in May Carow worked late into the evening. About eleven he threw his pencil down and left the house. He strolled slowly out of the Farrington estate to follow for a space the main-travelled road. The moon was up, covering the world with its white magic. The young, green things on both sides of the road were distilling all sorts of sweet, spring savors, and he could begin to hear faintly the boom of the sea. Presently, he turned into a narrow road, bushed heavily on either side. He followed that until it debouched upon the broad Mexum beach. He strolled the whole length of the shore until it shot barringly out from under a huge cliff into a long rocky point. He picked his way to a secluded spot and sat down. It was a comfortable nook, floored with sand and surrounded with rock. He stared out into the sea and thought.

He had lost her, of course; of that he was certain. She would sail for Europe soon. He could, of course, shadow the outgoing transatlantic steamers from Boston at least, but there was very little chance of finding her that way. Why hadn't he followed her to the Touraine that day? Why hadn't he in every way demanded a surer knowledge of her—why—a million things?

Carow stared up into the sky. The stars were faint in the brilliant wash of the moonlight, but there was a band of diamonds sparkling on the sea. The zenith was, for the moment, clear, but big, soft clouds were coming up from the horizon.

How beautiful she was! How straight and elegant her lithe figure, swaying in the muffling folds of her long cloak. Her hair. The maze of its brightness where honey-color ran into gold and then both deepened gloriously to red, its distracting ripples, the big, soft bunch, like massy gold at her neck, the fine-spun ringlets that clustered about her little ears. And such eyes! The depths of amber and gold in their irises, surrounding pupils like ebony, their look of radiant mischief, the coquettish sweep of her gold-tipped lashes.

He recalled the clear-cut, dewy corners of her lips, their luscious fulness, the two little red tips so distinctly outlined on each side of the crease in the upper lip, the line of pearl that her rippling laugh disclosed. The vision thrilled him.

He heard footsteps approaching him, a belated member of the life-saving crew, he supposed; he did not sit up. The footsteps came nearer and nearer. They stopped abruptly.

"Confound it!" he thought to himself, "have I got to talk to somebody?" He waited without looking up.

"I beg pardon," a voice like silver broke the silence, "is this Mr. Carow, Mr. Carleton Carow?"

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He turned and was on his feet like a shot. The lady of the train was standing in the moonlight in front of him. Carow did not speak, he simply stared at her, his face a little white. As before, she wore a long cloak, but this one was of heavy, black satin, with cascades of lace. She wore on her head a huge fichu of soft, creamy Spanish lace, but he could see that in her hair, built high into a marvel of waves and ripples, there were dying some little creamy garden roses. Through the opening of her cloak, it could be seen that she was wearing a light evening dress.

She burst into her rippling laugh again. "I mean Mr. Carow, the poet," she repeated herself bewitchingly.

"Is it really you?" Carow asked simply. "Tell me I am not dreaming."

She laughed again. "Could one sit beside you?" she asked.

Carow drew off his coat and threw it on the sand against a rock. She seated herself languidly. She drew off the scarf from her head and threw her cloak back. For a second, before she had adjusted the scarf about the neck, Carow caught dazzling glimpses of her velvet flesh. Simultaneously, a delicate stir, as of fresh violets, made itself felt in the air. His senses reeled and his head swam.

"Do tell me that you're glad to see me," she begged with elaborate earnestness.

"Glad," he leaned forward and looked at her, his eyes like blue flames. "Oh, the futility, the banality of words. I've absolutely no phrases—my whole vocabulary has departed. I was so afraid I'd lost you."

"Oh, but you *have* lost me—you didn't find me, you know. Your month is up tonight—just five minutes ago, at twelve—and you've had two weeks added on."

He laughed. "It will be very difficult to convince me of that," he said, tranquilly.

"I sail Wednesday," she remarked.

"So do I."

"What nonsense. You've just come home."

"I know it—and when I left, Paris was nearly as interesting as the crater of an extinct volcano. It is surprising though what glamours it takes on when I think of being there with you."

"I've changed my mind about going," she announced.

"It's curious," he confessed, "so have I."

"But you know really you haven't found me yet."

"What do you call this?"

"I found *you*."

"Oh, I'm not particular how it comes about. All I can realize is that I have got you now, I sha'n't give you up in a hurry! And besides, in the last six weeks, I have done searching enough to achieve anything."

She dimpled, "I know it."

"You know it. How do you know it?"

"I've seen you half a dozen times."

"Where—by all that's holy?"

"I've always been in my carriage. When I saw you coming, I used simply to slip on a pair of black goggles."

Carow groaned. "You fiend."

"And twice I've been by this place at night—up there on the cliff when you were sitting here."

"And you didn't put me out of my misery. You—you—oh, you're unspeakable."

"Surely you're not going to complain. This is twice I've forced myself upon you."

Carow laughed shortly. "No, I'm not going to complain," he said. He leaned back against a rock and folded his hands behind his head. He looked at her with steady, half-shut eyes. "I sha'n't complain," he said again. "By the way," he continued, pulling himself together, "how did you get here?"

"I drove—the horse is tied in the little clump of bushes at the foot of the cliff. I must go presently—in a few minutes."

Carow smiled. "I will take you home."

"But there's no way of your getting back."

"I can walk."

"And I haven't decided that I shall let you find me yet——"

"My dear lady," Carow said. "Do you think I shall permit myself to lose you again? Give me an hour. Surely, I've earned an hour after all these months."

"Have you really thought of me in all these months in Paris?" she asked after a pause. "One read of gayeties galore and of such ovations!"

Carow looked out at sea. "I can see every line of your face," he said dreamily, "every curve and dimple; I know just how gold are the irises of your eyes and just the exact tint of the strawberry redness of your lips. I can draw the exquisite curving line in which your hair grows on your forehead—and the surprising dips and scallops it makes on your neck."

"Can you draw the freckles on my nose?" she inquired, interestedly.

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"There were no freckles on your nose—and, by the way, it's quite the most bewitching of noses—when last I saw it. But I'm very glad they're there, they afford me a new beauty to study. Though why I should wish to add to your wiles is beyond me."

She was silent a moment. Then she leaned more comfortably back and put her shapely clasped hands back of her little head.

"Tell me about Paris," she said.

Carow pulled himself up and about, sitting in Turk fashion, his hands clasped about his knees, where he could look at her face. The salt wind blew coolly in from the ocean, the moon dipped lower and lower in the sky. The lady lay, her eyelids half down—their long fringes half revealing the liquid sparkle of the eyes they veiled. He talked, almost continuously, but it was not about Paris.

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"Oh," she said, at length, rousing herself, "that hour must have more than gone. Will you permit me?" she implored. His eyes permitted anything and she stretched herself delicately, turning her head to conceal her yawn. Carow, looking seaward, was suddenly conscious that the hour had indeed more than gone.

"I have kept you too long," he said regretfully.

"Nobody knows and nobody cares," she reassured him.

"Only," she went on, "you must not accompany me to my home."

"I must."

"Please," she begged graciously.

"I must."

She arose and looked seriously out to sea. Suddenly she dropped her hands. "I must ask you not to persist in going home with me," she said.

"I realize," Carow bowed slightly, "that I have forfeited every privilege by boring you to death."

She did not reply. They walked in silence to her carriage.

"Good-by," she said, her foot on the step.

"Oh, don't say good-by," Carow groaned. "Take off your cloak," he said, imperiously. "Let me look at you."

As though yielding, half through coquetry, half against her will, she slipped the big-sleeved cloak off, and let it fall into a glistening heap at her feet. She was wearing a cream-colored crêpe gown; there were billows of yellowish old-looking lace about the neck and sleeves. The corsage left bare a square of her delicate flesh, the sleeves uncovered bare triangles of her dazzling shoulders. There was a string of pearls about her throat.

"Heavens, how lovely she is!" Carow thought. He stooped and picked up her cloak. "Put this on," he said, inconsistently and almost roughly, "you'll catch cold." He held it and she slipped her arms back into the capacious sleeves. The service brought him very near to her. Carow suddenly lost his head and took her in his arms. A moment later he released her muttering a shamefaced apology. With careful precision she adjusted the yellow scarf of Spanish lace about her neck. Then she stepped into the carriage. Carow gathered up the reins and handed them to her. His face was pale as he stood looking at her.

"I suppose I have offended past forgiveness," he said, steadily, "but remember, I don't give you up."

She bowed formally. The horse started forward.

"Remember," he flung after her.

There was no reply. He watched her carriage out of sight.

. . . . . .

Carow did not sleep very well that night. He could not write the next morning; nor did he seem able to find anything to do that interested him for more than a moment. At noon he received a letter by special delivery. The writing was familiar. As he glanced at the contents, he realized in a flash that it was the same that graced the little volume of his first verse that his *inconnue* had permitted him to carry to Paris.

"Will you help me out of the most annoying of dilemmas?" it ran. "Especially when I throw myself on your mercy and tell you frankly that I am asking you as a substitute. Mr. Benedict Worth, whom you perhaps remember in the old Chesborough days, cannot dine, as he promised he would, to-morrow at six with me. Will you come and take his place? The Blakes and the Alexanders will be there. I shall be infinitely obliged.

"*Au désespoir,*

"ARDROE GARLAND."

Carow accepted the invitation with alacrity and by telegram. He was reasonably sure thereby, he felt, of a few hours' freedom from himself and his thoughts. And it occurred to him in persistent reiteration, that perhaps he could discover in collaboration with Mrs. Garland, more successfully than

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with Tom Farrington, the identity of the unknown lady. At six o'clock the carriage had deposited him at "Five Cliffs," Mrs. Garland's house.

A man-servant answered his ring. He was ushered into a big, low-ceilinged living-room. It was empty, and he conjectured that the other guests had not arrived. He gave his name to the man, who returned presently with Mrs. Garland's excuses and the news that she would be down presently.

Carow glanced absently about. He noticed unheedingly the scheme of the room. He approved indifferently of the low, big-raftered ceiling, stained green, and of the big fireplace, and he was critically indulgent of the pervading femininity; the window-couches and cushions, the many little tables, and the many comfortable green wicker-chairs all upholstered in a cool, forest-colored green, in leather or velours.

Suddenly he heard the silken rustle of a woman's skirt coming, evidently, down the stairs and crossing the broad hall. Involuntarily, his thoughts rushed back in memory to that day in the car when he had heard the frou-frou of another woman's skirt. His heart throbbed painfully and for a second he looked somberly off to sea, oblivious of the present.

Then he jumped to his feet and turned to meet his hostess who stood in the doorway, her hands holding each side, like a picture supporting itself in its frame.

She was dressed in a long, black gown, sequined heavily in black and silver. It left bare a rounded segment of her white neck and then it fell, moulding itself jealously to the lithe, elegant figure. Her hair was knotted in a red-gold bunch on her white neck. She was a very pretty woman graciously close on thirty. Her eyes had amber irises and ebony centres and they were radiantly mischievous in expression. Underlying this, there was, however, at that moment a look a little appealing and wistful—a look trustful and sweet—the look of a coquette who is a woman at heart.

Carow stared at her. "How—" he began, stammeringly, "you're Ardroe Garland!" he apprised her instantaneously, and he sat down very suddenly, as if the shock had been too much for him. But he rose immediately.

She laughed ringingly. "And you never guessed once?" she said, "haven't I managed well?"

"I—I—" he looked helplessly out seaward, "I can't understand or imagine or believe my eyes."

A soft, pink flush had arisen, blotting out the pearly tones from her delicate skin, and suddenly as he looked, the mischievous brightness of her eyes was cancelled by tears. She half raised her slender, long arms. Then she dropped them again.

"Oh, what do you think of me?" she asked.

Carow walked quietly across the room to where she stood, gazing at her steadily. He closed the portière behind her. Then he led her back into the room to the couch and seated himself beside her.

"I think only that I love you, and that I have found you," he said quietly.

Her head lay back against the green leather of the couch. Her wet lashes shone iridescently, but her lips smiled tremblingly. He leaned forward and stared up at her, resting his elbows on his knees.

He moved restlessly toward her. She arose and seated herself in a chair.

He moved from the couch and knelt down beside her. He took her hand. "When will you marry me?" he asked, simply.

"Hear the man!" she exclaimed. She withdrew her hand, but gazed indulgently down upon him. "Since when has the word 'marriage' been entered in his dictionary? And when has one ever referred to it with him? Could it be said that one had even faintly encouraged him?" Her eyes mocked him.

Carow arose. "When will you marry me?" he asked again.

"You looked very pale and tired when I came in——" she observed, seriously.

"Perhaps," he admitted, uninterestedly. "I don't recall that I slept last night."

"Nor I—much," she acknowledged, "but you don't look pale now," she went on.

"No," he laughed, "I have had an elixir. When will you marry me?" he observed, for the third time, but still with the casual note in his voice.

She did not answer him.

Her big eyes gazed fascinatedly up into his. Her lips parted and her breath began to come hurriedly. Carow bent still further and kissed her full on her scarlet lips. "Answer me," he commanded imperiously, "I'll not wait another second. Quick, now, before the rest of the people come and interrupt us!"

"There are no people coming," she said, smiling faintly, "the dinner-party's all a myth. I've even packed Auntie away for dinner and the evening. We are to dine alone!"

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# Christianity and Amusements

## May the Christian Dance, Play Cards, and Attend the Play

**Representative Men in many Denominations Discuss the Subject Ably and Interestingly**

**CARDINAL GIBBONS, Roman Catholic**
**NEWMAN SMYTH, Congregational**
**B. P. RAYMOND, Methodist Episcopal**
**E. B. KEPHART, United Brethren**
**C. H. PARKHURST, Presbyterian**
**ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR, Baptist**
**J. B. REMENSNYDER, Lutheran**
**BISHOP DAVID H. GREER, Episcopal**

The attitude of the Churches toward amusements is a live subject. It is particularly so at this time. There are six million Methodists in the United States. A rule of their Church specifically prohibits dancing, card-playing, and theatre-going. At the Methodist General Conference in May the question of rescinding this rule will come up. When a Methodist is obliged to break a rule of his Church in order to participate in pleasures that he believes to be innocent, it naturally takes the edge off his enjoyment. This symposium was prepared with the idea that our readers would be interested to know how the Churches generally stand on this question. The liberality of their attitude is surprising. It would seem as if the church-doors are open wide enough to admit the broadest-gauged. There are thousands of people inside the Church, and outside too, who have not known what position to take on the question of amusements. The most remarkable feature of this series of opinions is the similarity in the attitude of the various denominations. Possibly you do not agree with the views expressed. If there is a disposition to discuss the subject further, we shall be glad to give room for letters from our readers in an early number.—THE EDITOR.

### JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS

James, Cardinal Gibbons, is the most distinguished Roman Catholic prelate in America. A man of broad culture and far-seeing strength of character, his opinion will be read eagerly by Catholics everywhere. He was born in Baltimore, where he now resides, but he received his early education in Ireland, whither he was taken at an early age. Later he returned to Baltimore, attended St. Charles College and St. Mary's Seminary, and was ordained a priest in St. Patrick's Church in 1861. His rise was rapid. He was soon made private secretary to Archbishop Spaulding; then chancellor of the archdiocese; vicar apostolic of North Carolina in 1868; coadjutor archbishop of Baltimore in 1877, and archbishop later in the same year; nominated cardinal in 1884; and invested with princely insignia in 1886. He is the author of "The Faith of Our Fathers," "Our Christian Heritage," and "The Ambassador of Christ." He is in the seventieth year of his age.

IN indulging in amusement, much depends on the way in which persons thus seek recreation. Diversion which in itself is harmless may have such associations as to produce evil results. In the list of popular pastimes, games of cards may be classed as one, to the many who find enjoyment in this manner. In considering the tendency of card-playing for good or evil, three points should be noted —the surroundings of the players, the object of the games, and to what extent the players indulge in them. In the home circle or among friends, only innocent pleasure may be the outcome, provided time which could be occupied more profitably is not devoted to it. Care must be taken not to neglect the opportunity for reading, study, or necessary employment in the mere pursuit of pleasure. If such is the case, the game becomes harmful.

Card-playing for money is gambling, no matter how or where the games are conducted. The encouragement to play for a reward tends to increase the gambling spirit, and where the prizes are valuable, they offer a temptation for one to cheat in order to win. It is obvious that all temptation should be removed if the pastime is to be beneficial and not harmful. Dancing may also be regarded as an innocent diversion unless it is accompanied by an indiscriminate association of the sexes. Some kinds of dancing are obviously improper, but if members of a family or intimate friends desire to thus enjoy themselves, there are places, such as one's home, where they can do so in moderation and with no evil consequences. Dancing has been connected with religious exercises in the past. We read where David danced before the Ark, and in Spain and other countries of Southern Europe it enters into the ceremonies of the Church to this day. It is the manner in which it is performed

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and the surroundings which determine its effect on those who participate in it.

Discretion must also be observed in witnessing the play for amusement. Personally, I have never attended the theatre, but I have read the works of Shakespeare with great interest. I cannot see how they would have a depressing moral influence on the audience if produced as written. Their tendency is not only to amuse, but instruct and elevate. Other productions may also be included in the class which affords harmless recreation. I know nothing about so-called "problem plays," but any which attempts to make a heroine of a wicked woman is bad, and unfit for anyone to see who wishes to preserve his self-respect.

(Signed)
JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

### DR. NEWMAN SMITH

Dr. Smyth has been pastor of the First Congregational Church of New Haven since 1882 and a leader of Congregational opinion for a much longer period. He was born in Brunswick, Maine, 1843, and is a graduate of Bowdoin College. He was made a Doctor of Divinity by the University of the City of New York in 1881, and by Yale in 1895. He is also a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary. He began his ministerial career in Mission Chapel, Providence, R.I., in 1867. He has been pastor of First Congregational Church, Bangor, Me., and of First Presbyterian Church, Quincy, Ill. He is the author of "Old Faiths and New Lights," "The Orthodox Theology of To-day," "The Morality of the Old Testament," "Personal Creeds," etc.

THE nature of the amusements which may be allowed, and the extent to which diversions may be carried, are matters which should be left to the individual judgment and sense of proportion in daily life. The office of the Church is to educate the Christian conscience, not in such matters to impose prohibitions. The practical questions with most of us, nowadays, concern the time and amount of diversion, and the fitness of various recreations to our needs, rather than the kinds of amusements offered to our choice. If we except the immoral spice of betting with which it is often sought to add a zest to otherwise innocent exercises, the forms of amusement now ordinarily admitted into good company have little in them which need be harmful to any pure-hearted and wholesome-minded people. But the question for the individual conscience will come as a part of the large problem of the moral proportions which one is to seek to fill out in character and conduct. Here the individual circumstances and needs are to be considered. All cannot build on the same plan; but each should have some plan of character-building and of service. I think the whole subject of amusements may be presented to young people, and many older people, too, in this light, as a question, thoughtfully to be considered, of moral proportions, much more profitably than in any other way. So measuring themselves, some may find that they have given too little time and space to diversions to enable them to make the most of all their powers and to live with the happiest efficiency; and others may discover that by excess of amusement they are wasting their own hearts.

The principle which should guide us in all such matters is not a rule of exclusion, but the Christian law of comprehension. Exclusion is often required as a necessary sacrifice for the sake of service. Sacrifice, however, is not required for its own sake, but for the sake of service. It is a part of the ministry of the Christian life. But so also are other good and gracious acts and elements. To show an example of happy living is also to serve God well. Habits of wholesome enjoyment may be good parts of consecrated Christian living. After all, it is the selfishness in amusements, not the enjoyment, which is to be watched. The Christian has to learn not only to be without things, but also the sometimes harder lesson to possess all things unselfishly. The Christian principle for the Christian ownership of things, under which amusements may be included, can hardly be stated better than in these instructions which an early Christian teacher, Clement of Alexandria, gave to Christians in the second century, in an age when martyrdoms also might be required of them: "For in fine, in food, and clothes, and vessels, and everything else belonging to the house, I say comprehensively, that one must follow the institutions of the Christian man, as is serviceable and suitable to one's person, age, pursuits, time of life. For it becomes those that are servants of one God, that their possessions and furniture should exhibit the tokens of one beautiful life." I think we may test all our recreations as we seek to bring them under the principle taught in this last sentence—are they among the tokens of our beautiful life?

NEWMAN SMYTH.

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### DR. BRADFORD PAUL RAYMOND

Dr. Raymond, President of Wesleyan University, is one of the leading lights of Methodism whose opinion will carry weight in Church circles. He has been a power in his denomination for many years. He was born in Stamford, Conn., in 1846, and is a graduate of Hamline, Lawrence, and Boston Universities. He has been pastor of leading churches in New Bedford, Mass., Providence, R.I., Nashua, N.H. He was made President of Lawrence University in 1883 and of Wesleyan in 1889. He is the author of the well-known volume "Christianity and Christ," and is a forceful speaker.

THAT there is a place for diversions in the scheme of a sound religious life few will question. I am of the opinion that the religious life of that person who gives a reasonable amount of time to wholesome and recreative diversions is the more sound because of that fact. The religious life, as I view it, takes in the whole life, and is made richer, saner, and stronger just in so far as all life's activities are dominated by and made tributary to it. The grave, the gay, the serious, and the humorous mood each has a part to play. When the religious life is cultivated in isolation, it becomes unsocial and morose and the religious man of this type is in peril of becoming not only the most unenjoyable man in the community, but also the most false representative of Christianity.

I know of no principle by which the amusements of a Christian can be regulated other than that laid down by John Wesley in the general rules of the Methodist societies. In those rules he simply put first things first. The Christian may not do those things which he knows are "not for the glory of God." He may not take "such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus." This rule of life proceeds upon the supposition that the individual is responsible for the details of his Christian life, but also presupposes that as a Christian he will relate every act of his life, and especially those acts that are in the field of debate to his Christian experience. He who will do this can only be hampered by rules, and he who will not do this cannot be saved by rules, and may well begin to inquire what it means to be a Christian.

This is thoroughly in accord with the spirit of Methodism as understood by Wesley. The attempt to specify the amusements which "are obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency," which was made by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1872, was a radical departure from the temper and spirit of Wesley. Wesley boasts of the catholicity of the Methodists. He says: "Where is there such another religious society so truly of a catholic spirit? In Europe? In the habitable world? I know of none."

The Christian must ask concerning a play, is its inculcation moral, and is it given under circumstances that do not compromise it? He must ask concerning the game of chance precisely the same question that he should ask concerning the game of chess or croquet. He can gamble in the game of chance and he can become a moral fraud by swindling in a game of croquet, as many do.

For guidance in general we must depend upon the Christian purpose of the individual; upon emphasis upon the things that are fair and honorable and moral; upon the guidance of parents; upon the judgment and practice of good men (and where they differ there is no way left but to choose); upon the place and time and surroundings; and upon ourselves. But this is not simple. Verily life is complex, and manifold considerations enter into every act. But God has so made it, and we boggle the whole process when we try to make it other than it is. On this amusement question the Church needs to beware of the artificial conscience, and of the externality and superficiality of the religious life wherever that conscience is cultivated.

B. P. RAYMOND.

### BISHOP EZEKIEL BORING KEPHART

Bishop Kephart is a clergyman of broad culture and much general experience. He earned his college tuition by floating lumber on the Susquehanna. He was afterward a pilot on that river. He entered the ministry in 1857, was made President of Western College, Iowa, 1868, and during his term of office found time to become State Senator. He has travelled in Africa, Egypt, and Palestine, and is the author of many religious works.

THAT asceticism in the Church of Christ has been more of a hindrance than a help to the development of a true Christian life, is now generally conceded. The ascetics, as a rule, no matter how eminent for their piety, have been narrow, with a taint of fanaticism, and intolerant in their religious views. Hence the legitimate relation of Christianity to amusement is of vital moment just now.

The attitude of the Church to this question, both past and present, has not been uniform. Some of the ecclesiastical bodies have been legislative and restrictive relative to amusements, while others have always

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left this question to the good sense of the believer, which we have found and still believe to be safe.

That there is a proper relation of Christianity to Amusement and a place for diversions in the scheme of a worthy religious life, cannot reasonably be questioned. To deny this would be to limit a sound religious life to the closest form of asceticism.

But amusements, like fruits, are not all equally good—some are poisonous although beautiful. So with diversions, some are healthful, helpful, in the struggles of Christianity and in the development of a full-orbed religious life. The person who, prompted by purest motive, shuts himself in his cloister, withdrawing from all diversions, dwarfs the religious life of which he is capable, and develops only the superstitious element of his nature, which is ever at war with pure religion.

Amusements are of two classes, innocent and sinful. But even innocent amusements, like many other enjoyments which are not sinful but by abuse, may become a means of sin. For there are diversions, though innocent, which seem to be strongly productive in avenues of allurements leading into sin.

If all men were alike constituted, and each amusement or diversion appealed alike to every man, the task of regulating diversions as "per a sound religious life," and defining the "relation of Christianity to Amusement," would be comparatively an easy one. But this is not the case; tastes and inclinations vary in men as widely as one amusement differs from another.

Now as to the principles which should regulate the Christian, as to the nature and amount of time to be devoted to amusements.

1. As to their nature and tendency. The rule of our Lord will apply here: "By their fruits ye shall know them." (*a*) Any amusement which degrades or lowers the standard of morals in the individual or in the community, directly or indirectly, is of doubtful character and should be shunned. (*b*) If it, in any sense, loosens the hold of the Christ-life upon the believer, such diversion should not be indulged.

2. As to the amount of time to be given to amusements. (*a*) They should not consume time which legitimately *belongs to devotion*. This applies both to time and thought. (*b*) Amusements should not occupy the time of any person which rightfully belongs to *labor, study, or business*.

As to dancing, card-playing, and theatre-going: I think it may be said in truth that none of them nor all of them put together ever elevated the morals of any one community, society, or an individual life. But too often the very opposite has been the result.

But when the Christ-life is enthroned, the Kingdom of God has nothing to fear from innocent amusements, and ecclesiastical legislation is not necessary to keep out those which are sinful. E. B. KEPHART.

### DR. CHARLES HENRY PARKHURST

Dr. Parkhurst is undoubtedly the best-known clergyman in the Presbyterian Church in America. His popular fame began with his exposure of corrupt metropolitan police methods during the middle nineties. Within the Church he is revered for his deep learning and sound doctrinal convictions, being the author of "Forms of the Latin Verb, Illustrated by the Sanskrit," "The Blind Man's Creed," "The Pattern on the Mount," "What Would the World be Without Religion?" He was educated at Amherst, Halle, and Leipzig, and has been pastor of Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York City, since 1890.

A MAN is to be commiserated who takes no interest in the unreal.

We preach to people that they ought to engage their thoughts with life's realities. Some of us have not in our life enough of *un*-reality. This is particularly true of the profession with which I happen to be associated. Seriousness is likely to degenerate into moroseness and acidity if it is not diluted with an infusion of the play-impulse. A season of unchecked impulse tells upon strenuous morals and strained intellect like a blast of north wind upon an atmosphere of fog and miasma. The clergy would be better and more wholesome, and do better work among their people and in their pulpits if they would be present once a week at the rendering of a good comedy. Tragedy they do not need. Tragedy we have enough of and too much. In a tragedy, even when put upon the stage, we get back again to reality, or at any rate to what fulfils the function of reality. It is lamentable to reflect how many gratuitous tears have been shed over pretended agony produced before the footlights. A capital essay was published recently by an authoress who was exploiting that fact, and she cleverly entitled her piece "The Great Salt Lake of Literature," it having been computed, she says, that the world, the novel-reading and theatre-going

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world, has cried enough over fictitious sorrow to supply all the saltwash of Utah.

I would rule out tragedies, then, at least so far as relates to people whose ordinary experience rubs them against the hard side of life, either their own life or anyone's else; for though scenic suffering and dramatic eye-water may be unreal, yet it works the work of the real and puts a pack upon the soul instead of letting it run bareback and unbridled.

We need, then, to play. Play lubricates the stiff, grating machinery of workaday life. It keeps us young. When we have ceased to love to play we are almost dead already. To be indifferent to the fascinations of amusement means that all the child that is in us by nature has turned into adult, and that we are already tainted with superannuation.

The question as to whether a man shall play cards, dance, etc., is one that it is impertinent to discuss. Under the administration of the Gospel people are not expected to walk by chalk-lines, but by the law of a renewed mind. Problems in casuistry I do not farm out to my neighbor, nor do I expect him to farm his out to me. Cast-iron statutes of a specific type are not a feature of Christianity as the Gospel exhibits it, nor a feature of valid Christian teaching. The only ethics I am interested in is Christian ethics, and in answering specific questions of amusement the inquiry I have put to myself is, what does the Christ-Spirit, by which I profess to be actuated, enjoin upon me to do, or enjoin upon me not to do in any matter of amusement pertinent to myself and requiring of me a decision for myself? Other Christians must be allowed the same prerogative. And as to those who are not Christians, they had better become such, and then estimate this and all other questions by the Christian criterion and from the Christian point of view.

C. H. PARKHURST.

## ROBERT S. MACARTHUR, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. MacArthur is well qualified to express Baptist opinion on any doctrinal question. He has been a force in the church for many years. He was born in Canada in 1841, graduated from the University of Rochester 1867 and from Rochester Theological Seminary 1870. He has been pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, since 1870. He has done much editorial writing for religious periodicals and is the author of "Divine Balustrades," "The Attractive Christ and Other Sermons," "Current Questions for Living Men," "On Bible Difficulties," etc.

FEW questions have been more discussed in various branches of the Church than the relation which the Church ought to sustain to the subject of amusement.

Many churchmen have erred greatly by their indiscriminate denunciation of all amusements. Their denunciation has often been taken by the enemies of the Church as the affirmation of the Church.

Such unwise churchmen have done the cause of religion infinite harm. They have assumed positions which neither common sense nor holy Scripture can enable them to maintain. When the enemies of the Church drive its unwise supporters from some untenable outpost, these enemies triumphantly affirm that they have captured the citadel. No churchman ought ever to take a position on these debatable questions which he cannot permanently maintain by unanswerable logic and impregnable authority from Scripture.

In the discussion of all such questions absolute clarity of definition is necessary to intelligent progress.

The question is frequently asked pastors and other religious teachers: "Do you believe in dancing?"

But what kind of dancing has the questioner in mind? With whom and at what time and place does the dancing occur? These questions must be fully answered before intelligent replies can be given. Some churches prohibit all dancing at all times in all places and by all persons. These churches virtually declare that the Bible forbids dances of all kinds. They virtually affirm that all dances *per se* are inherently evil.

Churches greatly err, when in their manual of discipline they forbid all dancing and practically all amusements. Such prohibitions are errors in tactics as well as in morals. These prohibitions are constantly violated, and the churches issuing them seldom have the courage to make their discipline mandatory.

There are dances and dances. There are dances in which no person ought to engage and in which no right-minded person will engage.

Only when discrimination is made is criticism of any value. Indiscriminate denunciation is violative of every principle of justice and of every precept of Scripture.

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Similar remarks will apply to card-playing. This writer frankly confesses a strong antipathy to card-playing. Like many others he almost inevitably associates card-playing with drinking, gaming, and carousals of various degrees of vileness. But he will not allow his personal feeling unduly to warp his judgment.

There is card-playing that is absolutely sinless; it is as innocent as the game of authors or any one of the harmless other amusements with cards, words, or letters. Can we not exercise common-sense in such matters? A game of authors might be sinful if indulged in with improper companions or with gambling features.

All depends upon time and place and right use. To condemn the proper use because of the occasional abuse is simply ridiculous. It is quite time that all sensible churchmen said so plainly and strongly, without fear and without favor.

So there are theatres and theatres. There are plays which no intelligent and religious person will witness. There are plays which are inane intellectually, vulgar linguistically, degrading socially, and utterly abhorrent religiously. Such plays pollute the very atmosphere in which they are given. There is a wide difference between these coarse and prurient plays with their lascivious thoughts, their lecherous imaginings, and with all the abominable environments of the theatres in which they are given, and "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," or any other great play.

The Church never can permanently deny or suppress the dramatic instinct in the human soul; the Church ought to take advantage of all natural instincts and consecrate them to the noblest endeavors for man's good and God's glory. A foolish conservatism robs the pulpit of much of its power by suppressing the dramatic expression of truth natural to many preachers.

This writer does not attend theatres either at home or abroad. He might do so frequently with great profit to mind and heart, but he sets aside his own privilege in harmony with the example of the apostle Paul, who would eat no meat while the world stands rather than make the weaker brother to offend.

The language of the great John Wesley touching this whole subject I thoroughly indorse. It is well known that he was a lover of dramatic literature, that he read the great Greek and English dramas constantly, and that he always advised his preachers to study the works of the best dramatists that they might cultivate natural and powerful modes of public address. But he decided that it was not for him to go to the theatre or to play cards. "Possibly others can," he said; "I am not obliged to pass any sentence on them that are otherwise minded. I leave them to their own Master; to Him let them stand or fall."

ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR.

## DR. JUNIUS BENJAMIN REMENSNYDER

Dr. Remensnyder is a representative clergyman of the Lutheran Church in America, and has written much along the lines of its conservative opinion. He is a veteran of the Civil War. He was graduated from Pennsylvania Theological Seminary in 1865, and has been pastor of leading churches in Philadelphia, Pa., Savannah, Ga., and New York City. He is the author of "Heavenward," "Doom Eternal," "Lutheran Literature: Its Distinctive Traits," "Lutheran Manual," and "Work and Personality of Luther."

"Is there a place for diversions in the scheme of a sound religious life?"

I answer, most assuredly there is. Religion aims at a perfect life. It does not therefore narrow, or make one-sided, but fills life into a complete outline. Now, diversions have their legitimate place in life; they are essential to vigorous work, necessary to health, indispensable to a genial, buoyant temper.

The patriarchs and saints of the Old Testament, accordingly, whose lives were ordered under the direct rule of God, were large-minded, happy men, who deemed it not inconsistent with their virtuous and holy lives to enjoy the good things of life. This was, in fact, one of the promises attached to piety, as it was written: "Honour the Lord—so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine" (Prov. iii. 9, 10).

The New Testament conception did not change this. Our Lord was no such ascetic as was John the Baptist. His presence at the wedding festivities, his contributing to the genial spirit of the occasion, proves this, as does also his observance of the Sabbath in the larger freedom of the spirit. His maxim: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John x. 10), is a luminous exposition of the character of Christianity as the highest form of religion. It shows that religion was not meant to narrow, but to

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enlarge life; not to contract, but to expand the human spirit; not to lessen, but to broaden the diameter of happiness.

It is then a totally false and hurtful conception of religion which would exile pleasures and innocent amusements from it, and make its professor austere, narrow, and unlovely.

Very true, this unjust view has arisen from a most important conviction—often quite lacking in worldly people, viz., the fact of sin—its terrible reality and the danger of amusements proving temptations to sin and vice. Far better, indeed, would it be, then, to avoid them altogether, and to practise total abstinence respecting them, than to blight the immortal soul by impiety, and to bestialize the body by intemperance.

But one extreme does not justify the other. The abuse of a pleasure is no legitimate argument against the proper use of it. Total abstinence is not as wise and safe a protection from excessive vice as is temperance—the lawful and moderate use. "A sound religious life," is a Scriptural life. And this does not order that we avoid temptation by cowardly running away from it, but that we meet it and conquer it. The noblest prizes and the purest pleasures of life are set, in the wisdom of God, in the midst of temptations. And the man who seeks these prizes, risking the temptations, hazarding the lions in the path, and attains them, meanwhile keeping his spirit pure, advances far more in religious and moral excellence than he who must weakly turn aside, for fear of a fall.

Now, applying these principles to the practical tests of them in social life to-day, I would say with respect, for example, to dramatic and musical entertainments, diversions, games, etc., "ask if there be any inherent irreligion or immorality in them, or in their surroundings. If not, and if they are educational, refining, and withal provide those relaxations which our modern strenuous life so especially demands, then allow them to yourselves and your sons and daughters. At the same time carefully supervise them. Teach them to draw the line sharply between that which is meant to excite the sensual tastes and that which illustrates art and enhances nobility of thought and action."

By a modest indulgence in such diversions, guarding against a silly idolatry of and absorption in them, one will be a clearer thinker, a more successful business man, a better Christian, a heartier worshipper on the Lord's Day, a more genial, lovable friend, and a more truly ideal personality.

The efforts of some well-meaning, but narrow-minded and Puritanical, clergymen to get the Church to divorce its members from innocent amusements, does the greatest moral violence to those outside the Church. It gives them prejudices against the religion of Christ which are contradicted by its chief witnesses, and contrary to its teachings and history.

Religion is at once the elevating, the broadening, the enriching, and the beautifying of life. J. B. REMENSNYDER.

## BISHOP DAVID HUMMELL GREER

Bishop Greer, of the Episcopal Church, recently made Coadjutor with Bishop Potter, is a broad churchman whose upbuilding of St. Bartholomew's institutional enterprises made him popularly famous. Among his fellow-clergymen he has always been esteemed for his deep learning and loved for his sterling traits of character. So much so in fact that when he was elected Coadjutor there was not a dissenting voice raised against him. He was born in Wheeling, W. Va., in 1842; attended Washington College, Pa., the Protestant Episcopal Seminary, Gambier, O. He was made a D.D. by Brown University and Kenyon College, and was rector of Grace Church, Providence, R.I., 1871–88, after which he came to New York. He is the author of "The Historic Christ," "From Things to God," "The Preacher and His Place," "Visions," etc.

THE common conception of religion seems to be that it is a thing apart, something to be turned to at convenience or necessity, as though our human life were something like a department store, with religion as one of the departments; whereas religion should be the guiding principle in every department of life, of which amusement is but one. The Christian man is not under bondage, but under the law of liberty, and his conduct is to be determined not by a series of superficial and martinet directions, but by his own instinctive sense of what is fit and proper. It is not therefore in my judgment within the office of the Church to regulate his amusements for him. He must regulate them for himself, and determine for himself the amount of time and thought which should be given to them. He will know better than anyone else what is expedient and helpful in his own particular case, and what is inexpedient and hurtful; and in the same proportion that his religious life is genuine and sincere he will need no external rules to tell him what to avoid. DAVID H. GREER.

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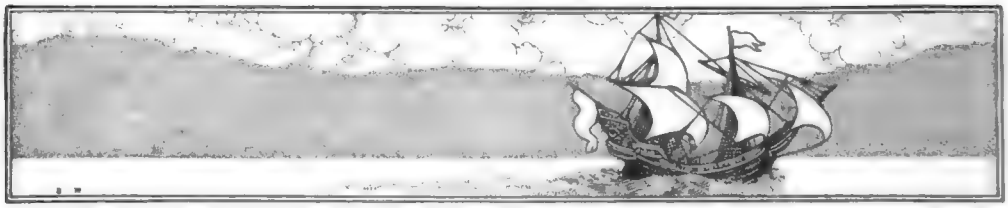

# The Lord of the Dunderberg

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

With Decorations by Ernest Haskell

GOBLIN and kobold and elf and gnome
Riot and rollick and make their home
Deep in the Highlands, where Hudson glides,
Curving the sweep of his volumed tides
Round wooded islet and granite base
Down through the rush of the Devil's Race.
Great is the prowess of Goblin might;
Dread is the malice of troll and sprite;
Chief of them all is the potent Dwerg,
Heer of the Keep of the Dunderberg!
Mountain and River obey his spell
E'en to the Island of Pollopel;
Brooding, he sits in the rugged glen,
Jealous of honor of sprites and men.
Ye who would sail his dominions through
Scathless, withhold not the homage due!
Lower your peak and its flaunting flag!
Strike!—to the Lord of the Thunder Crag!

Gracefully rounded and broad of beam,
Breasting the calms of the golden stream,
Slanting along o'er the Sturgeon's Rack,
Sidled the "Geertruyd van Haagensack."
Sometimes she wobbled, for, be it told,
Casked in the darks of her roomy hold
Gurgled the liquor of pleasant sin—
Rum of Jamaica and Holland's gin!

Puffing his pipe on the after-deck
Glowered the captain, Gerardus Keck—
Sour and headstrong, but stout of soul,
Scorner of legends of spuke and troll.
Up came the boatswain with pallid face:
"Captain! we swing in the Devil's Race!
Will ye not lower the orange flag
Here, in the shade of the Thunder Crag?"
"Dikkop! Bemoeial!" the Captain roared;
"Durfniet! the wrath of thy Goblin Lord
Lightly I hold as a stoup of rum!
Broom to the masthead!—and let 'em come!"

Shrouding the vessel, before they wist,
Streamed from the Mountain a curdling mist.

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Piercing the woof of that leaden veil
Pelted and rattled the heavy hail.
Hudson arose like a tortured snake,
Foaming and heaving; the thunder spake,
Rolled from the cliffs, and the lightning played
Viciously red through the pallid shade!

Oh! how the elements howled and wailed!
Oh! how the crew of the "Geertruyd" quailed,
Huddling together with starting eyes!
For, in the rack, like a swarm of flies,
Legions of goblins in doublet and hose
Gambolled and frolicked off Antony's Nose;
While on the shuddering masthead sat
Cross-legged, crowned with his steeple-hat,
Grinning with mischief, that potent Dwerg,
Lord of the Keep of the Dunderberg!

Brawled o'er the gunwale the frothing tide.
"Up with the cargo!" the Captain cried;
"Lighten the vessel or else we sink!"
Over the side went the precious drink!
Darting like swallows, those goblin knaves
Caught up the casks ere they touched the waves.
Back to their mountains the thievish crew
Whirled with their booty; before them flew,
Waving in triumph a captured flag,
He of the Heights of the Thunder Crag!

Gone was the tempest! With sails a-droop,
Battered and draggled, the plundered sloop,
Stemming a current without a swell,
Crept past the Island of Pollopel.
Wild was the laughter that quaking men
Heard through the night from the Goblin Glen
Where, in a revel, the gleeful horde
Drank to the fame of their puissant Lord!

Skippers that scoff when the sky is bright
Heed ye this story of goblin might!
Strange the adventures of barks that come
Laden with cargoes of gin and rum!
When the Storm Ship drives with her head to gale
And the corpse-light gleams in her hollow sail—
When Cro' Nest laughs in the tempest's hem
While the lightnings weave him a diadem—
When Storm King shouts through the spumy wrack
And Bull Hill bellows the thunder back—
Beware of the wrath of the mighty Dwerg!
Strike flag to the Lord of the Dunderberg!

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# Little Stories of Real Life

## Chloroforming the Apache Kid

By Emma Allen

IT was the last night of the year. I had been out prospecting in the Pinal Mountains for six months and was heartily disgusted with mining. Never before in my life had luck been so long against me, and I was determined that if I did not strike something inside of a week I should get out of the mining business and go into something less disheartening and more promptly remunerative.

It was a bitter night, the wind found its way into my little dugout, and set me shivering—but I was too depressed to go to bed, so, poking up the fire and drawing a box up by the table, I lighted a candle and started to read one of the papers I had, earlier in the day, walked a mile to borrow from a friend.

The small four-paned window above the table was curtainless. The moonlight streamed in and lighted up the opposite wall decorated with a cheap advertising print of Hercules powder, and the cot in the corner, upon which the quilts had been in a state of turmoil for many a day. There was not much else in the room—a box or two for chance visitors, a small shelf in the corner holding a few medicine bottles, a battered oil-can, a water-bucket, and a gun behind the door. Unwashed tin plates had accumulated upon the table and crowded upon the space allotted to a tobacco-bag, a couple of clay pipes, and a small pistol. A piece of bacon left from my evening meal still sizzled on the hearth.

I had been reading some five or ten minutes, when a shadow falling across my paper caused me to glance up. Through the window, a face looked at me steadily for a full minute and then disappeared. My blood ran cold. The face was well-known to me. It was that of the Apache Kid! The sudden appearance of this renegade Indian was enough to strike terror into the bravest of hearts, especially when a man was several miles away from another human habitation.

His footsteps coming around to the door warned me that, whatever the extent of my fear, I must not give any outward sign of it, but put on a brave front.

The Kid walked in. He carried a gun in his right hand and a pistol was stuck carelessly in his loose cartridge-belt. His left arm hung limply at his side and the sleeve of his flannel shirt was covered with blood. He shot a penetrating glance at me as he stood in the doorway.

"Come in, come in!" I cried in a very braggadocio way, though I could hardly stand for the trembling of my knees.

I knew the Kid quite well. I had been employed at the reservation some ten years before, when he was a school-boy there, but I had not seen him since he had become the renegade with a price upon his head. He spoke very good English and could write legibly, having, as I said, attended school in his younger days.

He came forward now and held out his arm, which appeared to be badly wounded. He asked if I would bandage it for him. I

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expressed my willingness to do so and setting his gun in the corner near mine, he helped me as well as he could to bare his arm. I bandaged it very carefully and then, when he had grunted approval and thanks, asked him if he had had any supper. He said "No," so I set to work to make him some coffee, and fry some bacon, and warm up the day's left-over frijoles.

He sat down on the box and watched me quietly. I talked constantly, as well to keep up my own courage as to impress him with my indifference and utter lack of suspicion of any evil intention he might have. He ate and seemed to enjoy the food I put before him, then told me he was tired and would lie on the cot and sleep for a while. I told him to go ahead, and, picking up the paper, pretended to read, but all the time my brain was in a whirl.

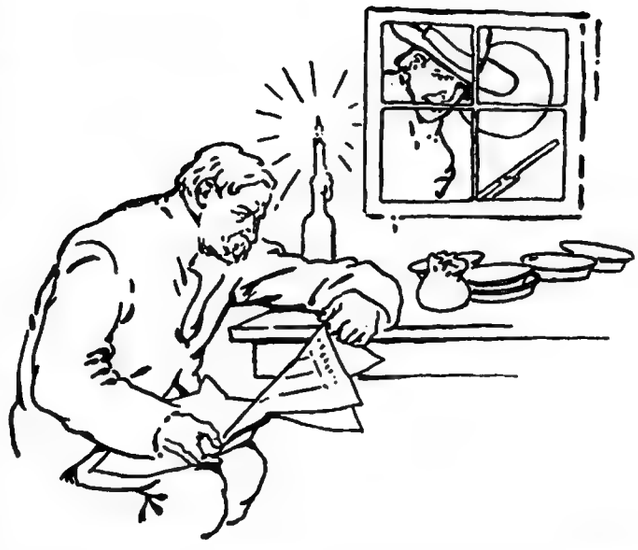
I had just recently returned from Globe, where nothing else was talked of but the Apache Kid. Stolen horses and a trail of blood from Tonto to Pinal, spoke eloquently of his escape from the reservation. A reward was upon his head—"alive or dead." It had been started by friends of some of his victims and doubled by Territorial proclamation. Wild dreams of capturing him ran riot through my brain. The reward was not to be despised; I needed the money, and then the glory of it! How the people would stare when they heard that the terror of the Apaches had been captured, and by a single man!

But how? That was the question. I could not attempt to tie him down. The slightest touch would awaken him and certainly be fatal to myself. There was no way of sending word to any of my neighbors to come to my assistance. I must take him by myself, and that at once, for he might wake up at any moment.

I marvelled at his fearlessness. I had always heard that he was reckless of his life, but not many a man, much less an Indian, would lie down on a cot and fall into deep slumber in a stranger's hut when there was a price upon his head, a tempting price of coin and glory that it was improbable that the stranger would be indifferent to.

I sat and scratched my head and smoked, while I looked at the sleeping figure and revolved plans in my head. Plainly there was nothing to do but to kill him.

At last I rose deliberately and took my



gun from the wall. It had not been used for some time. Perhaps it might be rusty and might not perform its work. I hung it back and lifted the Kid's. His was apparently in excellent order and loaded. I raised it to my shoulder and looked along the sight at the sleeping figure opposite. He lay carelessly on the cot, his face upturned, his wounded arm lying across his breast, the other one hanging over the cot. No slumber could be more peaceful.

I lowered the gun and shook my head. To deliberately take the life of a fellow-mortal was more than I was capable of. Moreover, he was my guest. I walked over to the box, sat down and laid the gun across my knees. Then I tried to convince myself that the deed was justifiable. He was an Indian, and although he had had some education, he was utterly lacking in noble instincts. If I killed him, many a lost life would be avenged, many another life would be saved. Clearly it was my duty. How many men and women and children had he taken advantage of in situations less pardonable than this! I took down a bottle of mescal from the shelf and took a drink. My courage must come from that source; there was not much hope of it coming from any other.

I rose and walked to the side of the cot more bravely this time, but, no, I couldn't! There was no use trying. I sat down again on the box and ran my hand up and down the barrel of the gun. How I wished he would wake up and see me sitting there and, alarmed, attempt to kill me! Then I could shoot him with an easier conscience.

While I sat there waiting, I finished what was left in the bottle of mescal. Automati-

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cally I rose to replace it on the shelf. I saw near by a bottle marked chloroform which had been left there with other medicine-bottles by the former occupant of the hut. My heart gave a wild throb of joy. Here was my opportunity!

I took down the bottle with a trembling hand. I set the gun gently back in the corner, and, walking over to the bed, I stood once more by the sleeping Indian. He was breathing quietly. I slipped back across the room and took my pistol from the table. It was well to be prepared if he should wake up suddenly.

Then I brought out my red bandanna handkerchief and saturated it with the chloroform. I passed it gently over the Kid's face. Again and again I redampened it and passed it slowly in front of and nearer to his nostrils. He lay perfectly still, breathing quietly.

Gradually his breathing grew heavier and heavier, the muscles in the hand on his breast relaxed more perceptibly, and the arm hanging over the cot settled more limply.

He was hardly breathing now. Perhaps I was giving him too much. I touched his arm gently. He did not move. I shook it lightly. Still he did not stir. I lifted it and laid it along the edge of the cot. It was all right now. My Indian was a prisoner!

I saw already the welcome coins being laid out before me. I heard them chink as I dropped them slowly into my waiting wallet. I read the exciting head-lines in the papers, listened to the praise and thanksgiving of an injured people, and the plaudits of an interested nation!

I saddled my pony in the quickest time I ever made. I hardly tightened the cinch, so wild was I to announce the news to my neighbors, and secure their assistance in making arrangements for prompt conveyance of the Indian into Globe.

They would not believe it at first; then, as excited as myself, all three of them set out with me on my return. As we came in sight of the hut under the hill, we whipped up our horses for a final dash. We dismounted and rushed to the door. I was the first in the room.

I could not believe my eyes: the cot was vacant! I looked around the room. There was no Indian to be seen. I drew my hand across my brow, dazed, and turned to look at my companions. They looked as blank as myself. One of them pointed to a paper on the table. I ran and clutched it. It was a corner of the newspaper I had been reading. On it was scribbled with a piece of charcoal these words:

Nex tim you cloroform the Apache Kid dont us benzene. APACHE KID.

## With the Aid of the Cat

By Stella V. Roderick

THE outer office door opened quickly and closed with a bang.

"Billy!" called the young man who entered, in a voice that brought from the inner office, in immediate response, a thud as of feet dropped suddenly from a considerable elevation to the floor. The noise was at once followed by the appearance of a long, loosely hung figure surmounted by a tumbled mop of red hair and a pleasantly ugly face.

"What's up, Ed?" he asked. "You haven't looked so cheerfully alive for weeks."

Dr. Stanton apparently did not hear his junior partner's good-natured thrust.

"See here, Billy," he said, briskly, unfolding a telegram he held in his hand, "I just got this, met the boy downstairs. Miss Jackson's going through on the 3.30 and she wants me to go down. Wait till I answer that call," he added, as the telephone bell rang. "Hello! Mrs. Brown? Mrs. J. M. Brown?—I'm sorry, but I can't possibly come. I have an important engagement at once. Very sorry. Good-by."

"Great Scott, man!" ejaculated Billy. "Are you aware that Mrs. Brown is the wife of a millionaire, and a chronic invalid to

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boot? You're a pretty rash young doctor."

"Billy Maxon," his partner answered earnestly, "you don't know what you're talking about. Rather than miss seeing that girl this afternoon, I'd give up all my patients, if they were everyone millionaires."

"Poor show for a wedding if you did," muttered Billy.

"You see, Billy," Dr. Stanton went on, "we had some foolish trouble awhile ago——"

"A babe could discern that," Billy interrupted.

"And if I don't see her now, I may lose my only chance to get things fixed up. I'm going now; it's 2.45 and it takes half an hour to get to the station. That train's never late, either. There's the 'phone again," he added, starting toward it.

"Better let me go," said Billy, undraping himself from the table on which he had been sitting. But Dr. Stanton already had the receiver down. "Hello! Who is this? Why, Mrs. Norton, the little girl isn't worse, is she? Her *kitten?* But, Mrs. Norton, I can't come to treat a *cat.* Besides, I'm just leaving—called out. Yes—no—I don't think—well, of course I can't tell whether or not it's a matter of life and death till I get there. Well, what seems to be the matter with the cat? Can't you call a veterinary surgeon, or give it something yourself?—catnip, or—or—something. Really, Mrs. Norton, I'm no good on cats. Of course, of course, I understand it's Jessie you're concerned about, not the bla—— the kitten. And yes, I did tell you to humor her, but you know she's better now. I don't think crying will hurt her. Can't you persuade her to have Billy—Dr. Maxon, I mean? No? Fever already?" This in an anxious tone.

"Don't be an idiot, Ed," Billy interrupted in a low growl. "Let the old cat die."

"Did I? Promised to come whenever she called? Does she say so? Yes, I can hear her screaming. Really, you must make her stop. Buy her off. Offer her anything to let Dr. Maxon come. You don't realize, Mrs. Norton, how important this other—case is; and you're half an hour's ride in the opposite direction. Tell Jessie I want her to let you take her temperature—103? Yes, I hear her calling me." Long pause. "Very well, I'll come. Yes, at once."

The receiver went up with a crash, and Dr. Stanton turned toward Billy. That young gentleman looked at him with well-simulated disgust. "Well, of all the fools!" he ejaculated. "Gives up a rich patient for a girl, but turns the girl down for a cat!"

"Stop that, Billy!" Dr. Stanton's fine gray eyes flashed. "You didn't hear that child calling," he went on, his voice softening. "I *have* spoiled her, but she's a dear child and has suffered dreadfully. She'll make herself worse if she isn't quiet, and she won't be quiet for anyone but me."

"Forgive me, old man," Billy answered, "I know why you did it, and it's great, too. I'm proud of you. But cheer up; if the little girl has sent for you, it's going to be all right, anyhow. We'll get that boy from across the hall to stay in the office, and I'll go to the station and explain to her. We'll send this practice to the bow-wows somehow, if not by your interesting method."

"Explain to her! But what will you tell her?" groaned Dr. Stanton, who had brightened a little while Billy was speaking. "Tell her I've gone to tender my medical services to a small cat?"

"She's not a fool, Ed," answered Billy, with a good deal of energy, considering the fact that he was championing a woman whom he had never seen. "Any girl of intelligence knows that a doctor can't command his own time. If she didn't say as much in her telegram—and I wouldn't wonder if she did—it was because she had the good sense not to

waste her money. She'd be a lovely woman, wouldn't she, if she approved of your leaving anything, beast or human, to die, in order to see her? Of course I'll tell her it's a case of life and death."

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"You'll probably have to lie a lot if you do. She'll ask you about it. You don't understand, Billy; she knows you attend my cases when I wish, and there are circumstances which make it quite likely that she will think this is only an excuse. You see you don't know——"

"I would if you weren't so infernally close-mouthed," Billy broke in.

"I'll tell you what it is, Billy, even if a woman accepts an excuse with her mind, that sort of thing has an effect on her feelings," Dr. Stanton went on vaguely, though earnestly. Generalities on women were not for him now. "She may get over wanting to see me, you know," he blurted out, returning to the personal and concrete.

"Now, look here, Ed, I've got a little common-sense, even if I don't know much about women, and I know that a girl whose picture looks like hers isn't that sort, no matter what your mysterious circumstances may be. You're so disappointed you're not doing her justice. Why, man, if she's the sort you make out, she wouldn't be good enough for you, anyhow. I'm perfectly sure that if I tell her you have nobly gone to save a cat's life"—Billy's voice shook a little, but he kept his eyes serious—"if she's a genuine woman she'll—why, she'll stop off and come up to help."

"Billy, if you tell her the truth, I'll thrash you," Dr. Stanton announced solemnly, looking very much as if he meant it. "And if you tell her a lie, I'll do the same. Even if the truth wouldn't make me out an Egyptian cat-worshipper, a self-canonized saint and martyr, and forty kinds of a fool," he went on, warming to his subject, "you couldn't convince the cat himself with the story. Well, I'm off—should have been five minutes ago." And the door slammed behind him.

"I'll bet," began Billy, meditatively, standing in the middle of the floor with his hands in his pockets. But he did not say what he bet. "Hi, there, Tom!" he called, going to the door. "Come over here an hour, for a dollar. Tell anyone who comes," he continued, as the boy slouched in, "that I'll be back in about an hour and a half; Dr. Stanton, probably later." And struggling into his overcoat as he went, he hurried downstairs.

Less than an hour and a half later, Tom was roused by the sound of steps on the stairs. He got his eyes open in time to see Billy, with ostentatious and rather awkward gallantry, ushering in a pretty young woman in a dark brown travelling dress and hat.

"That will do, Tom," said Billy, to the staring boy. "Here's your dollar. No one here, eh? Now, Miss Jackson, make yourself comfortable. Ed ought to be in shortly, I think."

"I'm a trifle nervous, Dr. Maxon," said the girl, smiling at him. "Suppose he doesn't want me, after all?"

Billy looked at her with frank admiration. "Well then, I—" he began, but stopped in time. "Here he comes!" he exclaimed in an excited whisper. Before the girl could protest, Billy had slipped into the inner office and closed the door, presumably to escape the promised punishment for his full and exact presentation of the truth.

The girl rose as the outer door slowly opened, and stood facing Dr. Stanton. For a moment he stared at her dully. Then with a look in which incredulity and joy were strangely mingled, he went to her and spoke her name, half questioningly—"Margaret."

"Dr. Stanton, the well-known cat-doctor, I believe," she said, with tender mockery in her brown eyes. "I have come all this way to consult you about my cat. No, no, dear," she cried, with her hands on his shoulders and only the tenderness left in her eyes, "I've come because I refuse to give you up for anybody or anything."

"Bless that cat!" he murmured softly, as he held her close.

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# With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

## DIALOGUE

*A.* If Russia has been our friend for more than a hundred years, why aren't Americans on her side in her war with Japan?

*B.* Some of them are. More of them, most of them, are not. If your friend lies to you or cuts somebody's throat, you are willing to lose him.

*A.* What do you mean? I say Russia was our friend.

*B.* But not in the Revolutionary War or the Spanish War.

*A.* When all was over we stopped being *her* friend.

*B.* Russia may be all right. The set of incompetent liars and bluffers, the officials who tricked the Czar, tried to bully Japan.

*A.* But Russia was our friend.

*B.* Remember Kishineff!

*A.* But——

*B.* Remember October 6, 1903, the day when Russia—as she solemnly promised the United States and the other Powers—was going to get out of Manchuria and didn't.

*A.* But remember that fleet in 1863.

*B.* Oh, remember the main—point! Russia says, " Door shut." America says, "Open Door."

*A.* But Russia was our friend.

*B.* So she may be again, if she gives us a fair chance and learns "Thou shalt not lie" when this cruel war is over. Put on your samovarpipe (stovepipe) and I'll "blow you off" to vodka.

It was an hour of symposium in Boston. The wife of His Excellency, the Governor of Massachusetts, and various other women of distinction were consulted as to this vital question of household economics: "Should a wife press her husband's trousers?" The Governor's wife, unconsciously influenced, perhaps, by political considerations and unwilling to offend the voters, said that a wife who cared anything for her husband's personal appearance should not refuse this ministry of the flat-iron. Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney was more guarded. If a man shows "a tyrannical spirit," his wife should show her independence by refusing to restore his breeches to symmetry. In short, a wife may press her husband's trousers so long as his behavior is good. It is pity that this rule cannot be enforced generally. Then bagging at the knee would have a moral meaning.

The National Federation of Women's Clubs meets at St. Louis this month, and Mrs. Lederer, of Green Bay, Wis., will take up the question of "domestic servitude." An ambiguous phrase, that. People keep, or try to keep, domestic servants, but the domestic servitude is servitude to the domestics. Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, has an idea which, she hopes, will break these chains and this slavery. She would have your meals delivered at the house-door, just as the returned washing is. Your beefsteak would be "done" as your linen is. Cooking is drudgery and should be "done" on the outside. "Breakfast foods," cooked, are the first step toward emancipation. Why not cook everything "outside"? Found great bake, soup, meat, delicatessen shops. Servants object to being called "servants." They are willing to work in soup-shops, bakeries, and so on. Miss Addams would go so far as to arrange a uniform public bill of fare for every city. Her scheme may smack too strongly of Socialism, but if the despotism of servants continues to increase in severity, we shall all be glad enough to eat anything we can get. Besides, with no servants to worry over, the "lady of the

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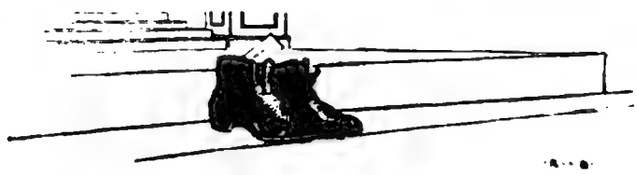
house" will have more leisure for her clubs. But Miss Addams's plan ought to be supplemented by a self-cleaning house.

### SMALL BUSINESS

CERTAIN newspapers have found a mighty mare's nest. The expenditures, actual or estimated, for restoring and refurnishing the White House, constructing an office building at the White House, refurnishing the United States steamer Mayflower "for use as the President's yacht," and so forth, were added together, and the damning total described as a terrible campaign document, and evidence of Mr. Roosevelt's reckless extravagance. Sometimes it seems as if "great" newspapers were edited by little children. Whatever has been spent, or will be spent on the White House, and the other objects of Mr. Roosevelt's "extravagance," has been and will be spent by authorization of Congress and for the benefit of the President, whoever he may be, not for Mr. Roosevelt personally. The little office building—it cost $65,000—has been derided in Congress not as an extravagance but as a "freak," "an excrescence," "not worthy to be the office of a second-hand lawyer." It is not "extravagant" enough. The people of the United States don't hanker for cheap "cheese-paring" in the matter of the expenses of their President. These have never been "extravagant." If they ever are, then will be the time to protest. Probably the protest will be impotent, for the Americans are naturally and by habit the most extravagant people in the world.

### IRISH AND ENGLISH

IF the Ministry headed by that admirable philosopher and golf-player, but somewhat languid statesman, Mr. Arthur James Balfour, has not fallen even before the printer reads these lines, it will be because parties are so mixed and divided and principles so muddled that the formation of an Opposition Government with a majority behind it is a hard or impossible task. The Balfour Government is tolerated, but has long outlived its usefulness. The Irish Nationalists have deserted Mr. Balfour. They want Home Rule. If the Liberals concede Home Rule, which broke their party in two, how can the Unionist free-traders, who left the Liberal Party on account of Home Rule, vote with the Liberals? The "Free-Fooders" hardly know where they are at. As for Mr. Balfour, who apparently started a few months ago as a mild official missionary along the protectionist line, somewhat parallel to Mr. Chamberlain, is Mr. Balfour a protectionist or a preferentialist or a retaliationist, or, after all, an unbacksliding free-trader? In the debate last February on Mr. John Morley's declaration against a return to protective duties, Mr. Gerald Balfour, the Premier's brother, said in effect, that the Government was opposed to protection. The British political situation is beautifully muddled. What seems clear is that the Irish can kick over any Ministry. They are the real rulers in Westminster, even if they cannot get a Parliament of their own in College Green, Dublin.



Two noble instances of "Jeffersonian simplicity" linger in the memory. Mr. Joseph H. Walker, once a member of the House of Representatives from the Worcester, Mass., district, was making a speech in the House. He was so heated by his own eloquence and a summer day that he "peeled off" his coat. Mr. Wilkinson Call, once a Senator from Florida, was pained by his shoes or felt the blood rushing too rapidly from his brains to his toes. He stripped off the offending shoes, put up his "stocking feet" on his desk comfortably, and radiated simplicity through the Senate chamber. Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, has lately given a not less interesting example. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt held a reception in honor of Congress. As the Senator was going up the marble staircase of the White House to the main hall, somebody reminded him that he had not removed his overshoes. He did not wish to lose his place in the line. So he took off his "ample goloshes" on the spot, "set them to one side, placed his calling card in one, and went on." This showed absolute presence of mind. Those "gumshoes," dark against the marble, stood there a witness, to all the guests coming or going, of true, old-fashioned simplicity. A "goloshe" as a card-basket or receiver is a notable invention, worthy to be in the Procession.

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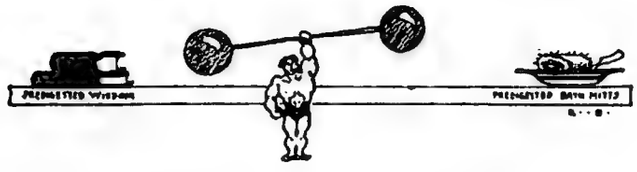
### THE MAN THAT PREDICTED HIS DEATH

Ulysses S. Roberts, musician and cigar-maker, of Harrisburg, Ill., had been a consumptive for almost a year. One day this year he kissed his wife and children farewell and told them he had but a short time to live. In their presence, that of some other relatives, his pastor, and his lawyer, he died or seemed to die. Twelve hours after his apparent death he opened his eyes and smiled. Told how long he had been thought dead, he asserted that to him it seemed that he had been gone "a thousand years." He said that he had been in heaven; had seen his father and other dead relatives. He also gave a description of heaven, and predicted that he had just seven days to live. On the day and at the hour named he died. There are plenty of parallels to his case; and whatever may be the explanation of them, they are among the strangest and most acutely, almost painfully interesting themes of human study. Not merely for those who love to dabble in what Mrs. Crowe called The Night Side of Nature, but for the serious inquirer and for the agnostic as to the supernatural and the supernormal, books like Gurney's "Phantasms of the Living" and Meyers's "Survival of Human Personality after Death" give large collections of incidents and mental or psychical states that seem to be universal, and enable us to connect some chance "item" in the newspapers with a vast range of recorded inexplicable experiences.



The Rev. Percy S. Grant, of New York, tells the League of Political Education that if his plan of compulsory physical training for the community were carried out, "the coming New Yorker would tower over six feet three inches, and have a Jeffries chest-measure." As there is not room enough in elevated, surface, or subway cars for New Yorkers of the present size, his proposed enlargement of them will not be too warmly welcomed. Mr. Grant says that the "men with strong, perfect bodies are making the leading mental and moral powers of our country to-day." Some of them. Mr. Jeffries, Mr. Monroe, Mr. Thomas Sharkey, Mr. James Corbett have still stronger and more perfect bodies. An infinite deal of nonsense is talked about physical culture, which seems to be a sort of religion in the eyes of some of its votaries. A moderate amount of exercise, especially in the open air, is of course desirable, and strength and even grace are attainable, for the young, by judicious exercises. But, after all, athletics is only a small part of a well-arranged life. Many persons injure themselves by excessive or unsuitable exercises, and neither city nor country is going to be regenerated by Indian clubs and dumb-bells.

### FORESTS AND WATERS

Under the Timber and Stone Act the Government sells for $2.50 an acre timber lands which are sometimes worth as much as fifty or a hundred dollars an acre. The Commissioner of the General Land Office says officially that the Government has already lost from $100,000,000 to $115,000,000 by the operation of that act. Why should the Government sell its timber for less than its market value, not only cheating itself, but, what is much more important, lending itself to the deforestation of great areas and the certain future impoverishment of the water-supply? There is a bill before the Senate for the modification of the Timber and Stone Act, which, by the way, has been a common source of fraud. That, or a similar bill, ought to pass. There has been much opposition to the work of forest-preservation. Some of that opposition was due to mistaken theories; some to interested motives. There is a necessary connection between forests and streams, nor does scientific forestry interfere, in the long run, with the lumbering industry. Scientific forestry simply tries to have trees in existing timber-belts harvested at the right time and succeeded by another crop of trees. It also tries to make trees grow where they do not now grow and where they have not grown within living memory. The fifty-three national forest reserves cover 62,354,965 acres. A bill reported favorably in the House of Representatives transfers all these reserves to the Bureau of Forestry and unites in that bureau all branches of Government forestry work. Too much of the great forests has been wasted recklessly. But scientific forestry and lumbering will preserve the timber-supply and water-supply indefinitely.

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### THE EVENT OF THE YEAR

For all the noise of the captains and the shouting, the great event of 1904, the greatest event in its strictly American and its international importance, is the ratification by the Senate of the treaty between the United States and the Republic of Panama for the building of the Panama Canal. The Canal Commission has been appointed. The work will be begun as soon as it can be. Not without coming back to this earth a hundred years hence, could any living person, of even the widest knowledge and clearest foresight, form even a weak notion of the far-reaching effects of the canal upon the commerce and industry of the United States and the world, or guess to what ultimate influence on, or relations with, the Far East it may lead this country.

A woman in Newark, N. J., was sued by her servant for a week's pay. The employer testified that the girl wore gowns with long trains while doing housework. She would "hold her train over her arm and wash dishes with her single free hand," said the indignant "lady of the house," who "didn't want a lady in our kitchen." The lady in our kitchen testified that she had been "brought up a lady," and meant to "live up to her bringing up." Her work was well done, if she did dress well. So the Court thought, and gave judgment in her favor. What business has the lady of the house in the kitchen? What business of hers is it what her servant wears in the kitchen? A train has many excellencies and is especially useful in sweeping. In Orange, another New Jersey town, the "servant ladies" have proclaimed their ladyship, formed a union of "servant ladies," and laid down the law. There must be one servant for every three members of a family. Three nights a week the parlor must be reserved for the servant ladies; and no employer woman shall receive more than four callers in an afternoon unless she is willing to answer the bell herself. So the good work goes on. The servant ladies have a giant's strength and they are going to use it like a giant.

### THE RELIGIOUS PRESS BUREAU

It is often said that denominational papers have "hard sledding" unless they allow the secular element to preponderate in their columns. However this may be, a new departure in religious journalism has been projected in the Methodist Episcopal Church. An "international press bureau" is to be founded for the purpose of gathering and distributing pictures, news, stories, and so on about Methodist operations all over the world. A corps of correspondents will be formed. Bishops and missionaries will take a hand. The General Conference, which meets in Los Angeles this month, will decide whether the bureau shall be an official branch of it or be supported by private funds. The bureau is to be not only a collector, but "a clearing-house" of information about the work of the Methodist Church. It has been suggested that other denominations shall establish similar bureaus and that then a central bureau, a general clearing-house of religious news, be set up. The working of this religious press bureau will be watched with interest. It is the application to religious news of a thoroughly modern method.

### TWO SOUTHERN GOVERNORS

A Roanoke negro made a brutal assault. The crime was terrible. It was only natural that the Roanoke people determined to give it sudden and terrible punishment. Mr. A. J. Montague, Governor of Virginia, was in Florida. He came home at once, and got the Legislature to pass a bill authorizing a trial judge to grant a change of venue to a prisoner asking for it. The Roanoke trial judge would not grant a change of venue. Thereupon Governor Montague ordered a large force of militia to Roanoke. The prisoner was duly tried, condemned, and sentenced to be hanged. Thus the law had its course, the crime was punished so far as human punishment can reach it, mob violence prevented, and the good name of the good old commonwealth enhanced. Major James K. Vardaman, Governor of Mississippi, was supposed to be a terrible fellow when he was elected, and negroes were to have no more rights in that State. The terrible fellow has shown that he is terribly in earnest in protecting citizens, no matter what their color, and suppressing lynch law. With an escort of militia he saved a negro murderer at Bates-

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ville, got him on his private car, and carried him off. The next day he sent a battalion of militia to the Meridian jail to protect the murderer of two mail-clerks. Governor Vardaman says that mob violence "must and shall be stopped," and he is stopping it. A brave and resolute man, a Governor to be proud of. So much for the South, where, if anywhere, lynching has justification. Now for the North. Three days before Governor Vardaman went to Batesville, an Italian cut an Erie Railroad conductor's throat on a train near Paterson, N. J. The trainmen and passengers, "frenzied," seized the Italian and were dragging him along the rails with the intention of putting him under the wheels of an approaching train. A policeman rescued him. The police reserves carried him off from a threatening crowd. At Springfield, Ohio, in March, a mob broke into a jail and lynched a negro murderer. In easy, inexcusable "frenzy," the North seems richer than the South.

### AN ANXIOUS TIME IN GREAT BRITAIN

THESE are doubtful hours for Great Britain. Can she keep out of the war? Is that policy of free trade which she has pursued so long to be changed for a protectionist policy at the next election? The latter event, disturbing, as it would, the trade of the whole world, would be even vaster in effect than the drawing of the sword by France for Russia, and by Great Britain for Japan.

"DECORATED like an American dentist" was a French saying in the days when the late Dr. Thomas W. Evans, of Paris, was in his prime and in favor at the Tuileries. The American woman dentist may yet win clients and decorations abroad. The "pioneer woman dentist of New York"—her pioneering began in the nineties—"the pretty little dentist," has been abroad on a visit and won social and professional laurels. Why are there any other dentists than women? In spite of the advertisements of "painless" dentistry, most of us look upon a dentist's office as a place of pain, and whom should we want there but "a ministering angel, thou"? Trained nurses of the teeth; soothing, gentle, delicate hands; sympathizers with our suffering—these the world waits for. We have nothing against the men dentists, and know many good men and fellows in the profession; but evolution must keep on evolving—and man, petty man, must find his level.

### THE RISE OF RICHARD LAFFIN

LESS than twenty-five years ago, Dick Laffin was "clerking" in a furniture store in Somerville, Mass., at $10 a week. What was his ambition? To be a horse-car conductor at two dollars a day. Dick argued that a conductor could rise. At nineteen his dream came true. When he wasn't on his car, he was studying the road and all its routes and branches, to the amusement of his fellows. But when the company wanted a starter at a certain point, he got the job. In a year it wanted a foreman and he got the job. Young, but always studying his business and being promoted over older men's heads. Inspector, division superintendent, superintendent, manager of a great consolidated system, on he went. Big salary, by the by, but Dick was always studying. So now he is general manager of the Manila Electric Railway, Light, and Power Company. Great things to do there, and Dick—Mr. Richard T. Laffin—gets $40,000 a year for knowing how to do them. Not many of us can get $40,000 a year, but isn't there something a little encouraging and instructive in the rise of Dick Laffin, who was always studying, always improving himself?

### AS TO THE MORMONS

UNPLEASANT reading as the statistics of the marriages and populations of the Mormon apostles who testified at the Smoot hearing may be, it is fair to keep these points in mind: 1. What is a man's duty who has acquired, conscientiously we are to assume, an illegal plurality of wives? Is he to leave them? 2. Polygamy is never practised in any polygamous country by more than a small percentage of the population. The majority can't afford it. 3. Whatever be the wishes, the practice, or the "revelations" of that belated theocracy and close corporation, the Mormon Church, time is on the side of the Gentiles. Utah must be theirs

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eventually or Mormonism must be greatly liberalized. 4. It will not do to interfere with ideas, with religious beliefs, not resulting in practices immoral or self-evidently dangerous. That is, we must distinguish between theoretical and practising polygamists. 5. To contract new polygamous marriages cannot be winked at, but the law can well afford to be a little blind to old ones. A little persecution is just what the Mormons want. 6. The State of Utah is in the Union and has its rights. 7. The only question in the Smoot case, provided, as seems to be admitted, he is not a polygamist in practice, is whether his allegiance to the Church transcends or interferes with his allegiance to the United States. 8. The Senate is absolute judge of the qualifications of its members. 9. This is a warning against self-righteousness: How far is polygamy more against public policy than free and unlimited divorce?

### THE TRIBUNAL OF TRUTH AND THE STRONG ARM

GREAT BRITAIN, Germany, and Italy reminded Venezuela of her indebtedness to them by blockading her ports, sinking or taking her warships, bombarding Puerto Cabello. In January, 1903, Mr. Bowen, the United States Minister to Venezuela, promised on behalf of the Government of that country, that thirty per cent. of the customs receipts at Puerto Cabello and La Guayra should be reserved monthly to pay "all claims" against Venezuela, if the blockade were raised. The blockade was raised. Then the three Powers demanded that their claims be paid first and in full, instead of by partial payments along with those of the United States, France, and other creditors of Venezuela that had neglected to take her by the throat. These less fortunate or shrewd nations opposed the claims of the strong-arm creditors. The Hague Court of Arbitration decided in favor of the strong-arm creditors. In the affecting words of the president of that tribunal, "it remains always the rampart of justice, truth, and reason." Justice, truth, and reason are to be congratulated on having such powerful fortifications. Meanwhile, this fact stands up high above the sea of sentimental rhetoric about international arbitration. A strong nation can make itself a preferred creditor of a weak nation by blockade and bombardment; and the watchmen on the ramparts of justice, truth, and reason will shout, "All's well!"

JEANSVILLE has the honor of being near Wilkesbarre, Pa. Not far away is Audenried, whose bachelors formed a club, defied the prerogatives of leap year, and pledged themselves, under penalty of fine, not to marry within the year. This bravado stung the souls of the young men of Jeansville. If Audenried was false to a great duty and pleasure, Jeansville would shine by contrast. The Jeansville youths founded the Must Marry Club. Every member must marry within the year or pay a fine for the benefit of members who have married. After all, Jeansville and Audenried are brothers. The man who says he will marry and the man who says he won't, will be paying money to priest or parson before the year is over. The Must Marry Club was organized by Nature. It was thousands of years old before the Jeansville branch was formed. You can hardly see Audenried and Jeansville for the storms of rice and clouds of old shoes.

### MARRYING ON A THOUSAND A YEAR

THE Corn Exchange Bank of Chicago caused much discussion of a problem of household economics by forbidding its employees to marry on less than a thousand a year. It is the bank's privilege to make its own rules, and nobody has to work for it unless he wants to. Nor is the question, "Should a Man Marry on Less Than a Thousand a Year?" especially important, save to the timid or extravagant. The average annual earnings are some three hundred and sixty-five dollars, we believe. Evidently, the majority marry on less than a thousand a year. In a village, a thousand a year makes a man a nabob; in New York City, a man with a hundred thousand a year is a pauper. Speaking of certain sentimentalities suspected between a young woman and a young man, both gilded, an experienced New York matron said, with the utmost seriousness and simplicity: "It is preposterous for them to think of getting married; why, they haven't $25,000

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a year between them." It is all relative. James Russell Lowell and Maria White had not a cent when they got married. Fortunately they could live in Mr. Lowell's father's house. Charles A. Dana is said to have had five dollars a week when he got married.

### THE BIBLE SOCIETY CENTENNIAL

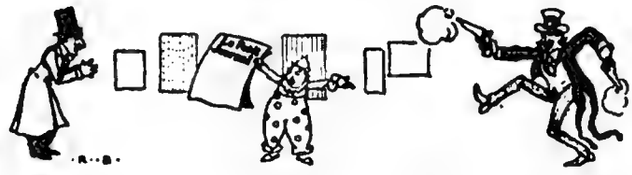
THE British and Foreign Bible Society was founded March 7, 1804. Its centennial anniversary was commemorated generally in the United States and Great Britain, March 6, 1904, called "Bible Sunday," or "Bible Day." The American Bible Society, an offshoot of the other, was established in 1816. The two have worked together in all parts of the world for the purpose of "placing the Bible, without note and comment, in the hand of every human being." Great as has been their activity, and numerous as are the translations of the Bible into foreign languages, the Bible Societies are still very far from reaching their pious aim. The British Society has distributed 180,000,000 Bibles and Testaments; the American Society, 72,000,000. For some reason, contributions to the latter have greatly fallen off in the last year.

### THE NORTHERN SECURITIES DECISION

THE affirmation by the Supreme Court, by a vote of five to four, of the judgment of the Circuit Court, declaring the Northern Securities Company a combination in restraint of interstate commerce within the prohibition of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of July 2, 1902, was really a minority opinion, for Justice Brewer held that the company was an unreasonable restraint of commerce, while Justices Harlan, Brown, McKenna, and Day held that the mere possession of the power to restrain is a violation of the Act. Justice Brewer concurred in the affirmation of the judgment, but not in the reasoning by which the other four reached it. However, the decision is a majority decision and the law, as it now stands, must be construed as forbidding a combination which can restrain, although it has not restrained, or even sought to restrain, interstate commerce. The predicted bad effects upon the "Market" did not occur. Stocks went up, not down. The regrettable thing about the decision is that the Court was so divided in regard to a principle so important. But the judgment will make lords of "high finance" somewhat less lordly.

### UNCLE SAM'S CUSTOMERS

JOHN BULL is the best customer. In 1903 the exports to Great Britain amounted to $768,000,000, the imports from it to the United States to $308,000,000. Fifty-two per cent. of American exports; thirty-one per cent. of American imports. A billion-dollar business. Next, by a very long interval, comes Germany, which took $225,000,000 of American goods and sent to the United States $122,000,000. True, our exports to Germany have risen from $88,000,000 in 1893, an increase of more than one hundred and fifty per cent., while our exports to Great Britain have risen only thirty per cent. The American exports to France were $88,000,000, a gain of $31,000,000 since 1893; and the imports $80,000,000, a gain of $16,000,000. Little Holland took $73,000,000 of our exports. To Asia our exports, $20,000,000 in 1893, were $46,000,000 in 1903; the imports swelled in the same time from $75,000,000 to $139,000,000. But look at something nearer home. Canada, regarded as a separate country and not as part of Great Britain, would be third among the customers. She imported $131,000,000 of American goods, an increase of one hundred and thirty per cent. since 1893; and our imports from Canada grew from thirty-four to fifty-three millions. Our nearest-by customers should not be overlooked in the chase of the Asian markets.



*Le Petit Journal*, the *Little Journal*, of Paris, "claims" a circulation of 1,500,000. Recently this widely circulated newspaper has been assailing the United States and every other country not effusively Russian, and swelling the clamor of the Nationalists, anti-Semites, and all the other enemies of common-sense and a Republican form of government for France. What must be the notion of Americans in the minds of those 1,500,000 readers? Wilder than a nightmare after a midnight meal of lobster and

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Welsh rabbit. Not long ago the first page of this "gifted sheet" was occupied by a horrible picture of cars afire on the Brooklyn Bridge. Impossible Americans were shooting their way out with revolvers. An account of the catastrophe told of the killed and wounded. For really "exclusive stories" of things American, consult *Le Petit Journal* and some of its Parisian contemporaries. The yellowest fiction of the yellowest American "yellow" press is the white light of truth compared with the "yellows" of Paris.

A CLEVELAND plutocrat has bought for $35,000 a 308 horse-power automobile, which is or was the largest "coal-oil buggy" or "bubble" ever built. As Cerberus was "three gentlemen at once," so this machine is three automobiles in one. It has three separate bodies, and may be used to race in, tour in, sleep in. But this is only a beginning. Bath-rooms, dressing-rooms, grill-rooms, barber shops, buffets, lounging-rooms, libraries, valets' rooms, maids' rooms, all the modern conveniences must be added. Why have none of our millionaires imported from Paris or ordered here an automobile train, only stipulating that it be a train *de luxe*? In a few years, when the good time of Good Roads has come, there will be some lively automobile express service, and the country may be brightened or darkened—with signs: "Look out for the automobile train when the horn blows."

### THE DEMOCRATS AND NEW YORK

THE Democrats expect to "carry" the State of New York next November. The most cautious expert Democratic politicians of New York may not go further than to say that they have "a good chance" to "carry" New York. But privately as well as publicly, they are pretty confident. How much reason there is for their confidence is another matter. It rests upon Republican factions and upon a supposed dissatisfaction of powerful Republican financial and corporate interests with Mr. Roosevelt. The value in votes of these factions and dissatisfactions is problematical. A conservative candidate like Mr. Cleveland or Judge Parker—but that Mr. Cleveland is like Judge Parker—is indispensable to the programme. Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst and their friends may spoil that programme. At any rate, it seems impossible that they would accept Mr. Cleveland, whose nomination, if it were possible, would perhaps be stronger than any other in New York, and might cause large accessions—and desertions. It has occurred to some observers that Mr. Charles F. Murphy's "game" is to let his Cleveland boom and Mr. D. B. Hill's Parker boom neutralize each other. Then Mayor McClellan might be "sprung." But the latter is doing well as Mayor and has reason to hope to be Governor. His chance may come in 1908, a safer year. The Democratic situation has all the interest at present. Only a mild curiosity as to who shall be the candidate for Vice-President possesses the Republicans.

### THE FIRST AMERICAN TORPEDO-BOAT

IN admiration of the submarine torpedo-boats—those toys of death and scientific demons of the sea—let us remember a precursor of this great age of torpedo warfare. In 1776 David Bushnell, Yankee, tried to destroy a British ship in the New York Bay by means of a submarine boat. He failed, but is worth remembering, all the same.

### LITTLE BROWN BROTHERS

NINETY-SIX Filipino boys from sixteen to twenty-one years old, destined for the insular civil services, have been placed in American homes and sent to American schools in the southern counties of California. They are Tagalogs and Viscayans, who have studied a year under an American teacher and passed a competitive examination for these travelling scholarships. The Government pays $500 a year for four years for their American education. They draw well; have better memories than American boys, but are poorer reasoners. They have a knack for manual training, but despise it, since a mechanic in the Philippines belongs to the "lower classes." They find foot-ball too rough, but are acquiring base-ball. American girls are more or less of a puzzle to them. In manners they are incomparably superior to their American comrades. So the latter may learn from them something even more important than base-ball.

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### THE GREATEST EXPORTER

FIGURES are sometimes brutal and sometimes foolish. But there is a kind of genial glow to this little bunch. The year is 1903:

| | |
|---|---|
| Value of Exports of the United States | $1,457,565,783 |
| Value of Exports of Great Britain... | 1,415,617,000 |
| Value of Exports of Germany..... | 1,200,000,000 |

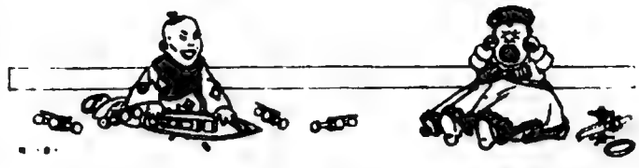
One, two, three, and Uncle Sam is One. In 1875 he was fourth. In 1885 he took third place from France. By 1895 he had shown his heels to Germany. In 1900 and 1901 he beat Mr. Bull, only to be beaten by him in 1902. In 1903 he was ahead again. It is a swift race. France seems to be left behind permanently.

### THE BROWNLOW GOOD ROADS BILL

REPRESENTATIVE BROWNLOW, of Tennessee, has introduced into the House of Representatives a bill appropriating $24,000,000 for the building of wagon-roads. The money is to be apportioned among the States according to population, except that States with less than seven hundred thousand inhabitants, shall receive a minimum of $250,000. Every State, county, or town receiving Federal aid for roads must spend as much as it gets. Mr. Brownlow estimates that $48,000,000 will build from one hundred to five hundred miles of wagon-roads in every State. Everybody admits the importance of good roads. Opinions of Mr. Brownlow's bill will differ according to the holder's view of the Constitution of the United States. The strict constructionist will say that it is no business of the Federal Government to aid local improvement in the several States. The liberal constructionist will hold that "the general-welfare clause" covers a multitude of things. It is noticeable nowadays that the strict constructionist is apt to relax when an appropriation of doubtful Constitutionality can be had for his district.

### SNOBS AND GUSH

THE men, women, or children who send to the press accounts of social "doings" in "official circles" at Washington, seem to have sensitive imaginations and an artistic method of so adorning their accounts as to make the judicious reader "sick." No other word can express the feeling. You are often tempted to believe that the most offensive and drivelling snobs in the world are in Washington. Your gorge rises at the ever-recurring vulgarism of "First Lady in the Land." Some private secretary or marshal or other jack-in-office is always making an ass of himself. You sometimes rub your eyes after some story of a White House "function," and ask yourself if Mr. Roosevelt, the cowboy, has not been infected with the snobbery you hear so much about. We have ceased to get impatient at this sort of thing. It is too old and familiar. We have been reading about it certainly since 1869. In every Administration, about the same sort of social flapdoodle comes from Washington and the same dreadful ravages of snobbery are portrayed. Let us not blame Washington people for the malicious gossip of which they are the victims.



IN the last few months the Russian bureaucrats and their newspaper organs, the Russian Government, in fact, have not produced an impression of strength. They have whined, snivelled, cursed, frothed. Their condition seems to be between neurosis and epilepsy. Is Russia strong? Then why did it bawl and blubber like a baby about the "treachery" of the Japanese? Why, having lied persistently to the United States, does it affect to be surprised that the people of the United States do not sympathize with it? Hear the terrible Alexieff threaten to exterminate the Chinese in Manchuria if they are not good. Hear the more terrible little Kuropatkin blow the Japanese into the sea. See this newspaper clamoring for a war with Great Britain, and that newspaper demanding that a fleet be built, as if it could be done in a week or two. The truth is that the most corrupt and incompetent bureaucracy in the world, except the Chinese, has been dragged by its own folly and "bluff" into a war for which it was unprepared. If it can only drag other nations in, if it can only "save its face" by some little success and the other Powers can come and separate the dogs of war! Great braggarts; impotent performers. With the Russian people, if there were a Russian people and not a drove of cattle, mainly good

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to be taxed and shot in quarrels not their own, there would be general sympathy. Nobody can help sympathizing with the victims of that ineffectual bureaucracy.

### THE SEASON'S INSTRUMENTALISTS

Among the army of instrumentalists who have visited us this season—pianists, scrapers of catgut, even blowers of flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons—three figures stand out in sharp relief: the pianists Reisenauer and Busoni, and the violinist Jacques Thibaud. These stamp themselves upon the memory as artists of extraordinary gifts, extraordinary accomplishments. Not that there have been no others of eminence and ability, for have we not heard Pablo Casals, the admirable Spanish cellist; and such familiar and welcome friends as Harold Bauer, Adèle Aus der Ohe, Maud Powell—to name no others? Nevertheless, Reisenauer, Busoni, and Thibaud remain in a place apart.

### THE GENIUS OF REISENAUER

Alfred Reisenauer, the German pianist, has been, beyond question, the excelling success of the season among the instrumentalists (we are leaving out of consideration, for the present, the singers who have appeared this winter in the capacity of soloists). Reisenauer made his American *début* on January 30th, at the fifth Philharmonic concert. Although he had been for years one of the most distinguished and acclaimed of European pianists, few in this country knew definitely of his achievements. His playing of the Liszt A major concerto with the Philharmonic band stirred the pulses of the society's decorous patrons as they have seldom been stirred since the golden days of the incomparable Paderewski. Reisenauer appeared frequently thereafter, with orchestra and in recital; and he triumphed uninterruptedly. His is no cheap, no sentimental appeal. He is an artist, a master musician, no less than a transcendent virtuoso. His technique is prodigious: his command of the mechanics of his art is equalled by only one or two among living pianists; but although he is so superbly the virtuoso, he is still more the poet, the clairvoyant interpreter. Mr. Philip Hale has remarked happily upon his rare power of differentiation, his sensitive feeling for the characteristic quality of a school, of a period. "When he played the pieces by the older composers," wrote Mr. Hale of a notable concert, "he gave each piece the atmosphere of its period. His Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, and Haydn, were all in the antique spirit, but how they differed in individuality! His performance of the Rondo by Mozart was one of the most beautiful piano performances that have been heard here in years. His playing of the Sonata (Beethoven's op. 111) was noble in the reproduction of the architecture, in the simplicity of the coloring, and in the indefinable spirit which we associate only with the greater works of Beethoven. And then Mr. Reisenauer was a romanticist in the interpretation of the changing moods of Schumann." That sums him up most illuminatingly. A surpassing musician; a great artist.

### THE CEREBRAL BUSONI

How different is Ferruccio Busoni, the Italian! A man of intellect, a student and scholar, a polished technician, he lacks the urgent temperament, the sinewy force of Reisenauer—although certain moods of poetry, of emotion, are within his range. He played in New York with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with the Kneisel Quartet, and in recital, and to many he seemed a pianist of prime importance. But in spite of his delightful art, his spectacular virtuosity, his brilliant musicianship, he does not compel. You are interested—profoundly interested—but you are not engrossed. There is the final test.

### JACQUES THIBAUD

Of Thibaud, the young French violinist, it is difficult to write without extravagance when viewing certain aspects of his art. Here is a musician of exquisite capacity. His tone evokes images of indescribable richness, of insinuating sweetness and purity; you think of spun honey, of velvets, of all shining and luscious things. Thibaud is in no sense a great master, for he lacks breadth and power. His style is of singular continence and repose, and he has the legitimate tricks of his profession at his fingers' ends; but he sounds no depths and is serenely unconscious of the

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heights, and he makes a continual sacrifice of virility and significance to mere sensuousness of effect; but he is, nevertheless, in his slight and limited way, a master.

### PABLO CASALS AND OTHERS

Pablo Casals, the Spanish cellist, contributed largely to the finer pleasures of the season's music. He is one of the best cellists we have heard here; not such an artist as Gerady, he is yet in entire control of his instrument. His performance of the outrageously difficult part for solo cello in Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote," at the second and third concerts of the Strauss festival, was memorable in its tenderness and finish, though one missed, as always in his playing, richness and vigor of tone.

Two other players of stringed instruments made conspicuous bids for popular and critical favor: Edwin Grasse and Maurice Kaufmann, violinists. Mr. Grasse is blind, but he makes no parade of the fact, and he claims no sympathetic leniency for himself as an artist because of it. His playing is that of a young man of ample training and sound perception, and he approaches the great masters whose music he prefers with fine dignity, and with an impressive absence of any feeling for display, for merely factitious effect. He has on the other hand, though, certain deficiencies of temperament and personality which interfere with his achievement of convincingly eloquent results, and there are definite faults of expression in his playing which indicate unripeness and imperfect skill. Maurice Kaufmann is a far less interesting and able player; he rises, indeed, but little above mediocrity, and it cannot be said that his place in the season's activities was a particularly memorable one. Nor does one recall with especially vivid pleasure the playing of Mr. Fernandez Arbos, the new *concertmeister* of the Boston Orchestra, who appeared as a soloist with them, or the playing of Mr. Krasselt, cellist—who, like his fellow-artist, Mr. Casals, assumed the instrumental personality of Strauss's "Don Quixote" at the first New York performance of the work by the Boston players.

### MR. LOEFFLER'S PERFORMANCES

Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, violinist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a composer of unique imagination, subtlety, and distinction, appeared here twice in the rôle of soloist: at a concert of the Kneisel Quartet, when he played the viola part in a performance of two of his remarkable songs, Miss Susan Metcalf and Mr. Heinrich Gebhard assisting, and at a concert of the Boston Orchestra, later in the winter, when he played the passages for viola d'amore in his hauntingly beautiful tone-poem after Maeterlinck, "La Mort de Tintagiles." Of Mr. Loeffler's executive art there is nothing new to be said; it is in every respect worthy of Loeffler, the inimitable composer. It is impossible to forget the tenderness, the pathetic sweetness, the exquisite dignity, of his performance of the viola d'amore part in his "Mort de Tintagiles," or the subtle beauty of his tone in his playing of the viola passages in the accompaniments of certain songs.

### THE WOMEN

Surprising achievements among the women instrumentalists have been notably lacking. We have heard Adèle Aus der Ohe, whose dignified and gracious piano-playing has been long familiar—although she has done better work this season than heretofore; Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, whose vehement and impetuous temperament compensates for much that is erratic and ill-balanced in her work as a pianist; and Maud Powell, best of American women violinists. Antoinette Szumowska and the fiery Carreño have been regrettably absent.

### FAMILIAR FIGURES

Of those among the men who afforded no novel experiences, we have had, among others, Harold Bauer—whose more frequent appearance would have been welcome; Rafael Joseffy—an unexpected appearance; the incomparable virtuosos of the Kneisel Quartet: Messrs. Franz Kneisel, J. Theodorowicz, Louis Svecenski, and Alwin Schroeder; the gentlemen of the Mannes, Dannreuther, and Kaltenborn Quartets—who may, in a sense, be regarded as solo performers—and the eight members of Boston's Longy Club, players of wind instruments, who paid us a highly successful visit in March. It is to be recorded with disappointment that Edward MacDowell, a superb poet of the keyboard, has not seen fit to appear in public; he would have added much to a season already remarkable for the excellence and abundance of its music.

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### TARDY HONORS FOR WHISTLER

It is the opinion of the country in general, as well as of Boston in particular, that the Whistler Memorial Exhibition organized by the Copley Society has proved the chief artistic event of the season. Insufficiently honored during his lifetime, there is every evidence that Whistler's fame will not, for the present, be allowed to grow less. The display at Copley Hall, and the even more important exhibition at the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh, are both admirable though tardy tributes to America's foremost artist. Few things are more absorbing than a backward glance along the eccentric curves of Whistler's development. The very canvas which became his surest title to fame—the portrait of his "Mother"—literally went begging for a purchaser until secured by the French Government for the Luxembourg, the greatest of modern galleries. Though Whistler lived and labored many years in England, the "Carlyle" is his only canvas in any national or municipal British collection. There may have been something hysterical in Boston's adoration of all Whistler, good or bad, but hysteria cannot harm—Boston. Moreover, it is difficult to say just what is a bad Whistler, for the man's tomfoolery, even, was touched by genius.

### EVERETT SHINN HAS ARRIVED

Those who have been watching with interest the career of Everett Shinn can safely say that he has arrived. Within a remarkably short time this young, industrious, and effervescent artist has made for himself a reputation which is as distinct as it is secure. A casual glance at Mr. Shinn's pastels recently on view at the Durand-Ruel Galleries is sufficient to prove his case. Versatility, variety, dexterity of handling and delicate intuitions as to form and color mark each of his pastels, whether they treat of Paris by night or New York by daylight. Mr. Shinn has developed a free, fluent manner which is wholly his own, and the results achieved are genuinely artistic as well as genuinely novel. Such subjects as "When Paris Sleeps," "The Tired City," and three different "Bridges over the Seine," mark real points of departure in Mr. Shinn's art. He here shows himself a spirited observer and a truly sympathetic tone-poet of Paris streets, squares, and winding river. A large proportion of Mr. Shinn's pastels are devoted to impressions of the café, the concert-hall, and the *corps de ballet*. Though brilliantly executed they are, perhaps, a shade less sincere, less inevitable than the scenes where figures are subordinate. Perhaps, too, in these Mr. Shinn is still looking over the shoulder of that greatest of modern draughtsmen, Edgar Degas.

### CONCERNING DEGAS

No living painter has had more influence over latter-day art than a certain taciturn, sardonic man who lives obscurely in Paris, and who cares for neither fame nor money. It is Edgar Degas who is directly responsible for much that is best in modern painting. In the wake of this incomparable draughtsman and subdued yet vibrating colorist come not only our own Miss Cassatt and Everett Shinn, but the whole Montmartre school, including Forain, Alexis Rouart, Toulouse-Tautrec, Steinlein, Willette, and a dozen more of less moment. Degas is of course an impressionist, but not a slipshod one. His drawing has all the severity of Ingres, and though a rich, he is a reticent colorist. He aims for unity of effect, for the exact relation of bodies in motion to objects which are stationary. His scenes at the race-track, in the foyer of the opera, or on the stage of the concert-hall, have never been surpassed and will some day rank among the world's masterpieces. It was a pleasure to see lately at the galleries of Eugène Glaenzer & Co. some half-dozen of Degas's best canvases and to recognize in him the man who is responsible for so much that is true and spirited in contemporary art. This silent, sarcastic old man will celebrate his seventieth birthday in July. To-day he is known to the few only; after he passes away he will be applauded by the many.

### CARICATURES AND CARICATURISTS

There is no art so widely practised and so little understood as the art of caricature. Most neophytes fancy themselves born caricaturists and perpetrate agonizing attempts at satire in pen and ink. As a matter of fact caricature is the most difficult phase of graphic or plastic expression. The masters

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of caricature are far less numerous than the masters of portraiture in the grand manner. France, of course, boasts the best living caricaturists and is followed by Germany and Italy in the order named. England possesses hardly anyone besides Max Beerbohm, brother of Beerbohm Tree, while America can claim but two satirists of the first rank—Carlo de Fornaro and Ernest Haskell. The exhibition of caricatures organized by M. de Fornaro and lately on view at The Book Shop, though limited in number, was representative in character. Sem, Cappiello, Max, Sacchetto, and de Fornaro were most in evidence, each in his best vein. There are real economy of line and legitimate humor in de Fornaro's "Stanford White," "Tolstoy," "Mansfield," and "Dr. Mary Walker," and Max has rarely been more flauntingly grotesque than in his "Le Gallienne," "Fitch," "Frohman," "Rochefort," and certain others. Sem's "Catulle Mendes" and "Montesquiou" are the essence of satire, and Cappiello in six lines expresses all—and more—of the mirth of Rejane and the seduction of Otéro. They are sometimes vicious, these caricaturists, but the scourge is still necessary and has always done more good than harm.

## Books

Swords, fights, daggers, pirates, conspiracies, ambuscades, and impossible perils on the Spanish Main still crowd the fevered imaginations of our popular novelists. The deeds that illumine the pages of Miss Mary Johnston's "Sir Mortimer" were never known on land or sea. Clothed in the language of the fustian that is this remarkable young woman's habitual vehicle, the preposterous heroism seems ineffably wearisome to readers more than nine years of age. In yellow covers it would disgust everybody.

Must we really admire this mawkish stuff? It out-Pistols Pistol. Yet it is not much worse than the rest of the swashbuckler school; it only seems more lunatic because it is more reckless. Have we nothing to tell but these bedlam tales of the bravo? Oh, yes, there is humor, Heaven help us all. "Cabbage Patch" stories without end. Two motives—fantastic fighting and fantastic wit—are these the ripe fruit of the twentieth-century civilization? Imagine the dismay of the investigator of the next century that patiently paws over the literary relics of this era. He will wonder that an age that had such extraordinary phases of life, that faced such strange situations as those made by the race question, the huge misgovernment of cities, the dominance of greed, the mad swirl of the social ambitions of the newly rich, the titanic struggle between opposing forces, should strive to form a typical literature of irrational humor and anachronistic adventure. True, we all know the junk-heap yawns for most of this rubbish. Why seek to stay its destined passage? Glory be, not even the most talented book-boomer can do that.

The first novel of 1904 was "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow; and unless the year is distinguished by exceptionally good work, "The Deliverance" will remain its first novel. The book is an exceedingly neat, strong piece of work. It has an unusually close attachment to the *locale* of its events; one sees the actual soil of these Virginia tobacco-fields thrusting up in the landscape, and feels its influence working throughout the book; the characters are made by it. It was fine dramatic sense that made the hero suffer before the world as well as in his own soul for his part in the downfall of Will Fletcher. It seems improbable, however, that old lady Blake could have been kept for thirty years ignorant of the family misfortunes, even though blind; and some element of comedy to offset the severe seriousness of the tale would lighten the story, yet not retard its progress. As a whole, however, the book is so good that these half-hearted objections are unimportant. One of the best things about it is, that it does not try to exploit after-the-war conditions.

Lightning-change artists are not common in fiction, but Miss Elizabeth Miller's heroine, Rachel, in "The Yoke" is one of them. On page 5, one may read of her morning awakening: "A little bewildered she divested herself of a frowsy straw thatch and stood erect, shaking it off from her single short garment." Turn the page, noting that she has put nothing more on, and one learns that "Rachel's" habit was a voluminous surplice, fitting closely at the neck, supplied with long sleeves, seamed, hemmed, and of ample length."

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Of course, a short garment may be of ample length, but here "ample" means long and the context proves it. A well-founded prejudice exists against the use of "but that" as a compound conjunction, and those who like to know of verbal difficulties brought on through its use will enjoy Miss Miller's perspicacious statement. "He could not tell now but that she was fearless." Was she or was she not? And in one place Miss Miller speaks of an "omnipresent ape." Sir Boyle Roche's bird that could be in two places at once is of small consequence compared with an ape that can be everywhere at once.

Mr. Theodore Roberts has a good Irishman as companion to his hero in "Hemming the Adventurer," Hemming himself being an English version of something of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's. He shoots three South Americans—the Irishman does—and: "'A brace and a half to me,' said that gentleman, lightly." Later on he turns up, "resplendent in white breast, black tails, and an eager smile," a costume better fitted to South America than to the New York drawing-room where it is worn. But this Irishman's most remarkable feat is described—no one not an Irishman could have done it—as follows: "In his youth he had inherited a small fortune. At first he had spent it foolishly, but after years of knocking about, had learned to save it, and even add to it." A fortune that can be both spent and saved is probably the most desirable possession in the world, but it is reminiscent of the old conundrum, "What went there, stopped there, never went there, and came back again?" The answer is "A watch."

Mrs. Everard Cotes, who was Miss Clara Jeanette Duncan, has taken for the theme of her last book, "The Imperialist," the exhilarating proposition of preferential duties and a world-bund of English-speaking nations other than the United States. This makes it a novel with a purpose; but, as is so often the case, there is much more purpose than novel. The book is interesting, however, in showing the life of a small Canadian city, and its marked resemblances to American cities and divergencies from those of Britain. There is one statement regarding a woman's qualifications for social leadership that seems wise, saying that she had "the quality that she was able to suggest that she was quite as good as anybody without saying so, and the even more important quality of not being any better." There is an unmaternal statement to the effect that "when the next girl came Mrs. Murchison named *it* Abigail." The use of "it" brings to mind the tale of the small son of a literary man who appeared one day leading by the hand a still smaller girl, snub-nosed, freckled-faced, and toothless, to show how homely she was. When remonstrated with for such hearthlessness he settled dispute and disarmed criticism by replying, "It don't mind." The phrase has consolatory features, and was promptly adopted into the family slang.

"Joan of the Alley" is the first of Mr. Frederick Olmstead Bartlett's novels, and it deals with labor problems. Like a dozen or more of its predecessors in the same field within two years, it has for its labor agitator a most undesirable Irishman.

Unlike most of the others, however, its hero is a boy who refuses to go out on a strike with his fellows, not because he ought not to, but because he does not happen to think about the matter at all—at least there is no evidence of thought in his conduct. On the contrary, it is made to appear that if ever a strike was justifiable, this particular one was.

"Petronilla Heroven" is a further evidence that we apply a higher standard of judgment to books now than formerly. The wild, free, plastic character of the heroine is a carefully done study, and we are interested from the first in this growth of the cottager's illegitimate granddaughter into the real capable woman of society. The man of the woods, equally independent and with the added interest of mystery, oriental fatalism, and English energy, is a fit companion-piece for the girl Petronilla. With these characters and a villain as self-restrained in the melodramatics of his part as the heroine in hers, the story moves on, never checked nor diverted, till the white wolf-pet comes patting softly down the garden path to play *his* part —and like the others, touches only the outward fringe of the sensational in playing it; after which, the curtain.

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UNION SQUARE NORTH

BEGINNING with the June number, we shall try the experiment of giving a few pages of each issue to our readers. We shall call the department "*Straight-Talk, by Everybody's Readers.*" It is our purpose to present one or two subjects in each number of the magazine which our readers will take up and discuss. Subjects on which you have ideas of your own. Subjects that cannot possibly be completely covered by one writer, and could not possibly be exhausted in one article. After we have introduced the subject with the help of the writer whom we think best qualified, it seems a pity, and we are most reluctant, to drop it without giving you the opportunity to say what you think, and to read what other people think about it.

Several such subjects are appearing now in the magazine. In the April number the article by Dr. Hillis on "Consolidating the Churches" should be of the widest interest, and should provoke a general discussion. Do you think the plan practicable or desirable? In this issue, "Woman's Inhumanity to Woman," page 633, has as many sides as there are readers—especially women readers. If you fail to find opportunity for *Straight Talk* in that article—but you will. Then, there is the "Symposium," page 695, showing the attitude of the Churches on the question of dancing, card-playing, and theatre-going. Do you happen to know what is the attitude of the Church of which you are a member, or with which you are affiliated? Anyhow, you have your own ideas. Conditions may be peculiar in your town, or in your family. What do you think of card-playing and dancing and the theatre?

These are the special features in this number which appear to us to lend themselves to general discussion. But if at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. Boil it down. A hot letter may afford you some satisfaction, but the cool one puts icicles on the enemy's spine. *For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to Everybody's Magazine, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or anyone selected by the writer.*

### SHALL WE SPEND THIS $4,000?

One of the discouragements of our business is to spend time and effort and money to bring the magazine to the notice of the reading public, and then run across people who never heard of it. Seeing a magazine grow, you would almost think it grew of itself. But it doesn't. Somebody has to keep shovelling coal just about every minute. We met a very good friend the other day who didn't know that we had bought EVERYBODY'S—lives right here in New York, too. There are more than 100,000 physicians in this country. Now, physicians ought to be well-disposed toward us. How many of the 100,000, do you suppose, know that we decline patent-medicine advertising? Probably not one-tenth. We are planning to send every one of them the following letter:

*Dear Doctor:* We are after the quacks—will you lend a hand? We decline to carry any patent-medicine or other fraudulent

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and otherwise objectionable advertisements in our magazine.

Publishers have no right to lend their pages to help swindle the public, or, what is worse, to help unscrupulous men to frighten the credulous into believing that all sorts of diseases and ailments possess them in order to sell a lot of cheap stuff at high prices, much of it positively harmful.

Other magazine publishers are following our lead. We hope to work up a sentiment strong enough to drive out this pernicious traffic. Write to the publishers of other magazines and ask your friends to write, insisting that they decline all such business.

It is costing us a good deal of money to conduct this campaign. The business we have already declined amounts to many thousands of dollars. We will appreciate your co-operation. Our subscription price is $1.00 by the year, or ten cents a copy, through your newsdealer. May we have a line from you assuring us of your support?

Very truly yours,
THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY.

It will cost about four thousand dollars to send this letter out to the entire list of physicians. We experimented with 5,000 at a cost of $200. Below are some of the replies. Some are already subscribing or buying at news-stands; others promise to buy regularly. So far fifty-nine have sent us $1 for a year's subscription. If you were a director of this Company would you advise us to spend this $4,000?

### TOO MUCH BOSTON

CHARLESTON CITY, MASS.,
February 29, 1904.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY.

*Messrs.:* Your circular on quacks is at hand. I, as a member of a noble profession which has prostrated itself to the Moloch of worldly ambition, cannot consistently lend my influence to your purposes. The development of the individual judgment of truth and right is desirable, but state and ecclesiastical assumption of parental and individual rights has gone beyond all right now, and to encourage more *assumed* authority over individual judgment is a serious menace. Fighting one evil by another is foolish.

Sincerely yours,
——— M. D.

### A GOOD MISSIONARY

DAYTON, O., February 18, 1904.

*Dear Sirs:* So you are after the "Quacks." Well, more power to you, and it is a burning shame there are not more like you. It is a rare thing in this day of "grab all in sight" to find a firm who will not accept the money this class of advertisers offers. Have often thought what a mockery it was for the reputable (?) medical journals, who expect all of their support from the medical profession, to accept and circulate and thus give their support to a class of men who are doing the legitimate profession more harm than could be done in any other way.

Am now, and have been, taking your magazine for some time, and am going to do a missionary work in its interests.

Upon the whole, regardless of this especial point, your publication is worthy the public support by reason of its excellence.

Yours for success. Respectfully,
——— M. D.

### GOOD FRIENDS AND TRUE

PORTLAND, ME., February 18, 1904.

*Gentlemen:* Enclosed find one dollar as subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. If you are publishing a magazine without the help of patent medicines, you need help, and deserve encouragement.

Sincerely yours, ——— M. D.

AUBURN, CAL., February 20, 1904.

*Dear* EVERYBODY'S: I am in receipt of your circular letter, asking my interest in behalf of your magazine. I am already a subscriber and a warm friend, and whenever I have a chance to sound your praise I do so. Your course in refusing quack advertisements must appeal to every clean man, and if my humble efforts to aid you are of any benefit, you have them all the time. Your publication is one of the best —if not *the* best—of all the dollar magazines, and should win on its literary merits alone.

I will promise you one new subscriber, at least, in a few days.

Your very true friend,
——— M. D.

CALISTOGA, CAL., February 19, 1904.

*Gentlemen:* I am in receipt of your communication of the 13th inst., relative to excluding quack and patent-medicine advertisements in your magazine. I approve of your course in this respect, and trust that physicians in good and regular standing throughout the country will support you by taking EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. I am taking it through our local newsdealer here. My family and myself like the magazine very much, and think it superior to any other magazine that we take.

Yours very truly,
——— M. D.

You will have noticed how these letters emphasize the merit of the magazine. After all, that is what counts. A good magazine is bound to grow. All it needs is an introduction. In that direction you can help us materially if you will.

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